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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF THOMAS SHADWELL

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MRS. BARREY.
who acted.
MRS. GRIPE.

in
THO.
SHADWELL'S

"The
WOMAN
CAPTAIN."

PAUL
ROTH.



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OF
THOMAS
SHADWELL

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

VOLUME FOUR



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THE
Woman-Captain:
A
COMEDY
ACTED by
His Royal Highnesses
SERVANTS.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL.*



LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Carr*, at the *King's-Head*
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1680.

Source

THE incidents of this comedy, which perhaps trends a little too much upon farce to be absolutely regular, would appear to be in the main original, although parallels might be found in some instances.

Gripe may be suggested by Justice Algripe, the usurer in *The Night-Walker*; or, *The Little Thief*, licensed 11 May, 1633, as "a play of Fletchers corrected by Sherley" in which comedy we also have Alathe, "contracted to Algripe, disguised as a boy." But he is certainly far more closely modelled upon Lopez, the "sordid usurer" in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, folio 1647; as Richard Grubb is Penurio, the hungry servant. Indeed Act I, scene 2, of Shadwell obviously follows the similar scene (I, 2) of *Women Pleas'd*, Mrs. Gripe being Isabella. There even are actual verbal borrowings, as in Act II where Gripe says: "Here, *Mally*! where art thou? Come we will walk and take the Air, that thou may'st get a Stomach to thy Supper," and his wife replies: "'Twere well if I could get a good Supper to my Stomach." *Women Pleas'd*, I, 2, Lopez asks Penurio: "Where's your mistress?" The servant answers: "She is within, Sir."

Lopez. Within, Sir? at what thrift, you knave? what getting?

Penurio. Getting a good stomach, Sir, an she knew where to get meat to't;

She's praying heartily upon her knees, Sir,

That Heav'n would send her a good bearing dinner.

Mrs. Gripe's disguise as a Captain and her amours with the ladies may have been remembered by Farquhar when he wrote *The Recruiting Officer* produced at Drury Lane 8 April, 1706, when Mrs. Oldfield was Silvia, who dresses in regimentals, and engages in an intrigue with Rose.

There are innumerable farces and burlesques wherein favourite actresses have appeared in elegant uniform as soldiers or sailors, such as *The Captain is not A-Miss* by T. E. Wilks, Lyceum, 18 April, 1836; Edward Stirling's *The Blue Jackets*, produced at the Adelphi, 15 October, 1838; Stirling's *Captain Charlotte*, Adelphi, March, 1843; Planquette's comic opera *Captain Thérèse*, Prince of Wales, 25 August, 1890, with Miss Attalie Claire in the title-rôle, revived at the Criterion, 30 May, 1893, with Miss Emmett-Herbert as Thérèse; *cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*

In history there have actually been women-warriors whose sex remained undiscovered during their service. Christiana Davis, born in 1667,

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

enlisted and was present at the battle of Landen. She went through many of Marlborough's campaigns, and was actually wounded at Ramillies, when the disguise became known. At her death in 1739 three volleys were fired over her grave by her old regiment.

Mary Anne Talbot, born in 1778, and known as John Taylor, had a strange and adventurous history. As a footboy she accompanied a lover, Captain Bowen, and when he was killed in fight she became a drummer, and a cabin-boy. Eventually she avowed her masquerade and was released.

Hannah Snell, born 23 April, 1723, joined Boscawen's fleet as a marine, James Grey, and was distinguished for bravery at the siege of Pondicherry. Upon her return to England she is said to have taken part in various topical naval and military exhibitions.

According to her tombstone, Phœbe Hessel of Brighton, who died 12 December, 1821, aged one hundred and eight years, "served for many years as a private soldier, in the 5th Regiment, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland in the Battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in in her arm."

A common sailor, who became famous for bravery whilst serving on a Maidstone frigate in 1740, was discovered to be a woman named Ann Mills. Her portrait was drawn, and prints show her holding the head of an enemy whom she had decapitated at a blow so stalwart was her arm.

Perhaps the most famous on the roll-call of these Amazons is Mary Scheliénck, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the hands of Napoleon himself. She had served with conspicuous bravery from the year 1792 when as a male volunteer she had entered the second Belgian Battalion. At the battle of Austerlitz she displayed signal heroism. She died as late as 1841.

Theatrical History

THE *WOMAN-CAPTAIN* was produced with great applause at Dorset-Garden in the autumn (probably September) of 1679. Mrs. Barry created the title-rôle, and Antony Leigh played Gripe.

A week or two after the original performance Otway's *Caius Marius* appeared on the stage, and Mrs. Barry, who acted the heroine Lavinia, speaking the epilogue, has the line :

For t'other Day I was a Captain too.

This comedy remained in the repertory of the theatre for wellnigh a full decade, but when it was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields on 25 October, 1703, it is said to be acted "2nd time for 16 years."

21 March, 1710, announced as "never acted there" Shadwell's comedy was given at Drury Lane with Norris as Gripe, and Mrs. Bradshaw as Mrs. Gripe. A new Prologue and Epilogue were spoken.

At Lincoln's Inn Fields, 29 June, 1716, *The Woman-Captain* was revived as "Not acted 7 years" which must not be taken to the letter. Gripe was played by Griffin; Sir Humphrey John Leigh; Sir Christopher Bullock; Sir Nicholas Bullock Junior; Blunderbuss Spiller; Hildebrand Bullock; Mrs. Gripe Mrs. Thurmond; Phillis Mrs. Spiller.

10 October, 1744, there was produced at the Haymarket an alteration by Thomas Odell of *The Woman-Captain* under the title *The Prodigal: or, Recruits for the Queen of Hungary*. The cast is as follows: *Sir Anthony Wildwit, an extravagant luxurious Knight*, Mills; *his two Friends*, Gayly, Freeman, by Naylor and Mozeen; *Scrape, a miserable Wretch, jealous of his Wife*, Paget; *Timothy, his Servant*, Hacket; *Sir Toby Riot, a debauch'd Knight*, Bernard; *two Bullies, his Followers*, Bounce and Bluster, by Paddick and Hotham; *Sir Nicholas Spottey, a sneaking Culley*, Theophilus Cibber; *Steward to Sir Anthony*, Furnival; *Fool* Miss Charke; *Mrs. Scrape*, Mrs. Mills; *Harriot, Mistress to Sir Anthony*, Mrs. Chetwood; *Isabella, Mistress to Sir Toby*, Mrs. George; *Charlotte, Mistress to Sir Nicholas*, Mrs. Freeman; *Serjeant*, Mrs. Hill. A Bawd and High-Constable, with Constables, Watch, Servants, Market-Women, Soldiers, complete the dramatis personæ. The scene is London; time, one day. We have naturally moved on to the years of Hogarth; the Fool in Act I offers to "wear a Bag"; Attorneys instead of "joyning their 6d. a piece at a greasy Cook's" break "their Fast in *Thieving-Lane* the first day of Term";

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

“pluck out Porker” becomes “pluck out Poker.” Harriot is an excellent character, and the alteration is on the whole far from a bad one. Indeed it is quite one of the best re-handlings of an older comedy that I know. The Epilogue was pertly delivered by Miss Jenny Cibber. The Prologue spoken by Theophilus Cibber concludes thus :

*Sirs, as the Woman-Captain heretofore,
Has, with Applause, been acted o'er and o'er,
For this, our Prodigal thence ta'en, we pray
Your kind Indulgence, as old Shadwell's Play;
His wit still stands in Force, his Humour free,
And thence our Bard most humbly begs, by me,
That you'll not damn him now for Regularity.*

TO
HENRY Lord OGLE,

SON to his GRACE

HENRY Duke of NEWCASTLE, &c.

THE great Obligations I received from my most Noble Patron, your illustrious Grandfather, and the favours conferred upon me by your Excellent Father (amongst which, I can think none greater than his recommending me to your Lordships Kindness and Protection) have engaged me to make this acknowledgment of my Duty to your Lordship; and to beg that you will own me, and defend this Comedy. I hope I shall, hereafter, be able to present you with something more worthy your Acceptance; but let this suffice to give you a title to me, and all my endeavors, which, as often as I can, shall be employ'd to serve you.

Had you not been obliged by the commands of your Father to favour and protect me; yet, from you I should have hop'd to have found Patronage; for the great Love which you have for Arts and Sciences, which would have made you cherish my endeavors towards them: By this inclination you give us early proofs of your inheriting the Vertues of your Ancestors, as you are like to do their Fortunes; which with the great accession by your Match with the Noble and Renowned Family of the Piercies, will make your Lordship the greatest Subject of England. And, by your early Vertues, you give all, that know you, hopes that you will be able to maintain that Character, by all the qualities that become a great Man: And, from the two Noble Stocks of Cavendish and Piercy, Posterity is like to see a race of true, and not Romantick Heroes, who may serve their Prince virtuously, and that way oblige their Countrey as we doubt not but your Lordship will.

My Lord, it has been the custom of Dedicators of late to make the Praises they give to their Patrons so extravagant, that they become Abuses, and therefore I am loath to say what I think: only one virtue of your Lordships I am too much pleas'd with not to mention; which is, that in this Age, when Learning is grown contemptible to those who ought most to advance it, and Greek and Latin Sence is despised, and French and English Nonsense applauded, when the ancient

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Nobility and Gentry of England, who not long since were famous for their Learning, have now sent into the World a certain kind of spurious brood of illiterate and degenerous Youth, your Lordship dares love Books, and labour to have Learning. And may your Lordship go on in this virtuous race you have begun, that so you may be a Protection to your Servants, a Consolation to your Friends, and an Honour to your Countrey; which is the hearty Wish of

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Obedient

humble Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

Prologue

Spoken by *Anthony Lee*.

*L*ord ! how the Poets in these times will pine,
For solid Dulness they must all design,
When Wit won't sell, and they shall lose French Wine. }
And what can Players hope for in these days,
When e'r the Idle Youth forsake our Plays.
The empty Head, that never thought before
But on New fashions, or a fresh new Whore :
Who, without us, no Afternoon could spend,
Nor shew Himself, nor meet a secret Friend,
Whom mounting from the Pit we use to see
(For dangerous Intrigues) to'th' Gallery.
Where stead of Maidenheads 'tis oft his hap }
By bold advent'ring to atchieve a Clap,
Or down he comes, and lolls i'th Orange-wenches lap.
For News he now walks gravely up and down,
And every Fop's a Politician grown,
Instead of——
Pox here's no Company, let's to White-hall,
Or to the Park, or where is there a Ball ?
What News ! ha' ye been at Westminster to day ?
How move the French ? what do the great Ones say ?
Things go not well, we wish we know not what ;
But there are some can tell, we're sure of that :
With Politick shrug, and notable wise Look,
They censure Councils, who ne'r read a Book.
The Citt, who with his Wife and hopeful Son }
Would come t' a merry Play, now all does shun,
And on the Guard learns to let off a Gun.
Others their Shops and precious Wares neglect,
With their wise Heads the Nation to protect :
Ev'n Bults all day of Tenants are bereft ;
For News stitching, and singing Psalms are left.
Each Coffee-house is fill'd with subtle folk,

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

*Who wisely talk, and politickly smoke.
To them whose Right it is, leave Government,
And come to us, we'll give you all content :
Full Theatres, like overflowing Nile,
Shew Peace and Plenty in this happy Isle.
The Nation's weather-glass a Play-house is,
And when we thrive, you never do amiss.
Fear not that we'll offend you with much wit, }
This day we promise you shall quiet sit, }
And have a Play for men of business fit : }
And though you cruelly should Damn that Play,
I'll hang, if I don't make you laugh to day.*

Drammatis Personæ.

Sir *Humphrey Scattergood*, { A Prodigal, Extravagant, and Luxurious Knight.
Bellamy, }
Wildman, } His two Friends.
Gripe { A miserable Wretch, that denies himself all Necessaries, very Jealous of his Wife.
Richard, his Man.
Sir Christopher Swash, { A foolish Debauched hot-headed Fellow, always Drinking and Scowring, desirous to be thought a mad Fellow.
Heildebrand, }
Blunderbus, } Two Bullies, followers of *Sir Christopher*.
Sir Nich. Peakgoose, A sneaking Cully, nosed by a Whore.
Steward to *Sir Humphrey*.
Mrs. Gripe, *Gripe's* Wife, the Woman-Captain.
Serjeant.
Phillis, *Sir Humphrey's* Whore.
Cloris, *Sir Christopher's* Whore.
Celia, *Sir Nicholas's* Whore.
Bawd, Fool, High-Constable, Constable, Watch, Servants, Market-Women, Apprentices, Parson, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE L O N D O N.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. Barrey, who acted the *Woman-Captain*.

W Ho dares deny the Poet his applause
When I am Champion, and assert his cause ?
Let him be Bully, ne'r so stout and tall,
'Sdeath I'll not fear the briskest of ye all :
No, though ye Rant and Roar, and sometimes Fight,
I've that which never fails to do me right.
Your would-be Wits love what is slight and bright
In Tinsel-wit, just like their own delight,
And Plays like Birth-day Suits, made for a Night,
These are o'rejoy'd to have a jest at hand
That costs but little Wit to understand.
Good sence, like solid Meat to sickly Men,
As soon as swallowed, is thrown up agen ;
And for strong Meats, but few of ye are fit,
Who to meet Wit, should come with equal Wit,
And faith of late, that's but thin sown i'th' Pit.
He found by's last, you would not like what's good,
Though it was praised by all that understood.
Remembring how you used that last he writ,
He made this Low, so to your Level fit ;
Plenty of Noise, and scarcity of Wit——
The Devil's in you all, if this don't hit :
Yet after all, if any one there be
So careless of his Life to anger me,
In daring to dispraise the Play, or Action,
There take my Glove, for I'll have Satisfaction.

THE Woman-Captain.

ACT I.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Scattergood dressing, Steward and Fool,
with a number of old Servants.*

1 *Serv.* **G**ood your Worship! Turn us not away. I liv'd with
my old Master Thirty years and upwards.

2 *Serv.* And I fifty.

Sir Hump. Yes! he lov'd an old-fashion'd block-headed greasy
Servingman, whose Cloaths were died with Drippings of March Beer,
and whose Beards stunk of Beef and Brewis, and his Breath like the fume
of an Alms-Tub.

3 *Serv.* We are all old, and have liv'd a long time here.

Sir Humph. Ye have the more reason to go away now, you are pursy,
lazy, clumsy Rogues; The time my Father's will requir'd you to be here
is out. This is my happy Day of four and twenty, till which long time
my Father's Will kept me from my Estate. I now discard ye all; now
I'll be Master, I have provided a set of *French*-fellows to serve me; they
are fit for Service.

Stew. They are for Slavery, They are born and bred to it: But it was
never good time since *English* Fools were serv'd by *French* Rogues.

Sir Humph. Hey! *Dubois*! give 'em 40 s. a piece to drink, and send 'em
packing.

Servants. Good my Lord, We beseech your Lordship.—

Dubois. Wait without!

[*Ex. all, but Steward and Fool.*

Sir Hum. & Valet de Chambre.

Sir Humph. How now, why stays that Fool?

Fool. Because that Fool has more wit than to go away.

Sir Humph. Sirrah! begon! I will not keep you.—

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Fool. Some body I see has us'd wicked Court Policy to supplant me in my employment.

Sir Humph. I'll keep no Fool, 'tis out of fashion for great Men to keep Fools.

Fool. Because now adays they are their own Fools, and so save Charges : But for all that they delight in Fools out of Livery. When do you see any of 'em favour a Wit ?

Sir Humph. I'll have none, 'tis exploded ev'n upon the Stage.

Fool. But for all that *Shakespear's* Fools had more Wit than any of the Wits and Criticks now adays : Well, if the History of Fools were written, the whole Kingdom would not contain the Library ; yet a vast number of Fools have been in Print, and written their own Histories.

Sir Humph. You are a Satyrical Fool, and will give offence.

Fool. Indeed this Age is not able to bear Satyr ; and yet 'tis a very laughing jeering age : all Fools laugh at one another, and scarce any one is such a Fool, but he has a sub-Fool that he can laugh at——

Sir Humph. Begon Sirrah ! I'll have no fooling.

Fool. Good Sir *Humphrey*, I will be a fashionable Fool, and learn to lisp, speak French, and be very much affected. I will be a well-bred Fool, a Flatterer, or a Pimp, if you please, you may turn away a Knave or a Chaplain for me.

Sir Humph. Who waits there ! take away the Fool ! [*They thrust.*]
Well, Mr. Steward, upon condition you will leave off your miserable advice, and follow my Instructions, I receive you agen.

Stew. Since it must be ! I'll endeavour to obey you in all.

Sir Humph. Put some Pulvilio into my Peruke ! give me some Tuberoze. You old Fool reach some Orange-Flower water for my Handkerchief, how do you like this !

Stew. I dare not tell you.

Sir Humph. I'll give you leave.

Stew. Methinks ! it is unmanly to keep such a stir about ones Body, I'd rather be embalm'd, like an Ægyptian body, once for all, and make no more trouble of it.

Sir Humph. Thou dost not consider what a stinking Animal man is, exceeding all Beasts in stinking, and wouldst thou not have one mollifie these Natural imperfections——

Stew. I would have you cleanly, and serve God as my old Mr. did ; sure your Worship does not consider——

Sir Humph. Yes fool—I do nothing but consider how I may please every sense, I have. They were not given me in vain. No—all my study shall be bent to find variety of Delights, and when my own too barren fancy stops, I'll have a Council wittier than *Nero's*, to invent new Pleasures.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Bellamy and Wildman.

Bell. Good morrow to my Lord of Land and Timber! long may'st thou live and flourish in thy pleasures. The happy day is now arriv'd that makes thee Master of thy Acres, and thy self.

Wildm. A Thousand Joys fall on you. The Slavery you did endure under your wretched Father, will make you relish the Liberty you now arrive at.

Sir Humph. And I will use it to the full! nor Land nor Sea shall bound my pleasures——what e'r the Globe affords I'll have to satisfie my Luxury.

Bell. Virtuously resolved.

Wildm. Joy of my heart: go on.

Sir Humph. I Married one young fond fool, and broke her heart already; But now I keep a Whore, or Whores.

Stew. Yes, all the Parish from fifteen to five and thirty.

Bell. Virtuous still.

Stew. Excellent Councillors for the speedy confounding of an Estate.

Sir Humph. You that were my Father's good old Steward, and are my formal Coxcomb: I have taken a new course, and so must you: I'll not be serv'd so nastily as in my days of Nonage, or as my Father was; as if his Meat had been dress'd at *Pye-Corner*, by greasy Scullions there. His boyl'd meat, a little Mutton with a sprig of Rosemary, and a vast deal of lean Oatmeal Pottage.

Wildm. And Mutton roasted as if it were prescrib'd for the Pox, and of huge *Leicestershire* pease-fed Sheep, as rank as old He-Goats, and the Poultry died all of Hectick Feavers.

Bell. And Sallets wither'd, the fruit Crab apples, Sweetings and Horse Plumbs; and for Confections, a few Carraways in a small Sawcer, as if his Worship's House had been a Lowsie Inn.

Sir Humph. Then three or four monstrous Olives, with a spoonful or two of damnable sharp Capers, and Suffolk Cheese.

Stew. These things my good old Master was pleas'd with, or he had not so increas'd his Wealth.

Sir Humph. He did well: and I will revel now with what he left. Choak not me with your Providence with a Pox to you——

Bell. Wou'd you feed my Lord like a Country Justice of 300 *l.* a year, that has no gusto?——

Wildm. Or like a Lawyer in *Ram-Alley*, or Attorneys joyning their 6 *d.* a piece at a greasy Cooks.

Bell. That for their Suppers score their penyworth of Tallow-cheese at a Chandlers, with every one his Jug and Pipe of Mundungus.—

Stew. Be pleas'd to instruct me, and I shall obey.

Sir Humph. My chief Cook has a Book drawn up by these Gentlemen.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

and my self : Read and be learned.—There you shall find what is in season still—the youngest Meat always most nourishing.—The new fawn Lamb. The tender Kid, and young fat Pigs. Veals fed with Milk, Whitebread, and new-laid Eggs, with young fat Beefs, and smallest Forrest Mutton, fat Bucks for Summer, Barren Does for Winter.

Wildm. Fawns out of their Dams Bellies ript, Gelt Goats, Bruis'd Venison, Sucking Rabbits, Leverets, Dousets, White Haws, Velvet Head and Ears, Shoulders of Venison in the Kell with blood.

Bell. Turkeys, Pea-Hens, Pullets, Capons, Ducks, with Geese so cramb'd as to be drown'd in fat ; squab Pidgeons, Chickens in the Grease, fat Swans, and Barn-dore Hens—with cluster'd Eggs, that are provocative.—

Sir Humph. The young plump Partridge, with the tender Powt ; The Pheasant and the Quail, the Rail and Plover, roasted with the blood in 'em.

Wildm. The mounting Lark, the Messenger of Day, the long bill'd Cock, that Winter brings in Mists—with Snipe, Duck, Teal, the Curlew and the Wild-goose, the Brant-goose, Solon-goose and Puffin.

Bell. Young Rooks, and new hatch't Martins, the Black-bird, Felfare, Thrush and Wheat-Ear, which far excels the Roman *Beca fica*.

Sir Humph. *Lincolnshire* Fowl that's fattened with sweet Curds ; as Pewits, Dottrils, Gulls, Knats, Ruffs and Reeves. All these I have had, and you must now provide.

Stew. All this shall be done, and your Worship undone.—

Sir Humph. And then for Fish what the vast Seas afford, Ponds, Immense Lakes and Rivers too ! Brett, Mullet, Turbet, Smelt, Plaice, Scate, Cod-whiting, and the old Organ Ling with gold Flakes, with heightning Sturgeon to stir up my blood, provoking Oysters, and the lusty Lobster : Crabs, Shrimps, Crafish Pottage, Muscles and Cockles, and dissolved Pearl and Amber in my sawce.

Wildm. The Luscio, Eel, the Trout, Char, Tench, Perch, calverd Salmon : And from the Ponds, over-grown Pikes, Carps, Breams, Torecells. The *German* Fish as fat as Bucks in *August*.

Sir Humph. And when I would cocker up my self, Rams-Cods, Lamb-stones, Bucks, Dowsets, Sparrows, Brains, the spawn of Fish, flakes of piled butter'd Eggs with Ambergreece ; and when my taste grows Wanton, I will feed on Mushrooms, and on Frogs, and have a race of large Italian Snails, young Tortoises drest costly in their shells, and Squirrels flesh, which is dissolved Nuts, and the Indian Birds-Nest mollifi'd in Broath.

Wildm. Then *Virmicelti*, *Potato* and *Tartophonily*, and flatulent Roots to stir up and to enable Appetite.

Stew. I should have taken these hard Words for conjuring, but why must your Worship have French Cooks. Methinks my Masters old English Cookmaid, with good store of Parsley and Butter, did very well.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Humph. Away you Coxcomb : Let it be your care to keep my Cellar always full as it is now.

Stew. I am acquainted with my old Master's Merchant, he us'd to let him have very good *Langoon* and *Burdeaux*.

Sir Humph. Porters and Carriers shall drink that ; I'll have *Vin d' aye*, high Country Wine, *Frontinac* ; all the delicious Wines of *Italy* and *Spain* ; the richer Wines of *Greece* and *Sicily*.

Bell. And *Celery*, *Champaign* and *Burgundy*, with *Vin de Bon*, *Vin Celestine*, and *Hermitage*, and all the Wines upon the fruitful *Rhine*.

Sir Humph. When I debauch, the Yeoman of my Wine-cellar, dres't like God *Bacchus*, squeezes his twined Wreaths of Grapes upon us——And we have floods of this Poetick Juyce : But do you hear, Steward, I must have Whores in abundance ; see you provide a world of Strumpets.

Stew. Does not your Worship mistake me ? I am your Steward.

Sir Humph. Yes, to provide me all things necessary ; and are any things so necessary as Whores. I say, let me have Whores innumerable, and let it be your special care——That every Gentleman that comes within these Walls may have his *Cher entirè*.

Stew. Your Worship has a Mistress, I dare not call her Whore——

Sir Humph. I keep one high, because it is the fashion ; But for my use I'll have as many Whores as mortal man can turn himself to.

Wildm. Live, live ! my Noble Knight, and be Immortal——

Bell. Push Nature on, my Friend, and live apace.

Stew. Hee'l soon be at his Journeys end ; But the chief Material is wanting ready Money, I understand the Cash your Father left is flown, to pay in part your Debts.

Sir Humph. Go to *Gripe*, my foolish Kinsman the Usurer. That is such an Ass to deny all his Sences, to live miserably to dye rich : Take 10000 *l.* and let him have a Mortgage till I cut down Timber to redeem my dirt——begon——

Bell. This damn'd Usurer has a pretty Wife, I have a devillish mind to her ; but she's kept so close, though I have gone to borrow Money when I have had no need on't, I cannot get access to her ; the Rogue suspects every Male, from a Prince to a Kitchin Boy.

Sir Humph. She's so pretty on my Conscience, none would refuse her ; I have set snares for her, she can never be seen but out of a Window, which is no bigger than the hole of a Pillory.

Wildm. He locks her up, and always carries the Key about him.

Sir Humph. Nay, at Night he sows his Shirt and her Smock together, that upon any violent motion the twitch may wake him : There's a Horn-preventing Design.

Bell. Faith, that shall not do, his jealousy shall pimp for me. Let us but wait upon you in a visit to him, and let us alone.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter a Footman.

Footm. An't please your Honour, yonder is a reverend fat old Gentlewoman desires to be admitted.

Sir Humph. Bring her in : a Bawd I warrant you. [*Enter Bawd.*
Oh honest Bawd ! How dost thou do ?

Bawd. Do ! why I am e'n worn out in your Worships Service ; I have gotten a hoarseness will never leave me, with rising a Nights, to let in your Worship, and your unseasonable Company to save my Windows : Well, I cannot live long.

Sir Humph. Thou wilt dye nobly then, in the Service of thy Countrey.

Bawd. Nay, Heaven be prais'd, I have been diligent in my Calling, very diligent to supply the Necessities of young Gentlemen.

Stew. What a despicable thing a Bawd is ! I hate 'em with my Heart, filthy Creatures.

Wildm. They are something filthy ;——But they are necessary, very necessary.

Bell. Poor Bawds are carted, while great Mens Pimps are Company for Lords !

Bawd. I have no less than three Maiden-heads upon my hands, I have agreed with their Mothers, who truly are careful honest Parents, and love to provide for their Children with a Motherly affection. I shall have 'em cheap, considering the rarity of Maiden-heads in this Town. I thought to give your Worship notice, if you have use for one of 'em.

Sir Humph. For one ! Ownds ! I'll have 'em all. I'll spare no Money. Let me have 'em to Morrow, or to Night ; for fear they should not keep.

Bawd. I cannot have 'em till to Morrow, I fear.

Bell. If so——then let us have a Bevy of Whores for a rank Ball, for we intend to be luxurious to Night.

Bawd. It shall be done : But I am almost faint with running up and down, and taking pains.——

Sir Humph. Let her be taken in and rub'd and cawdled, as the Good Wives use the Phanatick Labourers in the Gospel ; and let the Bawd have Sack enough.

Footm. It shall be done : yonder are Milleners, Periwigg-men and Perfumers, and Tradesmen of all sorts waiting without.

Sir Humph. Bid my Steward and *Valet de Chambre* dispatch 'em : I hate Business : Now let us revel, this Day I dedicate to all my Senses ; I'll Feast 'em all after we have Din'd with all the Luxury Wit can invent, with choicest Musick, and the best of Women——

Bell. Whores, you mean.

Wildm. Ay, ay ! What use can we make of honest Women ?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Bell. None : They are as bad as Drones in a Hive.

Sir. Humph. Whores I do mean : With whom after we have Danc'd and Toy'd—I'll have my Baths prepared full of most fragrant Scents. Where we will play and wanton with our Concubines ; there we'll lye soaking till we be refreshed. Then we'll come out, be rub'd, and be anointed with precious Oyls and Essences ; and then we'll roll our selves in Beds of Orange-Flowers.

Bell. How I dissolve at the Description.

Wild. I am all Extasie already.

Enter Celia, Phillis, and Cloris.

Sir Humph. Oh, here's my Mistress.

Omn. We come to wish you Joy, my dear Lord, of this happy Day.

Sir Humph. Ye bring it with you ! Gentlemen, salute these fair Ladies.
[*They salute.*]

Bell. Are these Friends of your Mistress, Whores ?

Wild. If they be, as a hundred to one they are, They are glorious ones !

Sir Humph. Fy, fy, Whores ! That's a naughty word. They are Ladies ; there are no Whores but such as are poor and beat Hemp, and Whipt by Rogues in Blew Coats.

Bell. They are brave Magistrates to commit Adultery themselves, and whip poor Wenches for simple Fornication.

Wild. There's no Law to whip but that of Vagrants, and when a poor Wench has laboured in her Calling seven years in the same Parish ; These Fellows will whip her for a Vagrant.

Bell. These old Fellows, that love it themselves, think the Wenches do so too, perhaps.

Chlo. You are the pattern of all Knights ; you keep your Mistress so fine ; I'll swear 'tis very commendable——

Celia. Oh 'tis admirable ! all the Town admires you : You win the Hearts of all the Ladies with it, I vow.

Sir Humph. No ! we must all yield to your Friend Sir *Nicholas Peakgoose* : He is the most liberal and most obsequious Keeper, and starves his Wife and Children for you.

Celia. I must confess he does pretty well.——

Sir Humph. Why did you not bring him hither ?

Celia. I should be willing enough ; but if I use him to't, he'll be always going abroad in my Coach with me : No ! that must not be.

Chlo. She has a rare hand over him ; if I could govern my Gallant so, I were a Princess.

Phill. I desire not to govern, my Dear ; if I have but thy Love, Child, I wish for nothing else——But thy Money.
[*Aside.*]

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Humph. No more ! No more ! Call in my Musick, and let 'em Sing and Play—Come in.

SONG.

*L*ove thee till there shall be an end of matter,
So long, till Courtiers leave in Courts to flatter ;
While empty Courtlings shall laugh, jeer, and jibe,
Or till an old lean Judge refuse a Bribe.

Till Young men Women hate, I will love thee ;
Till greedy Lawyers shall renounce a Fee,
And till Decrepit Misers Money hate,
Or Statesmen leave to juggle in a State.

While Priests Ambition troubles Common-wealths,
Till Whores grow chaste and Thieves forsake their Stealths ;
Till Tradesmen leave to Cozen and to Lye,
Till there's a Worthy flatt'rer, or Brave Spie.

Till Honest Valiant Men can be afraid,
Till Kings by Favourites are not betray'd ;
Till all Impossibles do meet in one,
I'll love thee Phillis, and love thee alone.

Sir Humph. Now let us retire and take the Pleasure of our Gardens :
Musick follow us—— [Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gripe and Richard.

Gripe. Come *Richard*, because thou art but new come, I must instruct thee——Thou see'st my whole Design is to be Rich.

Rich. Yes, and to keep your Servants Poor.

Gripe. And to that end, I deny and keep my base unruly Senses under : for if any one sense get the better of a man ; he'll ne'r be rich.

Rich. I am sure I han't pleas'd one since I came.

Gripe. That's well : Let me have three Ribs of Mutton boil'd in a Pipkin for our Dinners ; go, buy me a lean Breast—lean meat is wholsomeſt.

Rich. If I could light of a Sheep that dy'd in a Ditch.

Gripe. Ay, that should be cheap—besides, I like a Natural Death better than Murder. To Morrow is Holy-day—I will have four Ribs, and some Cabbage.

Rich. This is feasting, but our ordinary Diet of Oatmeal and Water——

Gripe. 'Tis very wholsom and cleansing——

Rich. 'Tis the Scotch-Diet, very good for Mangy Hounds ; What Sawce will you have for your Mutton ?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. A Pox on Sawce! it spoils the Natural appetite; yet some Onion or Garlick you may get: I have some Ferkin Butter and Suffolk Cheese, fine lean Cheese, 'twill go so far——

Rich. Sir, I have a great Inclination to a Sheeps-head: May I not get one? 'tis cheap——

Gripe. Not so cheap, yet next Holy-day I will buy one for my Family: But Ox Livers and the Entrails of Beasts, are very nourishing.

Rich. He cannot be content to rob and oppress men with his Extortion, but he must rob the Dogs of their diet; you have Kids and Lambs of your own, if it please your Worship.

Gripe. It does not please my Worship, sure you have liv'd with some Epicure: No, sell 'em to Luxurious fools, that will die Beggars.

Rich. I hear Sir *Humphrey Scattergood* intends to send a Buck.

Gripe. I'll sell it then; 'twill cost more the Baking than 'tis worth—we kill our selves in *England* with filthy pampering.

Rich. I can go a Fowling with my Peice, and catch Wild-fowl for your Worship.

Gripe. By my troth but your Worship shall not; you will spend more in Powder and Shot than your Bodie's worth; Besides, a water-Spaniel with his ravenous gut will eat me out of house and home: Wild-fowl! They are fit for *Lucullus* or *Apicius*.

Rich. Sir, we can steal Coneys, if it please you——

Gripe. No Sir! I must find you Butter. What damn'd Luxurious Fellow hast thou lived with?

Rich. Sir, I beseech you be pleas'd to let us have some Wheat Bread, for I have gotten the Griping, and the *Iliaca Passio*, with Rye and Barley Bread.

Gripe. Peace Fool! I am not so Prodigal, thank Heav'n.

Rich. Must we never have any Wine or Strong—Beer——

Gripe. Why! you Impudent fellow, would you have us dye of Feavers? To drink Wine shall be Treason, and strong Beer Felony without Clergy: I have wholsom very, very small Beer, so clear, so fine, the Mault not to be tasted in't—The Patriarchs drank nothing but Water.

Rich. That I deny, ask *Lot* else.

Gripe. Go—Unlock my Wife's Chamber, and bid her come to me: This damn'd pampering Rogue would ruin me with his Gut.

Enter Mrs. Gripe.

Mrs. Gripe. Will this Tyrannie never be at an end? must I be always thus abridg'd of Liberty? a cram'd Fowl has a better time on't, for that's fed well; but I am coop'd up and starved: nay have no Necessary of life, that's fit for a young Woman——

Gripe. Come Love, you have very good wholsom food, 'tis fit a young Woman should mortifie and keep down her Lusts.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Rich. Especially when she marries an old Man, hee'l fast her down to his own appetite——

Mrs. Gripe. Nay, in the Winter I am kept without Fire or Candle. I have neither Natural or Artificial heat from——

Gripe. 'Tis to preserve thy life, my Love. Didst thou ever see Cooks or Glassmen long liv'd? Fire destroys the Natural heat, they live longest in cold Countreys.

Rich. Yet Meat is always raw for want of fire.

Gripe. I will save fire, and have it roasted by Burning Glasses; and instead of Candles (and by the way the Grand Signior, suffers none of his Wives to have any,) I will have Glow-worms, rotten Wood and fish Bones—Fire suffocates Natural heat.

Mrs. Gripe. I have heard your Servants in Winter wish for the Plague or any hot Disease; and I for my part could be contented with a Feaver.

Gripe. Can you not use Exercise to stir up your Natural heat.

Mrs. Gripe. You let me have Exercise little enough! Heav'n knows.

Gripe. Can you not play at Shuttlecock, or carry a Handful upon occasion?

Rich. I will play at Stool-ball with the Maids, and that will stir up Natural heat.

Mrs. Gripe. No—I have endured your cruel Tyranny too long; but above all, your Jealousie is most provoking.

Gripe. 'Tis nothing but my love, my great love. Dost thou think I do not love my Money—why I am Jealous of that, and lock it up as I do thee—I know what a Treasure thou art.

Mrs. Gripe. Give me leave to know my own value too: And that I deserve not to be used so, I will have the liberty of a She-Subject of *England*.

Gripe. What a Pox! The liberty of Cuckolding your Husband, for that it comes to, to receive Visits, and skulk about in Chairs in Vizors, to meet damn'd Roguy Whoremasters, which they call Admirers with a Pox to 'em.

Mrs. Gripe. Thou deserv'st to be used so. When you are at home I am never out of my Prison, but in your presence, my cruel Jailor; and when you are abroad, I am fed at a Grate like the Lyons in the *Tower* (if I may call it feeding.) If there be any means under the Sun to get my liberty, I will attempt it. [Enter Rich.]

Gripe. Nay then I will use my Conjugal authority.

Rich. Sir *Humphrey Scattergood's* Steward is come to speak with you.

Gripe. Go into your Chamber! go, I say.

Mrs. Gripe. Well Tyrant, I shall be quit with you.

Gripe. No, you shall not; I'll take care not to be a Cuckold.

[*She goes, he follows her, locks her in, and returns.*]

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Steward.

Rich. Your humble Servant.

Stew. Sir, I am your Friend and Servant to command. Mr. *Gripe*, Good Morrow to your Worship.

Gripe. Mr. Steward, What brings you hither.

Stew. My Master's Command.

Gripe. What can his Worship honour me withal?

Stew. It is to borrow Money on a Mortgage.

Gripe. Looke you *Richard*, this is an Ass that will please all his Senses, and he must borrow ! Oh damn'd Senses ! Well, the Money's ready, 10000 *l.* we treated for.

Stew. E're long we shall have occasion to trouble you for more, as Sir *Humphrey* goes on.

Gripe. See what becomes of foolish Sense-pleasers ! Poor Puppies ! Miserable Fools ! I pity 'em : I'll not please one, not I *Richard* : Come, let's about this Business, and get my Lord to Seal.

Rich. Well said, old *Chaucer*, say I.—

'Twould make one scratch where it does not itch,
To see Fools live poor to dye rich.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter Sir Humphry, Bellamy, Wildman, Phillis, Celia, Chloris.

Servants waiting at Dinner.

Sir Humph. CALL in my Musick ! I'll consecrate my Birth-Day to all my Senses : He is a narrow-hearted Ass that pleases one at once ; I'll please as many as I can together.

Bell. It is Ingenious Luxury !

Sir Humph. I hate a mere Glutton, a mere Drunkard, or a meer Wencher ; They are as bad as meer Scholars or meer Lawyers, good for nothing else : That man is happiest that takes delight in most things : There's not a Virtue or a Vice I'll leave untry'd for Pleasure or for Curiosity.

Wildm. There spoke a Cherub ; Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high ; fill all the Glasses up ; for why, here's our noble Friend's, Sir *Humphrey's* Health.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Bell. Give me a Brimmer to celebrate his Birth-day. Ladies, There's no scaping this Health. Men of Rosin and Cats-guts, strike up.

Sir Humph. Strike up! D' hear Rascals! Let me have costlier Scents, and fume the Room; my Nostrils are not pleas'd enough.

Bell. Are all ready? a Thousand years to you.

Wildm. And all the while the joy of Wine, Youth, and Beauty with you.

Phill. Thy everlasting Health, my Dear!

[*Sound an Alarm all together. They flourish.*]

Enter Gripe, Steward, and Richard.

Stew. My Lord, Mr. *Gripe* has drawn Bills; they are accepted, and he is come to have you Sign and Seal——

Sir Humph. Kick that old Fool out, is he come to interrupt my pleasure with damn'd confounded Business? which always must with me give way to my delight.

Stew. How this must rejoyce my old Master's Ghost, cou'd he but see it!

Gripe. Good! How fast his Worships Land will molt into my Coffers; these are foolish Sense-pleasers, *Richard.*

Sir Humph. Sit down and eat with us, Mr. *Gripe.*

Gripe. I will not eat luxurious Meats: I love no Surfeits.

Bell. Give him a Beer Glass to Sir *Humphrey's* Health.

Gripe. I have renounced Wine, I do not care for Feavers, nor will I please one Sense I have.

Cel. Out on him! Filthy fellow! will he not please his Senses?

Bell. Methinks a Feaver should be a very pleasant Disease for an old Man.

Rich. Are you mad Sir! why 'twill cost you nothing; at least give me leave to snap at a little Meat and Wine.

Gripe. You Rascal! will you Disgrace my House-keeping. They'l think y'are Hungerstarved——

Rich. They'l not think much amiss.

Gripe. Peace you damn'd Epigram! contain your self, or I will mawl your Pate for you: Laugh at these Sense-pleasers; They will dye in Ditches, fool.

Richard. Better dye than live in Ditches, and we live worse—for Frogs have a better life than we.

Phill. Let us not mind this Brute. But let your Servants Dance their Entry you promis'd——

Sir Humph. Let 'em begin!

Dance.

Does not this please you?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. What is the worth of any thing, but so much Money as 'twill bring : He was a brave Poet that wrote that.

Sir Humph. But here are fine Ladies ! here's a sight for you, and to enjoy 'em in Dalliance, were pleasure infinite——

Gripe. A huge Trunk-full of Bonds and Mortgages, and another great Coffer-full of Money to rowl and wanton in ; There's a sight ! there's rapture for you——

Sir Humph. Yes, for Fools that make Money the end of their wishes, and not the means to other things. Come on ! Sing the Song I love so well——

Gripe. Pox on Songs ! give me the Jingling of Money-bags.

SONG.

L Et some great joys pretend to find
In empty Whimsies of the mind ;
And nothing to the Soul can come,
Till th' ushering Senses make it room.
Nor can the Mind be e'r at ease,
Unless you first the Body please.
Life is, what e're vain Man may doubt,
But taking in and putting out.
Since Life's but a Span,
Live as much as you can :
Let none of it pass without Pleasure ;
But push on your Strength
Of what Life wants in length :
In the Breadth you must make up the Measure.

2.

All solid Pleasures, Fops lay by ;
And seek they know not what, nor why :
Imperfect Images th' enjoy,
Which Fancy makes, and can destroy.
Wh' in immaterial things delight,
Dream in the Day as well as Night :
In that how can they Pleasure take,
Of which no Image Thought can make.
Since Life's, &c.

3.

In vain no moment then be spent,
Fill up the little Life that's lent ;

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

*Feasts, Musick, Wine the Day possess ;
The Night, Love, Youth and Beauty bless.
The Senses now in parcels treat,
Then all together by the great ;
No empty space in Life be found,
But one continued Joy go round.
Since Life's, &c.*

Phill. Very fine, I vow—

Celia. Upon my word 'tis delicate !

Chl. Well, Sir *Humphrey's* a sweet man.

Sir Humph. How do you like this, Mr. *Gripe* ?

Gripe. 'Tis abominable, profane, scandalous, and scurvy.

Sir Humph. I'll try to please you ; you shall hear an Italian Eunuch.

Gripe. I had as lieve hear a Grey-hound with Trillo's and long Graces, sing a Love Song to the Moon ; But much rather hear my Mastiff teaching my Neighbour's Hog his Gamut, when he comes into my Ground.

Sir Humph. What think you of a broken Consort of Violins and Theorbo's joyn'd with Italian Voices. I'll have that for you.—

Gripe. I had rather hear a Broken Consort in my Hopyard : My Bores and Sows grunt out Harmonious Bases, my Hogs sing out their Brisker Countenours, my sweet voic'd Pigs squeak out Melodious Trebles.—

Bell. What think you of a Consort of Cathedral Voices.

Gripe. I had rather hear sweet Frogs chant out their Anthems against Rain, joyn'd with the passionate voices of old Toads. And for my more sprightly Musick—Schreech Owls, and a Consort of Cats run mad for Love, with the Harmonious braying of some Asses ; joyn'd to these a Paper-Mill for an Organ, a Pewterer, Silver-Smith, Trunk-Maker, with Tinkers playing thorough Bases upon Kettles. Tell not me of Musick ; dispatch my Business.

Sir Humph. Come I will withdraw with you, and Sign and Seal.

Phill. Ladies, I will wait on you again instantly.

[*Exit all but Bell. Wild.*
Celia, Chloris.

Bell. Survey my youth, and reflect upon your own Beauty, and imagin whether it be possible to forbear thinking or talking of Love when we meet—

Celia. Neither thinking nor talking of Love will do the business, I am engaged to Sir *Nicholas Peakegoose*, and would not be false for the whole world, I swear—

Bell. True to him, 'tis impossible ; you cannot love him, he's ugly and foolish—

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Celia. Oh, but he's very good natur'd, and admires me extreamly—— you that call your selves witty men, have some Love indeed; but 'tis like French Courage, hot in the Onset, and as swift in the retreat——

Wildm. True to a keeper, sure you will not be a thing so out of fashion——

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would not be false to Sir *Christopher Swash* for all this earthly good: 'Tis a shame Women should be so false to their Intrigues, as some are; I wonder at their Consciences. What do they think will become of their Souls another day?

Wildm. Love heartily, as I do, and 'twill take away that scruple; let me tell you, 'tis a great Sin, and I wonder you can have the Conscience not to pity me: For you have struck me to the heart——

Chlo. You are pleas'd to say so.

Wildm. Will you hear me swear bloodily? by——

Chlo. Hold! hold! have you no Religion in you? Lord, how I tremble for fear of an Oath!

Bell. 'Tis true, he pays for your Body; but 'tis not fit he should have your mind: let me but have that——

Celia. That will not serve your turn.

Bell. No,—But if I have the Mind once, I am sure the Body is not far off, which would be ne'r the worse for Sir *Nicholas* should I leave it, which I never would——

Celia. Shall it ever be said that I am false to my Keeper?——

Bell. No, it shall never be told; and if it were, hee'd ne'r believe it, who is so conceited of himself, that he thinks you love him.

Celia. We of our Profession must be as careful of our Credit as Merchants and Bankers should be; if we break with one, we shall ne'r be trusted by another.

Bell. Care to conceal is good; but barren Truth is good for nothing: The falsest Women like the greatest Knaves, thrive most.

Wild. I should love at another rate than your Friend *Swash*; I should not leave you for the love of Bottles and the Company of Bullies, to roar, and scowr, and break Windows.

Chlo. Indeed he is a little too wild, but he has the prettiest merry humours with him——

Wild. I desire but to visit you, while Drink makes him unfit for you; I am sure you do not love him.

Chlo. No, why he's the prettiest wittiest wild Gentleman about the Town: He says the Wits love him dearly.

Bell. All Love is in equality. I am sure you cannot love him whom you keep under like a Spaniel.

Celia. Indeed I keep him in Discipline; do not Fathers love their Children, yet keep 'em at a distance.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Sir Christopher Swash, Blunderbus, and Heildebrand.

L *Et's Drink, let's Drink all Day and Night*
Give each a lusty Bowl :
This is the ravishing Delight
Of ev'ry Thirsty Soul ;
Let others soak all Night in Beds
And live but half their time,
The Wine that's always in our Heads
Shall still preserve us in our prime,
Shall still, &c.

{ Sir Christ.
and Bullies
Sing.

Sir Christ. The Devil take me *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*, if we be not very mad Fellows.

Celia. This is *Sir Christopher Swash*, and his two Bullies.

Blund. Ounds ! what Prigg is yon talking with your Natural—

Heild. Shall I pluck out Porker, and lay him on thick ?

Sir Chr. No, he's my friend, an honest fellow, and as mad a fellow as the best of us. Honest *Wildman Oylie*, how dost thou do ? How dost *Prigg Bellamy* ? Gad we have had a rare Night on't, we have roar'd, and sung and ranted ; kick't all Males, kiss'd all Females, swing'd Constables and Watches, trounced Bailiffs, broke Windows and stormed Bawdy-houses, and committed other outrages to the confusion of much people—

Celia. Oh, fie my Dear ; why wouldst thou venture thy Person, when thou know'st how I love thee ? get thee gon, Thou art such a wild thing.

Sir Chr. Peace, my Buttock, no harm done ; we have not been in Bed these four and twenty hours.

Let others soak all Night in Beds, &c.
And live but half their time, &c.

[Sings.]

On my Conscience and Soul we broke Fourscore pounds worth of Windows.

Bell. Is not this a pretty Gentleman to be in Love with ?

Sir Chr. Pray, know my Friends, *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand* : They are as honest fellows as e'r drank Beer-glass, and as brave as ever stood Cannon-bullet.—But where's *Sir Humphrey* ? hey—hey—

The Wine that's always in our Heads
Shall still preserve us in our prime.

Am not I a very mad fellow, Ha, *Sir Humphrey*—Hey boys ! let me kiss thee, *Oylie*—

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Sir Humphrey, Phillis, and Steward.

Sir Humph. Sir Christopher Swash, your Servant.

Sir Chr. Let me present these Gentlemen to you they are of good Families; Their Name *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*.

Sir Humph. They are great Names indeed; but they are something negligently dress'd—

Sir Chr. That's all one, they are as brave as Lightning; and will kick Bailiffs like Thunder, and faith they'l scowr and roar like Cannon. They are the best Company in the world, and are my Lifeguard against Bailiffs.

Sir Humph. They look dreadfully——

Sir Chr. Dreadfully! so they do; why each of 'em has kill'd his man. But as they are very brave, so they are very ingenious, and rare Company.—Here's *Heildebrand* has a number of the purest Bawdy Songs, and will Sing and Play a thorow-base with his fingers rubbing too and fro upon a Table thus, most incomparably; and then *Blunderbus* will hoop, hollow, and hunt over a Bottle with any man in *Europe*, and they are the bravest Catch-singers both of 'em——

Blund. Nay, gad Sir *Nicholas*, you make me blush.

Heild. Upon my honour, you Compliment!

Sir Chr. Because they say so now, you shall hear 'em sing—a Boat, a Boat.

Blund. Come on.

Heild. To please you—

A Boat, a Boat, haste to the Ferry, &c.

[They Sing.]

Sir Chr. Are not we mad Fellows? Faith we can be merry and we set on't; we have roar'd and scowr'd, and kept *Covent-garden* waking all last Night.

Blund. On my Conscience we beat Threescore people.

Sir Chr. Ay, Fourscore, Men, Women, and Children—ha, was not that well?

Sir Humph. Oh very well! Hark you Gentlemen, a Design comes into my Head of carrying this roaring Company, the Women and the Fiddles to that wretch *Gripe's* House——

Bell. That will be very well—'Twill fright him out of his Wits, and perhaps free his Wife into the Bargain——

Blund. Whose Caravan is that other which yon spruce *Prigg* talks with—

Sir Chr. A Coxcomb's, one Sir *Nicholas Peak-goose*——

Heild. Does yon fellow manage her?

Sir Chr. No, she's kept I tell you: Do you think a Woman that's kept would lye with another?

Phill. We shall certainly have very good sport.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Humph. 'Tis resolv'd, *Sir Christopher*—we have resolv'd that all this Company, and my Fiddles, shall forthwith go to the wretch *Gripe's* House, and Rant and Sing, Dance and Roar, and play pranks there——

Sir Chr. Hey Boys! Hey! a most admirable Design—Wee'l tear the ground, and roar, and make more noise than a Sea-Fight.

Good store of brisk Claret supplies, &c.

And the Man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

Sir Humph. Well said, *Sir Christopher*, d'ye hear Steward, bid all my Coaches be brought to the Gate; and provide a Collation fit for us, as you tender your Ears; and send all my Fiddles and Voices to *Gripe's* with the Collation——

Sir Chr. Come! let's march on, *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*; we will break Windows all the way we go, Kick every Male from a Link-boy to a Lord upwards; Kiss every Female, from the Simpering Lady to the Widemouth Jade that crys Sprats; Swinge Bum-bailiffs excessively, and commit filthy outrage, to the astonishment of the *Mobile*: Come along.

Good store of good Claret supplies, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE *Gripe's* House.

Gripe and Richard.

Gripe. Where have you been roguing Sirrah, that you did not wait on me home?

Rich. I stay'd to do a thing I am not us'd to, fill my Belly, enjoy my Friends, and be Merry.

Gripe. Oh Devil——I think the Rogue stinks of Strong-Beer, foh——

Rich. That's a lye. 'Tis Wine! Cry you mercy Sir, is that a stink? here's *Sir Humphrey's* good Health—He's a Noble person, will you plledge me, Sir——

Gripe. Heav'n and Earth! the Impudent Rogue's Drunk——

Rich. I have Drank and Victual'd at *Sir Humphrey's* for a Months Famine I am to endure here—I am hung round with Bottles and stuff full of Provision; will you eat a Pullet?

Gripe. Oh impudent Villain! bring Drunkenness into my House——

Rich. Ay, or else I ne'r should have found it here——

Gripe. Audacious Villain! Thou stay'st not in my House—I will turn thee away presently——

Rich. The best News I have heard these ten days——

Gripe. Say'st thou so Rogue, no, I will have thee whipt soundly.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

And in the mean time I will beat thee damnably, to tame thy damn'd unruly Senses. Thou base, filthy Swine——

Rich. Here's Twelve Go-downs more upon Reputation, to Sir *Humphrey's* Health——

Gripe. I'll health you Rogue! take that—I'll mawl your Rogue-ship——

Rich. 'Twas base to take advantage of my Drinking. Stand off, I say; for if you strike once more, take notice good Claret has taken away the relation bewixt us, and I shall grow damnably passionate——

Gripe. Ha! the Rogue may kill me in his Drink, and for ought I know rob me, which is worse. Go, and bid the Maid set on the Pipkin with the black Pudding for your Mistress's Supper and mine.

Rich. A Pox on Pipkins—I have brought my Mistress some cram'd Chickens, *Westphalia* Bacon, Neats Tongues, and something else in my Breeches—I have an honour for my Mistress, and should be loath to see her want.

Gripe. Thy Back shall be mawl'd for this at *Bridewell* to Morrow; Rogue, Dog, Son of a Whore: *Richard*, sell that Wine and Provision, and I will put the Money out for thee. 'Twill come to a pretty Sum in a year——

Rich. I scorn Usury: Do you think I'll be curst as you are?

Gripe. As I am! Rogue——

Rich. Good words, I say,—for I am in an ill humour, and shall be suddenly provoked; but to shew I am in perfect Charity with you, here's to my Mistress's health, I honour her most immaculately——

Gripe. Go, go—out, and sleep and be sober——

Rich. Well, farewell; I'll not keep such base sober Company——

Gripe. To morrow shall thy Carcass suffer, and thy Senses be tamed. Here *Mally*! where art thou? Come we will walk and take the Air, that thou may'st get a Stomach to thy Supper.

Enter Mrs. Gripe.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Twere well if I could get a good Supper to my Stomach.

Gripe. I keep a temperate Diet to preserve us. Do not they that fare hardest live longest?

Mrs. Gripe. I can endure your dissembling no longer. 'Tis for the love of vile Money, and not care of my Health. I have born thy Tyranny too long.

Gripe. I Save to make thee a rich Widow—I think the Woman begins to be peevish. Come, I will kiss thee, and put thee in good humour, feth I will.

Mrs. Gripe. Kiss a Death's head! a Coffin! my Mother betray'd me in my Youth to the slavery of thy Age. Thou didst promise to be a

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Father to me ; thou canst not be a Husband, and wilt not be a Father—but a cruel Tyrant.

Gripe. Be not perverse ; for by Cock and Bottle, Heav'n forgive me for Swearing—I will give thee Conjugal Chaſtisement—

Mrs. Gripe. 'Sheart ! talk no more to me of that, you have worn out all my patience ; and I henceforward will be a Tigress to thee.

Gripe. Audacious !

Mrs. Gripe. I have a Brother, who comes this Night to Town, he loves me, we were Twins, he'll right me ; Thou never saw'st him, but shortly to thy coſt thou ſhalt—His Serjeant ſpoke to me out at my Prison Window, he is beating up Drums for a ſupply for *Flanders*. There is not a fiercer young Officer in the Army : He'll cut thy Throat if thou abuſeſt me ſo.

Gripe. Death, is that Heſtorly Fellow come, you uſe to threaten me with ? Oh Impudence ! my Family is turn'd Topsy-turvy——

Mrs. Gripe. I will have the ſame Chriſtian Liberty that others of my quality have, I will viſit and be viſited——

Gripe. Viſits with a Pox ; ay, that way come Messages, Tokens, Letters and Bawding for one another, and the Frolick goes round.

Mrs. Gripe. I will have Money enough to venture 50 *l.* in a Night at *Ombre*.

Gripe. Ounds 50 *l.* ſhe makes me tremble !

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make you know the right of an Engliſh Woman before I have done.

Gripe. Prodigious and amazing ! the right of an Engliſh Woman to cheat and cuckold her Husband ! in into your Chamber ! go in, I ſay !

Mrs. Gripe. Peace, old Fool. I ſay not in.

Gripe. Nay then Correction will enſue.

Mrs. Gripe. Yes ! that it ſhall old Tyrant——

{ *He lifts up his Cane,
she wreſts it out of
his hand.*

Gripe. What noiſe is that ?

Enter a Servant of Sir Humphrey Scattergood.

Serv. Sir, My Maſter is juſt entring with a great Train of Gentlemen and Ladies, and has ſent a Collation and Bottles of Wine, that you may not be at Charges.

Gripe. Confound him and his Train. D'e hear Mrs. go into your Chamber.

Mrs. Gripe. I will ſtay to entertain the Ladies.

Gripe. Ladies ! Whores ! a Plague on 'em all ! in, in, or this knife ſhall be embru'd in thy Blood.

Mrs. Gripe. Help ! help ! I will not go in.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

*Enter Sir Humphrey, Sir Christopher, Bellamy, Wildman,
Heildebrand and Blunderbus, with Phillis, Celia,
Chloris. Servants, Fiddles, &c.*

Sir Humph. What's the matter! at wars with your Wife?

Gripe. My dear Wife! No—She is not well, she will endanger her health; which is very dear to me.

Mrs. Gripe. I am well—I shall not endanger my health, nor is it dear to him. Ladies, your humble Servant, I am proud of the honour of this visit. *[Men and Women salute Mrs. Gripe.]*

Gripe. Ounds! she can Compliment. Death they kiss too most lasciviously——

Sir Chr. How dost thou do, old Boy! we are come to Drink, Sing, Roar, and be merry with thee,

*The Kings most faithful subjects we
In's Service are not Dull,
We drink to show our Loyalty
And make his Coffers full.
Would all his Subjects drink like us,
We'd make him richer far,
More Powerful and more Prosp'rous
Then all the Eastern Monarchs are,
Then all, &c.*

Sir Humph. Madam! I come to endeavour your release, and therefore be ready at the first opportunity.

Mrs. Gripe. You oblige me.

Gripe. Have you any private business with my Wife?

[Comes betwixt 'em.]

Sir Chr. What a Pox, do you interrupt a Gentleman, that's talking to your Wife—hah!

Heild. He deserves Chastisement, you uncivil old Prigg.

Blund. If he had offer'd that to me, I would have blown him into Atoms.

Sir Chr. Shall I beat him, and kick him damnably, and break his Windows, *Sir Humphrey*, ha!

Sir Humph. Not yet! Come Ladies, I have brought my Fiddles. Let's have a Dance in the first place.

Mrs. Gripe. With all my heart.

Gripe. What will become of me! Hell is broke loose. Huswife, remember this.

Sir Humph. Come Mr. *Gripe*, will you joyn with us?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. No Sir, I thank you *Richard*; raise the Constable and a strong Watch against these outrageous Rascals.

Rich. Sir, I will not for the world; Sir *Humphrey* is my Friend, and I love and honour him; and here's another Rous to his health.

Gripe. Hell and Confusion! Damn'd Rogue! I'll murder thee.

Rich. You shall not starve me as long as Sir *Humphrey* lives, i'gad.

Gripe. Ounds! She dances, a very damn'd confounded Town-Jade.

They dance a Country Dance, at the end of which Sir Humphrey leads her out Dancing.

Hell and Devils! what trick's this—oh my Wife, my Wife, come in you Baggage. *[He runs out and pulls her in.]*

Sir Humph. Are you mad? 'Tis part of the Dance.

Gripe. You shall lead her no such Dance. Here Huswife, get you into your Chamber.—

Sir Chr. What do you interrupt the Dance? Earthquakes, Inundations, roaring Seas and Thunder, I'll mawl ye. *[Kicks him.]*

Rich. There's rare taming of your Senses for you.

Mrs. Gripe. Excellent—I'll not take 200 *l.* for this beating.

Sir Chr. Break all the Windows—*Heildebrand* and *Blunderbus*—

Mrs. Gripe. Hold, hold! what do you mean?

Gripe. Good again, very good.

Sir Chr. At your Command much may be done, Madam.

Sir Humph. Sirrah! Fill every one a Brimmer to Mrs. *Gripe's* health. Give *Gripe* one.

Sir Chr. Take it, and drink it to your Ladie's health; or by the Soul of *Scanderbeg* I will carbonado thy old musty Body.

Gripe. Plagues! and Curses! well, there's no remedy.

Sir Chr. Down on your Knees all. Strike up Fiddles, an Alarm; Fire all—Hey Boys—

*Good store of brisk Claret supplies ev'ry thing,
And the Man, &c.*

Am not I a very mad fellow, Sir *Humphrey*?

Celia. Did you ever see such an odious old fellow?

Bell. Women, I see can lye by any nauseous Rascals, if they'll marry them or keep 'em—I am sure you cannot nor shall not love Sir *Nicholas*.

Wildm. Prithee! think no more of that Roister.

Chlo. Really he's a pretty witty wild Creature.

Gripe. Gentlemen, what have I done to deserve these Outrages?

Sir Chr. Done! Damm'e you are a Rogue, and an Usurer, Sirrah!

Phill. Done! filthy fellow to shut up your Wife against the Law of Nature.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Humph. We come to oblige you, to visit and be merry with you and your Lady——

Sir Chr. Hands all around! We'll Dance about him, till you run away with his Wife. Play Fiddles—fa, la, la, la, la.

Sir Hum. Come Madam,—break off—

[*He breaks off with Mrs. Gripe.—As he's going off, Gripe creeps under their Legs.*]

Gripe. Come back Whoremaster! have I caught you, Strumpet? remember there is Law Sir. Remember that——

Blund. What does the Scoundrel talk of Law?

Heild. Beat his Brains out.

[*Boy with a Flambeux ready.*]

Mrs. Gripe. Now Gentlemen, you must give me leave to say you do not well to triumph o're an old Man. He is my Husband, and I must love him; though he uses me tyrannically, and shuts me up in Prison——

Celia.

Chlo.

Phill.

} How, shut up your Wife!

Celia. Oh thou old Dotard. Thou shame of Mankind!

Chlo. Woman was meant to go at large: Thou filthy Creature.

Phill. Shall Woman, that's wild by Nature, be tam'd by thee base Fellow?

Sir Humph. He invades the right of Whoremasters, and 'tis not to be born; we have the right of Commonage, and he impales.

Gripe. Heav'n protect me but this once, I seldom trouble it.

Mrs. Gripe. I am resolv'd to escape, but not in such lewd Company. *Richard,* Do you stand here whatever happens till I come to you, and do as I direct you, and I'll reward you——

Rich. Any thing; for I love and honour you, and scorn and hate my Master.

Gripe. Yet I say, *Mally,* good *Mally* go into my Chamber.

Mrs. Gripe. I perceive their intentions are base—I will my dear, instantly. Sir, put out all the Candles, and I'll secure my Escape.

Sir Humph. With all my heart, Gentlemen, assist me in this Design.

Gripe. The Candles are out—murder, murder, help, help. I am cuckolded, rob'd, undone. Murder! Villains, Thieves, Murderers, Whoremasters, Sons o' Whores, Rascals, Strumpets——

[*Mrs. Gripe puts a loose Gown on Richard.*]

Mrs. Gripe. Where art thou, my Dear? I will go in with thee, I am convinc'd I was in the wrong.

[*She puts Rich. hand in Gripe's.*]

Gripe. Come my Dear, give me thy hand, my good Dear; I'll mawl thee with a Plague to thee for this—anon——

[*Aside.*]

[*Gripe leads Rich. into the Chamber for his Wife.*]

Mrs. Gripe. Now—farewel old Tyrant, and all the rest of ye; if I

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

had escap'd by violence, I had had a hue and cry after me, and been stopt presently—— [Exit Mrs. Gripe.

Heild. Gad! its dark—have at these Women——

[Kisses Cel.—Bell. strikes him, he strikes Blunder.

Ounds you Son of a Whore.

Blund. Lightning and Thunder! what Rascal cufft me? have at somebody.

Sir Humph. What's the Matter! [They draw, Women shriek and get out. Flamboyes come in.

Sir Chr. I'll stand up against the Wall. Fight on my merry men all——

Gripe. Oh for some Murder among themselves.

[Enter Footmen with Flambeaux.

Sir Humph. What's the matter here?

Blund. I was boxt!

Heild. I was cufft!

Sir Chr. Come brave Boys: 'twas in the dark, and 'tis no dishonour, ne'r mind it.

*He that wears a brave Soul, and dares handsomly do,
Is a Herauld to himself, and a Godfather too.*

Sir Humph. Some other time let this be examin'd——

Gripe. Now you'l be gon; She you came for is safe! all your force cannot break open that Dore. There lies your way——

Footm. He is mistaken, the Lady took one of the Coaches by your order, she said, and is gon——

Sir Humph. Let's be gon and look after the Ladies.

Blund. I shall make some smoak.

Heild. Blood shall ensue——

[Ex. all but Gripe.

Gripe. I will arrest every man, and when I have recovered Damages, indict 'em for a Riot, poor Fools! This was a lucky adventure, since I have sav'd my Wife. They have left their Banquet and Wine, I will make Money of it. Let me go fasten my Doors. [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

ACT III.

Enter Mr. Gripe.

Gripe. SO! I have laid up their Provisions, and shall make Money of 'em, as I intend to do of my beating I have had, and the Riot they have committed; I have taken order my drunken Rogue shall be apprehended. But now to my Wife! perfidious Jade! I shall keep her Prisoner during life, for all her Hectorly Brother——

[Exit Gripe.]

Rich. within. I think this disguise will fright him, and secure me from a good substantial beating into the bargain: If I can get once out of the Chamber——I am sure I will face him down I ne'r was in it——

Enter Gripe with a Candle.

Gripe. Here! where is this vile Monster of Woman-kind? Dost thou hide thy self—hah! Mercy upon me! who's here, the Devil! the Devil!——

[He runs roaring out, the Candle falls.]

Rich. I thought my Face was pretty well before; but I see I could make it uglier; Art may improve Nature much. Now will I shift for my self——

[Exit.]

Gripe. Help, help! the Devil! the Devil!

Richard Re-enters in his own Habit.

Rich. What's the matter Sir?

Gripe. Oh! the Devil! the Devil in my Chamber!

Rich. Where! where! Let's see. I have lighted the Candle again!

Gripe. Oh Rogue! art thou here! I think thou art the Devil, how couldst thou get in else? I lock'd all my dores, and search'd every Room in the house, and thou wer't not in any of 'em——

Rich. Sir, I was grown a little soberer with the fright of the Swords drawn, and sensible of my fault, I hid my self from your Indignation under my Flock-bed, where I have lain and sweat and trembled, till I heard you cry out, and I could not but come to your assistance.

Gripe. That makes some amends. Let's into my Wife's Chamber and see what's the matter, may be 'twas a trick of the lewd Woman's to fright me, I am sure I put her in there——I led her by the hand my self——

Rich. Be not afraid, Sir, sure 'twas no Devil you saw! have you not some guilt upon your Conscience?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. Sawcy Rogue, I guilt—I have none—I am as innocent as the Child new born. Come—let's in Rascal. Oh Heav'n! what noise is that, *Richard*? I say, *Richard*, keep close to me Sirrah, close——

Rich. Here's no body in the Chamber——

Gripe. What do you say, no body? Look about the Bed, and in and under it quickly——

Rich. Here is no body: Did you lead any body in here?

Gripe. Yes, yes, I did—I had her by the hand I thought. And she spoke to me as she went in.

Rich. Without doubt it was the Devil, and he is vanish'd——

Gripe. Hell and Confusion!

Rich. Now I think on't, when I ran out at the quarrel, I thought I saw my Mrs. go out hastily, take one of Sir *Humphrey's* Coaches, and hurry away with it.

Gripe. Oh horror! oh infamous Strumpet! I am rob'd, cuckold'd, abus'd; oh villainous quean, she is now in the filthy act of cuckolding me. Hell and Devils! give me my broad Sword.

Rich. Good Sir, call upon no Devils; we shall be torn in pieces.

Gripe. I care not what becomes of me; give me my broad Sword, I'll fetch a Warrant to search that Rogue *Scattergood's* house, apprehend the Strumpet, bring her home, and murder her; seize upon his Estate, sue him to Outlaries innumerable, indict him and all the Rogues for Riots, &c. give me my broad Sword. Come along with me.

Rich. I dare not.

Gripe. I'll cut you off in the middle if you do not; get you before, I'll lock the doors: Oh whore, whore, whore!

Enter Sir Chr. Swash, Heildebrand, and Blunderbus.

Sir Chr. Hey Boys, bravely done! scowr on! break those Windows, 'tis *Normandy* Glass, scowr, scowr.

Heild. Have at 'em.

Blund. Fall on, fall on.

[They break Windows.]

Sir Chr. 'Tis enough, march on; My *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*, we will over-run the Town, as easily as *Alexander* did *Asia*.

[A Citizen and his Wife walk by.]

Heild. A Prize! a Prize!

Blund. Lay her aboard.

Citiz. She's my Wife, Gentlemen, what would you have?

Sir Chr. All kiss her——fall to, Boys.

Citiz. Help, help! Watch, Watch!

Wife. Murder, murder! help, help.

Sir Chr. Ounds you Rogue d'ye call the Watch! Swinge him. There's for you Sirrah!

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Blund. Does she cry out? lay her on.

Sir Chr. 'Gad we are very mad fellows,
Are not we? my Bullies.

*(Citizen and wife run
out calling out help.
Heild. strikes her.)*

Heild. Damme as e'r wore Swords. I take it.

Sir Chr. More game, more game; have at 'em perverse Whores, a
Pox on 'em, they are past squeaking in private, though they do it in
publick.

Enter two or three Old Women.

Blund. Who are these? Curse on 'em, they are old and ugly——

Heild. Herb-women, going to Market.

Sir Chr. Let 'em be what they will, I spare no Sex nor Age. Beldams,
you must be kiss'd for being women, and kick'd for being ugly. The
Devil take me if the 'Town can match us for tearing Blades now.

[They run out crying Murder.]

Enter two or three Apprentices singing and breaking Windows.

Sir Chr. Stand! who are these? Rascals without Swords, Appren-
tices? must such Rogues as you usurp the priviledge of Gentlemen? such
Scoundrels as you scowr? lay 'em on thick. let's swinge 'em——

Apprentices. Help, help! Watch, Watch! Murder. *[They run out.]*

Sir Chr. Death! Shall such pitiful fellows think to do like us?

Enter three or four Fiddlers.

Blund. Who's here? stand.

Heild. Stand Rogues: ha! they'r Fiddlers.

Fiddlers. We are going to Play under a window for a Wedding.

Sir Chr. We'll stop your Journey, Rascal; strike up, and play to us
while we break windows.

Fidl. Good Gentlemen! we shall lose our Wedding; there are other
Companies out that will be there before us.

Sir Chr. We will cut and hack you first, and then your Fiddles.

Fidler. Hold, hold Gentlemen! we will Play—— *[They play scurvily.]*

Sir Chr. Now let's break Windows to this Musick. 'Tis good for
nothing else. Pull down all the Knockers, and wipe out the Milk scores:
will this Rogue my Footman never come with Lamb-black, and a Brush
that we may blot out the signs.

Enter Citizen, with the Constable and Watch.

Citiz. These are the Rogues that set upon me and my Wife.

Consta. Rogues! *Sir Christopher Swash*, and his Friends; They use to
give us Money every night Neighbours.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Watchmen. Ay, ay, very honest Gentlemen.

Consta. You are a sawcy fellow.

Sir Chr. Oh, Mr. Constable, let me kiss you ; There's half a piece for your Watch to drink.

Consta. Thanks, noble Sir *Christopher*. Who are you Sir ? I must have an account of you.

Watch. Ay, what are you ? [*To Citizen.*

Citiz. I am an honest Man, and pay Scot and Lot in my Parish, and these Fellows set upon my Wife and me.

Consta. Stay Fiddlers, whither are you sneaking ?

Sir Chr. This fellow is a Rogue, and pickt up a Whore, and call'd her his Wife.

Consta. Away with him to the Gatehouse—

Citiz. Very fine.— [*Two hale the Citizen away.*

Sir Chr. Now honest Constable we are well met. And I have Fiddles, 'Gad you shall Dance to 'em.

Const. Any thing Master that you please.

Sir Chr. When that's done, go into your Huts, drink Brandy like Dutch Skippers, and smoak like double Chimneys for the good and security of the Nation ! while we scowr afresh.

Const. Come fellows, strike up— [*Dance.*

Sir Chr. Very well—I vow.

Const. Good morrow to your Worship.

Sir Chr. Good morrow !

Const. We are undon, yonder's the High Constable going the Rounds to Night ! haste every one to his Post— [*Ex. Const. and Watch.*

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Sir Chr. Who's here, Sir *Nicholas Peakgoose* ! i'faith thou shalt roar and sing, and break Windows—

Sir Nich. Not for the world, Gentlemen ; I am going to fetch my *Celia* from Sir *Humphrey's* house, if she find me in drink, she'll be outrageous.

Sir Chr. Gad you shall : hang sneaking after a Whore ; Keep her under.

Sir Nich. Pray Sir excuse me.

Sir Chr. Gad do as I bid you, or fight.

Sir Nich. Fight ! oh Lord, fight ! what would she say to me, if I should venture my self to fight ?

Sir Chr. Prithee don't stand prating, but roar and break Windows, or draw.

Sir Nich. I am resolv'd, I'll not draw : What will you have me do ? what will become of me ?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Chr. Follow us——

[Sings.

*Diseases and Troubles are ne'r to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the Glass goes not round.*

Sing with a Pox to you.

Sir Nich. Well, well— *Diseases and Troubles, &c.*

[Sings.

Enter H. Constable.

H. Const. These are the Bullies that made the Havock last Night in Covent-Garden, and this Night hereabouts; fall on, knock 'em down.

Sir Chr. How now! we must to Battle——

Constable and Watch fall on, Sir Nicholas running away is knock'd down and taken, the rest with broken Heads escape, and get to Sir Humphrey's House.

H. Const. Come Sirrah! have we taken ye? we see where the others are gotten in.

Sir Nich. Gentlemen, as I hope to be sav'd I was none of their Company; but they set upon me, and threatned to kill me if I went from 'em. I will be a witness against them.

Watch. 'Tis Sir Nicholas Peakgoose; a very civil Gentleman.

H. Const. I know him! you will be forth coming in the Morning to witness against 'em——

Sir Nich. I will.

H. Const. Go! good night. Beset Sir Humphrey Scattergood's house, we'll have 'em and they be alive.

Sir Nich. Good night Gentlemen: Oh my Head and Shoulders! a deuce take their scowring, for me——

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Steward.

SCENE Sir Humphrey's House.

Soft Musick plays.

Stew. Heav'n how he melts his Time and Land away in Luxury and Sloath, and I by force must be an Instrument in his wickedness; now must I keep the Dore, while he, his Friends and Whores are lolling in their Baths, prepar'd with cost befitting Emperors; nay, They're perhaps revelling in the height of Sin—but I will pray and read these godly Meditations by my self——

[*A Song is sung to 'em within.*

Enter Sir Christopher, Blunderbus, and Heildebrand.

Sir Chr. Hear you old formal Steward, where is your Master?

Stew. Bless me, what ails you all? are your Brains beaten out?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Chr. No, we have had a Battle with the *Myrmidons* of *St. Martins*, we have swunged, and are swunged——

Blund. I am sure my Porker is embrued in Blood.

Heild. And mine is stain'd in gore of filthy Peasant.

Stew. Bless us! Heav'n! Have you committed Murder?

Sir Chr. Prithee leave prating, and open the door; we heard the Musick this way, thy Master's there.

Stew. You must not pass; my Master and his Friends are all in Baths.

Sir Chr. And where are the Women, the Cockatrices?

Stew. The Cockatrices are bathing too.

Sir Chr. What mine?

Stew. Yes, yours.

Blund. What a Pox, does he manage the Body of your Caravan?

Sir Chr. Peace Oylie——his own Convenient's there, we will all run roaring in.

Stew. You cannot pass; there is a Blunderbuss within charged with 15 Bullets, in the hands of a damn'd desperate Rogue.

Sir Chr. Pox on't—I know my Buttock's honest; but I care not, for the Devil take me, I drink too much to be a man at Arms. Gad! I only keep her for the lewdness of the matter.

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Blund. Halloo——Here's *Peakgoose*. Now you shall drink——

Heild. 'Gad—we have catch'd you; you shall drink like a Devil.

Sir Chr. Ay 'gad shall you—and roar and have t'other Battel too,
Boy—— [Sings.

The Stars which you see,

In the Hemisphear be

But the studs in your faces with Drinking, &c.

Sir Nich. Good Gentlemen, Pardon me. I must go to my Dear. Where is Madam *Chloris*, Friend?

Stew. You cannot come at her: the Ladies are in one Bathing Room, and the Gentlemen in another just by 'em.

Blund. Sir *Humphrey* will swinge your Buttock away——

Heild. Yes, He or some of 'em will manage your Natural gallantly.

Sir Nich. Who! my Birds n'eyes. I am sure she would not do such a thing, as I may say, for the world.

Sir Chr. Pish! Pox of Whores. Let's go drink 'em out of our heads. Where's the Yeoman of the Cellar?

Stew. Why he, or his Servant is never out on't! 'Twill come to a fine pass.

Sir Chr. Come along to the Cellar.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Nich. Excuse me, I will not go—what to make a Beast of my self?

Sir Chr. If you will not go, Draw! for 'foregod you shall fight.

Sir Nich. What will become of me? with these roaring Fellows I must go.

Sir Chr. *The Sun's gone to Tipple all Night in the Sea Boys,
To morrow hee'l rise, and be paler than we Boys;
Give us Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us The Boys.*

Enter Sir Humphrey, Bellamy, and Wildman, in morning Gowns.

Bell. With what variety of pleasure you melt away your hours.

Wild. There's need of Fancy and Invention for such Luxury.

Sir Humph. It is beyond the sence of Fops; a Fool has not wit enough to be pleas'd, he but seems merry, when he's sad at heart. Is not this better than venturing life for Ambition, being perpetually anxious for a Blew-Ribbon, or a white-Staff, to have a crowd of Clients sneaking two hours in my Anti-Chamber, who crouch like Slaves when I appear; yet hate and scorn me for my Pride the while?

Bell. These are the irregular appetites of Men, whose Minds are Sick. The vigorous Body and the healthful mind can find no pleasure but in Sense.

Wild. Fools are led away by shadows, and let the substance go; while the rash, giddy, and magnanimous Fool runs abroad, is delicately lousie, and kills men for Honour, who never anger'd him: We stay at home and get 'em.

Sir Humph. Which I take it, is the more honourable employment of the Two. Another Fop breaks his Brains with Metaphysical Nonsense, a Mathematical Coxcomb besots himself with *a, b, c*, Superficies, Lines and Angles; our Virtuoso contemplates Lice in Microscopes; your Orator studies to show his parts in Whipt-Cream-speeches; your School-man wasts his time in Bulls and Nonsensical Distinctions to make the same thing differ from it self; and your politick Owl drudges and makes a business of what is none—

Wild. And all the while the Senses are neglected.

Sir Humph. Your drudging Millhorse Block-head, is useful for Government, while we most wisely find out Pleasures for every Sense; we are Lords o'th' world, and enjoy all in it, while they are Slaves——

Bell. 'Twas not our fault; we did not please every Sense even now. These pretty Whores are skittish.

Wild. We could do nothing with 'em but put them to the squeak a little.

Sir Humph. Some of these kept-Ladies, will no more treat you with Love, than Taverns will with Wine; 'tis against their Trade: But I have had 'em all for Money. I cannot, like the grand Signior, make

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

a Wench come when I give my Handkerchief : But if I see a pretty Whore I like, I send her 50 *l.* and to that Lure she stoops, and strait I Truss her : if not, a 100 *l.* brings her down : my Money is less precious than my Time.

Bell. Faith, you are in the right : I see what 'twill come to—for I have a damnable mind to that pretty Jade *Celia*.

Wild. And I must have my *Chloris*, whatever becomes of me.

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Sir Nich. Sir *Humphrey* ! Your humble Servant.

Sir Humph. Sir *Nicholas Peakgoose* ! your Servant.

Sir Nich. Where is my Mistress, poor Rogue ?

Sir Humph. Within, with her Companions.

Sir Nich. I long to see her, pretty Rogue. I have not seen her these six hours, and yonder's Sir *Christopher Swash*—and his Hectorly Companions will kill me with drinking Bumpers, as they call 'em, if you protect me not ; they draw and threaten to fight with me, if I do not drink ; I have been knock'd down by the Watch, for being taken for one of his lewd Company already. Hide me—hide me.

Enter Sir Christopher, Blunderbus, and Heildebrand.

Sir Chr. Where is this Scoundrel, that basely flies from a Bumper ? Draw ! I will have satisfaction. I will Tap him, and let out the Claret he has drank already.

Sir Humph. Good Sir *Christopher*, spare his life for my sake.

Sir Chr. For your sake he lives ; but upon condition, he shall come down and drink lustily——

Sir Humph. What makes you bloody ?

Sir Chr. We have had a Skirmish, faith. Would you had been with us, I never saw better scowring days of my life ; but now we are here, let's all down and drink bloodily.

Blund. There's no life to drinking, roaring, and lying rough.

Heild. There's no pleasure in a single Drunkenness. But Sir *Nicholas* and we lead a life, we !

Sir Humph. Let us borrow Sir *Nicholas* a quarter of an hour, till he sees his Mistress, and then we'll restore him——

Sir Chr. D'ye hear *Nick* ? Be sure you come, or by Heav'n I'll run you through the Lungs next time I meet you——

They go out Singing.] $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{March on bravely ! forward let us go,} \\ \text{Ta ra ra rant tan tant, tan tan tan ta ra ra} \\ \text{rant tan tan ! The Trumpets they do blow.} \end{array} \right.$

Sir Nich. Oh Lord have mercy upon me ! what shall I do ? I'll swear the Peace against him, if I live and breath.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Phillis, Celia, and Chloris.

Oh my Dear! Art thou there?

Celia. Yes, you Fop; But what do you do here?

Sir Nich. Prithee be not angry Miss. I come to wait on Thee home——

Celia. I'll not go—Go home by your self! go I say, go quickly—

Sir Nich. Good, dear Madam, let me stay.

Celia. I shall have people think you are jealous of me! How dare you come after me thus?

Sir Nich. I jealous! I'd have 'em to know I scorn their words.

Celia. Go home then! get you gone! Why do you stay, when I bid you go? Must you come sneaking after me? Do you think you are fit to be seen in good Company, because I am so?

Sir Nich. I know I am not; but good, sweet Madam, let me stay here: I beg it on my knees.

Phill. Nay, Nay, now you are too Cruel: let me intercede for him.

Sir Nich. Ay!

Chlo. Madam! Pray let me beg for him.

Sir Nich. Look you there.

Cel. He shall not stay. Ladies, you don't know what you do, If I should suffer him, he'd always be peaking after me—Go, I say, I will be obey'd——

Sir Nich. I'll give thee all the Money I have about me, if thou'lt go home with me.

Celia. Come, give it me.

Sir Nich. There.

Celia. Well, I will go home, but go you out and wait an hour, till I come.

Sir Nich. Well, my Dear, what you will. Good, Sir *Humphrey*, let your Servants guard me from these Roarers.

Sir Humph. Well, poor Rogue, I'll stay. Go! thou art a pretty one.
[*Ex. Sir Nicholas.*]

Stew. Sir, the fat Gentlewoman is come with three young Girls.

Phill. There's a Collation waits you; will you come in to it, my Dearest?

Sir Humph. Go! we will follow you—— [*Ex. Phill. Cel. Chloris.*]
Now gentlemen, a consultation: Here are Maiden-heads coming, we'll divide 'em equally. Steward, send her in, and convey her Attendants the back way into my Apartment. And let 'em be bath'd, new rigg'd with Linnen.

Stew. It goes against my Conscience, and is below my Dignity.

Sir Humph. Sirrah! Begon! obey me, or you have no Tips of Ears to Morrow——
[*Exit Steward.*]

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Well, I have taken such pains for you, I am ready to expire—I had gotten my house full of handsom Wenches for your Worships use : But I thought the Maiden-heads I spoke of would be more fit, and I have brought 'em all three with much ado.

Sir Humph. And will you warrant 'em Maids ?

Bawd. That I will upon my sincerity ; did I ever deceive you ? I have more Conscience than to be corrupt in my Calling, not for this Earth I would not—But these are dearer than I thought. They are 50 *l.* a piece, if you have 'em : I never higgle or make words with you.

Sir Humph. Talk not of Price ! it is my Birth-Night. Gentlemen, I'll treat you like a man of Honour. We'll cast Lots for 'em.

Bell. You are too obliging. [*Enter Steward.*

Stew. I have conducted the Gentlewomen—Whores in.

Sir Humph. Prethee honest Bawd, go and bring all the Whores in at my back-gate. Do you hear, old Fool ? see you entertain 'em well : and let every Stranger and Servant in my House have his *Cher entière*. I'll not have a Man-servant idle, not a Maid-servant honest : Chastity shall be Felony, and Sobriety High-Treason.

Bawd. Well sir, I'll fetch 'em all. [*Ex.*

Stew. Good Sir, will you whip me, hang me, or——

Sir Humph. Peace, thou hypocritical old Sot ; do you hear, be you Drunk soundly, and Whore lustily, or Wars will ensue between us——

Stew. Whore ! oh Lord ! I whore ? What will become of me ?

Sir Humph. Come on my Friends, Let's in and survey my Markettings——

Wild. Lead on, my noble Prince of Pleasure ; and we'll follow——

Stew. To the Devil all ! and thither I shall follow, unless I suddenly get loose from these clutches. [*Exit Steward.*

*Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose, Sir Christopher, Blunderbus,
and Heildebrand.*

Sir Chr. Are you so nimble i'faith ! we have catch't you agen !

Sir Nich. You have made me drunk with these Bumpers. What will you murder me ? have some pity on me, on my Knees I beg you'll let me drink no more ; what will my Mrs. say ?

Sir Chr. You are in a good posture. Kneel all ! Fill us t'other Bumper. 'Death ! Drink it, I say. Drink it, or Blood will ensue——

Sir Nich. What will become of poor Sir Nicholas ?——

Sir Chr. All together clash.

Sir Nich. Well, I must do't.

Sir Chr. T'other round.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Nich. Mercy upon me ! I am dead ! I am kill'd ! I'll lay my death to your charge—no more to be said. [*He lets fall the glass, and breaks it.*

Sir Chr. Ah Rascal, Do you spill your Drink ! 'Ownds ! fling the rest of the Bumpers in's face.

Sir Nich. Murder ! Help,—help. I am slain. { *They fling all the glasses in's face.*

Without. Open the Dore ! we'll break it open—— [*A great noise without.*

Sir Chr. What's the matter ? Now draw the Fool away ; he's dead drunk. [*A noise again.*

Enter Sir Humph. Bell. and Wildman.

Sir Humph. How now ! What's the matter without ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir ! The High Constable with a huge Guard, and Mr. *Gripe* in the head of 'em is come with a Warrant to search the house.—

Sir Humph. Call up my Servants ! fetch my Guns.

Sir Chr. Hey Boys ! we shall have more scowring !

Blund. Now we shall show our valour.

Enter Servants with Guns and Pistols.

H. Constable and Watch break in. Gripe and Richard.

Sir Humph. What means this violence ?

H. Const. We have a Warrant to search for Mrs. *Gripe*.—

Sir Humph. Fall on ! fall on. We are victorious, and have taken Prisoners. { *They fall on, beat the Constable and Watch out, return with Gripe, and Richard Prisoners.*

Gripe. What will become of us ! we shall be Murder'd.

Sir Humph. Lock 'em up Safe ! and guard my house with Guns and Musquets ! unseasonable Rascals to interrupt our pleasure.

Blund. Shall we plunder, strip, and take the spoil of the Field ?

Sir Humph. No ! we'll call 'em to a Council of War, and condemn 'em ; away with 'em. [*They carry Gripe and Richard away.*

Gripe. O mercy, mercy !

Sir Humph. What is Sir *Nicholas* kill'd in the fray ?

Sir Chr. No—in our fray ; Dead drunk. This was a brave Battle !

Sir Humph. Now all to bed : Carry Sir *Nicholas* to bed.

Sir Chr. Not we ! we'll go drink and lie rough ! fare you well upon those terms. Come Bullies, I think we have behav'd our selves like Emperours !

Enter Mrs. Gripe like a young Officer, and her Brother's Serjeant.

Mrs. Gripe. Am I compleatly set out like a young Officer ? Do my Brother's Accoutrements sit well upon me ?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Serj. They become you admirably; you are as brisk, as fierce an Officer as the best of 'em; and so like your Brother, 'tis amazing, had not I been privy to your Design and his, I should have sworn you were my Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. That likeness between us will further my design. My Husband knows nothing of my Brother, but that he has heard we are so like, that upon an Experiment I drest my self in man's clothes once, and we were not known from one another. But do I strut, cock, and look fierce enough?

Serj. To a Miracle! But since you have this design upon your Husband to fright and make him yield to good terms, why would you not let your Brother carry it on?

Mrs. Gripe. He resents so much the base usage of me, that I know not what his passion might have provok'd him to: Besides, it seems to be the right of an English Woman to Hector her own Husband; and faith, I'll have him under my Command now, or press him for *Flanders*.

Serj. Bravely resolv'd.

Mrs. Gripe. I'll teach Husbands to provoke their own Flesh.

Serj. That is out of his power or yours to do to him—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make him such an example. I'll make all Husbands have a care, how by Injuries they sower their Wive's love into revenge, or their meekness into rage. I know he's a Coward, as all Tyrants are; and I'll make him e're I have done, as dearly as he loves his Money, part with a good Sum for fear of his life——

Serj. Methinks they that live so miserably, shou'd not fear to dye——

Mrs. Gripe. Oh yes! They are such Fools to choose the worst part of life, and are yet greater Fools, and prefer it to Death, which is far better: to be dead, is to be insensible; but to have senses and deny 'em all, is worse. Do you find him out, and get him to a private place, and let me alone.

Serj. I will, Madam! 'Sheart I shall forget to call you Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. Well, I shall strut, look big, and huff enough for a Captain, I warrant you: by your leave Modesty for a while. A desperate ill, must have a desperate cure: But these words of Command stick in my Throat, and I cannot swear worth a farthing.

Serj. Oh use, use! 'tis nothing but use——

Mrs. Gripe. But why must we use French Discipline? we did not so when *Henry* the Fifth beat 'em.

Serj. Why, by plaguing the world this Ten years, they have found a better way than we have.

Mrs. Gripe. Well, I'll try! Let me con——Even your Ranks. Straiten your Files. Shoulder all. Rest your Arms. To the right, to

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

the right, to the right. To the left, to the left, to the left. Dam'me what awkward Rogue is this? *[She canes the Serjeant.]*

Serj. O brave Captain! well done! But 'twas a little o' th' hardest.

Mrs. Gripe. I'll warrant you—I'll lay it on—let me alone for Discipline—allòns. *[Exeunt.]*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

*Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose Drunk at play, with
Blunderbus and Heildebrand.*

Sir Nich. **P**Ray Gentlemen, let me give over play. You have gotten my Gold Watch, and Diamond Ring, and 20 l. upon Tick.

Blund. Nay, 'gad you shall play t'other 20 l.

Sir Nich. Lord! what would you have of a man? I can't abide play: I hate it mortally, so I do.

Heild. What a Pox! you don't take us for Cheats, do you?

Sir Nich. Who I? Not I Gentlemen, for the world! yet I doubt they are little better! *[Aside.]*

Blund. Dam'me! 'Tis not your best course.

Heild. You shall find us Gentlemen: That scorn to do or suffer an ill Thing. Therefore play on.

Sir Nich. Heav'n deliver me from these dreadful Bullies: They will get all my Money, or quarrel with me.

Blund. What a Devil do you mean? will you play, or no?

Sir Nich. Pray Gentlemen don't be angry, I will then double, or quit. I'll set you the 20 l. because I will make an end, Mr. *Heildebrand*; but I vow and swear, I'll play no more after that.

Heild. Are you sure the Doctors are in, *Blunderbus*?

Blund. Yes, I am sure! at it Man!

Heild. Come then! here's at it, 7.

Sir Nich. 12! 'tis out! quit.

Heild. I Nickt you! ask *Blunderbus*.

Sir Nich. Nay, then I'll never play more; 12 Nick 7. Do what you will with me, I'll not throw a Die more. What a Pox! Do you think I am a Fool?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Blund. If you do this, *Heildebrand*, you will lose him for ever ; a Plague of ill luck——

Heild. Was it 12 ?

Sir Nich. Ay marry was it ! ask Mr. *Blunderbus* else.

Blund. Yes it was : *Sir Nicholas* is in the right, look you there now.

Sir Nich. Look you there now.

Heild. No more to be said.

Sir Nich. Well, Good morrow, Gentlemen, your humble Servant. Now we are quit I'll play no more really. *[Running off is stopt.]*

Blund. Nay, you shall not go ; the Devil take me if you don't play one 20 *l.* more.

Heild. Never speak on't, you shall play for one 20 *l.* more, if you were my Father. Zounds ! you don't take us for Snaps, do you ?

Sir Nich. I will not play, I will not ! I will not ! what will you do with me ? Help, help. *[They hale him, he struggles.]*

Enter Mrs. Gripe and Serjeant.

Heild. Run *Blunderbus*, we shall lose our Bubble. *[Sir Nich. runs out they after him.]*

Mrs. Gripe. I see already that this is a fine civil well-govern'd Family. You must guard me.

Serj. I warrant you, Captain. Where are the Servants ? they have been all drunk, and roaring all night, and I believe are all asleep.

Enter Steward.

Oh ! here's one.

Mrs. Gripe. I must needs speak with Sir *Humphrey Scattergood*. Pray let him know I wait for him. My Business is earnest.

Stew. I shall Sir——

[Exit Steward.]

Mrs. Gripe. You are sure my Husband is here ?

Serj. Yes, one of the Watch told me, That when they were beaten Sir *Humphrey* took him Prisoner.

Enter Sir Humphrey.

This is Sir *Humphrey*.

Mrs. Gripe. Sir, your most humble Servant. I hope you will excuse this Disturbance, when you shall know my Business.

Sir Humph. A Gentleman's Commands can never disturb me.

Mrs. Gripe. Sir, I am Brother to the unfortunate Mrs. *Gripe*, the Wife of a wretched Usurer ; who, I am inform'd is in your House.

Sir Humph. He is Sir, but I should have taken you for her, Her self in man's habit.

Serj. A Woman ! He has been my Captain abroad these four years ;

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

if you had seen what brave Actions he has perform'd in the midst of fire and smoak, you would not have taken him for a Woman.

Mrs. Gripe. I should not wonder much at your mistake; for just before I went out of *England*, she was dress'd in man's habit; and we were so like, we could not be known asunder.

Sir Humph. Indeed I have heard there was a strange likeness betwixt you; the very Look and Voice! hah!

Mrs. Gripe. But Sir, if I be inform'd right, you cannot mistake; for she is in your House.

Sir Humph. She is not, upon my Honour. This is most amazing. I never saw such likeness——They speak so like too——

Mrs. Gripe. If he be here, I beg you will deliver him over to me to be used as he deserves; for the Barbarity he has practis'd on my Sister.

Sir Humph. With all my heart Sir! use him at your discretion. My house is free for you, and do you hear, Steward, Bid all my Servants be at the Captain's Command——I should almost have sworn it had been she.

Mrs. Gripe. I give you many thanks for this favour, and should be glad to serve you with my Sword.

Sir Humph. You honour me, Sir! Fetch down *Gripe* and his Man: Sir, I will go in and dress me, and then wait on you; and I beg you will make use of my house, and accept of what ever it affords for your Entertainment. [Ex. *Sir Humph.*

Mrs. Gripe. You are very generous and obliging. So, thus far I have acted a Captain well enough.

Enter O. Gripe and Richard.

Serj. Oh, here are the Rascals, Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. Which is *Gripe*?

Serj. That old Fellow!

Gripe. Look *Richard*, was ever any one so like my damn'd Wife? Oh Lord, it is her Brother sure, by the description I have heard.

Mrs. Gripe. Is your name *Gripe*?

Gripe. Her very Voice too, *Richard*.

Mrs. Gripe. Speak, you Rascal, are you that damn'd fellow *Gripe*, that Married my Sister—my name is *Bevil*.

Gripe. I did Marry one *Bevil*, and if I did not see you in this Accoutrement, I should take you for her.

Mrs. Gripe. Her! had you done me one such Injury as she has suffer'd Thousands from you, I would have cut your Throat long since: But you know, old villainous Murderer, I am not she: I have been at her house, she's missing, and I doubt not but you have kill'd her; for she is no where to be found, and I am resolv'd to have your Blood for't.

Gripe. Ha! hum——It must be he! I murder her! Heav'n forbid!

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

she is run away from me, and I believe she is in the house playing the Whore here with Sir *Humphrey*.

Mrs. Gripe. Villain! Thou ly'st—— [She strikes him.

I know her vertue; all thy damn'd Generation put together, have not half her Honesty.

Gripe. What will become of me! I tremble all over. 'Tis he, I heard his Drums beat up yesterday.

Mrs. Gripe. I see your Conscience strikes you! had she not been murder'd, she would have come to some of her Relations. Prepare, old Viper, and pray; for thou hast not a quarter of an hour to live, upon my Honour.

Rich. Good Sir—Let me go! if she be kill'd, Heav'n knows I had no hand in her Murder.

Mrs. Gripe. Sirrah! stay, or I'll knock your Brains out.

Rich. I see it is her Brother; she had a great respect for me, and would not have used me so. 'Tis he by his hard blows.

Mrs. Gripe. Kneel and Pray, or by Heav'n I'll kill you before you prepare——

Gripe. I cannot Pray, I cannot prepare—what have I done?

Mrs. Gripe. I have lost a Sister; and if she be not murdered, she has been so abus'd by you, that nothing but your life shall satisfy, and I shall do my Countrey good Service in ridding it of such a Monster.

Rich. Take your course——if he were dead, I should eat again.

Mrs. Gripe. I'll stay no longer—have at you—— [Offers at him.

Gripe. Hold, hold! sweet Sir! good Brother Captain! do but adjourn the Execution till I go home and settle my affairs, and I'll wait on you again.

Mrs. Gripe. No Villain, thou shalt die now, at ye——

Gripe. O Heav'n! I cannot endure it. I cannot pray, do not murder my Soul. I confess I have been a great Sinner: I have wrong'd many young Orphans, and Comfortless Widows——

Rich. And starved your Servants——

Gripe. Besides, upon the words of a dying man, your Sister run away from me. I lockt her up indeed to save the Honour of your Family; for she is a most salacious Woman——

Mrs. Gripe. He angers me to the quick with that—Thou ly'st old Dotard, Thou dy'st for that——

Gripe. Oh hold! hold! Let me but live to repent awhile; I do confess I have wrong'd her——

Serj. Hold Sir! Spare his life——

Gripe. Thank you, good Sir——

Mrs. Gripe. Dissuade me not!

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. Hold! hold! here's my Man can tell you she ran away from me.

Rich. Indeed Captain she did go away, as she had reason; and I help'd her to escape.

Mrs. Gripe. Are you such a Rascal to lye for him? No, he dies.

Serj. Hear me, good Captain, your Recruits are not yet full: He seems to be a lusty old Fellow, and can carry Arms yet.

Mrs. Gripe. Say you so?

Gripe. What a Devil does he say, Arms? that's as bad!

Mrs. Gripe. If you think so—take him to your Custody. When he is in *Flanders*, if I hear not of my Sister in a reasonable time I'll kill him. In the mean while I'll put him into the Van on all occasions——

Gripe. Sir, Sir! why Captain, Noble Captain, I am a most hideous Coward, I shall run away, and spoil all your Men.

Mrs. Gripe. If you do, I will hang you. No resisting, here take a Shilling.

Gripe. I must confess I have a great respect for a Shilling, and never could refuse one in my life.

Mrs. Gripe. Enroll his name, and put his Coat on.

Gripe. Now I hope you'll let me go upon Parol to furnish my self with Necessaries——

Serj. No: We'll furnish you with them——

Mrs. Gripe. Now Sirrah, you are listed, if you run from your Colours, I can hang you by Law——

Gripe. Heav'n! what am I condemned to?

Serj. Here put on your Coat.

Mrs. Gripe. Kill him if he resist——

Gripe. There is Law, and I have Friends —

Mrs. Gripe. You lye Sirrah, you have no Friends; and for Law, I'll make you know that *Inter arma silent Leges*. Put his Man a Coat on, and List him. There's a Shilling——

Rich. What shall I do—I am a vile Coward! I am as much afraid of Guns, as Indians or Wild-Beasts are——

Serj. Come sirrah, put it on——What's your Name?

Rich. My Name is *Richard Grubb*——

Mrs. Gripe. Carry them into the Court, and teach 'em the use of their Arms: But d'ye hear Serjeant, be not out of my whistle——

Serj. Come! Honest Comrade *Gripe*, give me thy hand.

Gripe. Pox on your Comradeship; I desire no such base Company. Did ever I think to be Comrade to such a fellow?

Rich. Now must I learn to lye rough, filch Linnen, steal Poultry, lye with a Sutler's Wife, and be Lousie. Now Master give me your hand, we are Comrades too——

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. Rogue! I shall live to remember you. What shall I do? All my Writings will be embezzl'd, I shall be utterly ruin'd, my Mortgages lost, my Money conceal'd——

Rich. Fear not, Sir, you'll live better with 8*d.* a day, than ever you did. I make no doubt but you will save Money at the years end to put out to use—For my part, I am glad that I shall wear Cloaths, and eat.

[*Exit Mrs. Gripe.*]

Gripe. Now Serjeant, your Captain is gone in; honest Comrade, 'tis in your power to oblige your self and me very much: I'll give you Ten Shillings, and your own agen, if you will let me escape.

Serj. How the Rogue values his Liberty. [*Aside.*]
No, good Sir, get you out. I'll borrow two of Sir *Humphrey's* Musquets, and Exercise you——

Gripe. I'll give, a 11.

Serj. No,—go out, I say.

Gripe. Good Comrade—I'll give you 12.

Serj. Get you out——

Gripe. Hold—13.

Serj. No—I'll not be cashier'd for you——

Gripe. Cashier me; I'll give 14.

Serj. No—I tell you——

Gripe. 15.

Serj. No.

Gripe. 16.

Serj. Out I say——

Gripe. 17.

Serj. Out, or I'll send you out.

Gripe. 18.

Serj. Go.

Gripe. 19.

Serj. I'll knock you down.

Gripe. 20. Have you no mercy in you?

Serj. The Rogue bids for his Liberty, as if it were a stock at 12 *d.* Gleek. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Humphrey, Mrs. Gripe, Bellamy, and Wildman.

Bell. Was there ever such likeness between two, as betwixt this Captain and his Sister?

Wild. It is Prodigious—I never heard her speak but once, and me-thinks their Voices have some likeness.

Bell. They have so—This is a very Effeminate man to look at, yet they report him to be a brave Fellow.

Mrs. Gripe. You oblige me beyond return.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir *Humph.* I have often heard of your worth, and think my self happy in this opportunity of knowing you—My house is a house of freedom, Command it. If you have a mind to a fresh hansom Wench, as that's no great question to a young Officer, you shall have her—

Enter Phillis, Celia, and Chloris.

Mrs. *Gripe.* To us that have been in the Camp, That's no ill Proposal ; and faith Gentlemen, you shall find me a Man at Arms in all points——

Sir *Humph.* In the mean time here is my Mistress, I bar her——But the other two, if you can win 'em, do——

Mrs. *Gripe.* And faith I'll try 'em. I am resolved to carry on this frolick as far as 'twill go. [*Aside.*

Sir *Humph.* This is the Captain that's so like his Sister. [*They salute.*

Phill. There is a strange resemblance betwixt 'em——

Chlo. I never saw one so like another days o' my breath.

Celia. He is a mighty pretty Man.

Chlo. A fine Gentleman as e're I saw——

Celia. He is a very sweet Person indeed.

Bell. Ha ! I like not these proceedings. This Beardless Officer will be too hard for us.

Wild. Oh these Wenches love a fellow with a Scarf, or an Arse Belt mightily.

Phill. My Dear, I have a Lawyer and Writings ready for that Settlement thou wert pleas'd to promise me, if thou wilt dispatch it now, not that I desire it ; but in case of Mortality : for while thou livest I desire nothing but thee, and when thou art dead 'twill do me little good—for I shall scarce out-live thee. So I am very indifferent, do what thou wilt.

Sir *Humph.* No—come my Dear, I'll dispatch it now. Sir your pardon for a moment. [*Exit Sir Humph. and Phillis.*

Bell. Prithee let's withdraw and observe 'em a little.

Wild. Sir. He'll wait on you suddenly, in the mean time we leave the Ladies with you— [*Ex.*

Mrs. *Gripe.* Your Servant : These I humbly conceive are Whores, or they wou'd not be here ; how the Devil shall I talk to 'em both ?

Chlo. Well—he's the prettiest Man that e're was born——

Celia. You cannot have been long a Souldier, you are so young and smooth-fac'd——

Mrs. *Gripe.* I have no youth,—but what's at the Ladie's Service——

Chlo. Pray what manner of Ladies have you beyond Sea ?

Mrs. *Gripe.* Not half so pretty as the English Ladies.

Chlo. How do they make love there ?

Mrs. *Gripe.* Faith Madam thus—we fall o' board as fast as we can, thus, and thus—[*Kisses 'em.*] and thus and thus——

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Celia. Hold, hold Sir, you are very brisk.

Chlo. Well—he is a pretty good natur'd thing, I warrant him—

Celia. Have you been in many Battels? I see you are a valiant Man.

Mrs. Gripe. Yes, many—I have been used to Fire, Smoak, and Cannon; Yells of Matrons, and groans of dying men, and cannot Boggle at a Lady; as for example—
[Kisses 'em again.]

Chlo. He is a gallant Officer, no doubt—

Celia. You are a rare man; you think to storm a Lady, and carry her by Fire and Sword.

Mrs. Gripe } My time is but short, and I wish I were rid of her, that
to Celia. } I might tell you how much I am taken with you; and
if you would not believe my words, to show it by my actions—

Celia. You flatter me. I am infinitely pleas'd with this Captain.

Chlo. Captain, one word with you—

Mrs. Gripe. Dear pretty Creature—how you transport me; if yon Lady were absent. I have such a passion to disclose to you.

Chlo. A most admirable man—Sir, I should be loath to be esteem'd ungrateful.

Wild. What a condition we are in! S'heart—They'l ravish him.

Bell. These Wenches are stark mad after smooth-faced fighting fellows, let 'em be never such Puppies.

Mrs. Gripe. Dear pretty Rogue, y'are the sweetest Creature I ever saw, and she is disagreeable—oh that I had thee alone.

Celia. You Compliment me, he's a fine bred man; what a mein he has?

Chlo. By your leave. Sweet Captain, I believe you met with little resistance from the Ladies in *Flanders*.

Mrs. Gripe. I should be overjoy'd to meet none from thee, My dear pretty one, would yon Creature were away. I do not like her at all—I have that to tell you—

Chlo. Are we not uncivil, both us to leave Madam *Phillis*—if you will go to her, I'll come presently.

Celia. I am not to be taught Civility from you, good Madam, go you—

Chlo. Nor am I to be taught by you, and you go to that.

Bell. Very fine, they'l fight for him by and by.

Celia. But Captain.

Chlo. I'll tell you Captain.

Celia. 'Tis not good breeding, Madam, to interrupt one in speaking.

Chlo. Tell me of breeding. There has been some difference in our breeding.

Celia. That there has to my advantage: 'Slife your breeding.

Wild. We are like to have very constant Mistresses, if we get 'em.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Mrs. Gripe. So—I am a very pretty fellow: I have got the hearts of both of 'em, and now I am afraid I shall find it hard to get rid of 'em.

Celia. I wonder at your Impertinence.

Chlo. My Impertinence: You are a confident Creature.

Celia. Thou art below my anger.

Chlo. Am I so? well—I know what you are!

Celia. Why! what am I Mrs. Minx?

Mrs. Gripe. Nay, good Ladies hold. Let this go no farther; for as I am an Officer, I am bound to secure you, faith—

Chlo. At your Command, good Captain—I shall desist—

Celia. If it were not for your presence, sweet Captain, I should say more—

Bell. 'Tis time to appear. This young [Bell. and Wild. appear.
fellow will have 'em both else.

Wild. What at Wars, Lady? You are a happy Man, Captain.

Bell. And a brisk one at Women, I see that.

Mrs. Gripe. So, so: We that come from the Camp are pretty well set, and are seldom over-bashful—

Bell. I see, Madam, you can be gracious to the Captain, though you are cruel to me.

Celia. What because I shew a little outward Civility. Though really, he is the prettiest Gentleman I ever saw. But Captain, as we were saying—

Bell. Very fine.

Wild. I see you are most infinitely taken with the Captain: But I cannot get a good look of you—

Chlo. Lord! that you should say so: Would not you have one well-bred to a stranger? But Captain, you were saying something to me even now—

Bell. This is excellent—I see we must rout the Captain, or lose the Wenches.

Wild. Pox on all these whiffing young Officers! all the Whores run mad after 'em; and a good substantial solid Whoremaster cannot keep one in quiet for 'em.

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Humph. Captain, your humble Servant—
There's a Collation, and some Bottles waiting for you, and my Friends, and I beg your Company—

Mrs. Gripe. I will but see how my two new Souldiers are dispos'd of, and I'll wait on you. Do not stay for me, I beseech you—

Sir Humph. Ladies! do you retire; there will be Drinking.

Chlo. Your Servant, sweet Captain.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Celia. Your humble Servant, good Captain— [*Ex. all but Mrs. Gripe.*

Mrs. Gripe. What shall I do amongst 'em; I cannot drink: yet I have a great Curiosity to see what it is that charms men to sit up whole Nights at eating Houses and Taverns.

Enter Phillis with a Note.

Phill. Sweet Captain, I have no time to stay, nor dare I be seen alone with you; but That will tell you something, which I might blush to speak—Farewell—— [*Ex. Phillis.*

Mrs. Gripe. Most excellent Women! what's this, another Conquest? hah— [*Reads.*

That I was extreamly surpriz'd at the sight of you, This Paper will sufficiently prove; for could I have resisted your Charms, you had never seen it: But now I am afraid you have the pow'r to make me entirely Yours, *Phillis.*

What a Farce will this be when I am discover'd? Poor Wenches, how miserably I shall disappoint 'em—— [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Humphrey, Bellamy, Wildman, Sir Christopher, Blunderbus, and Heildebrand. A Banquet. Table and Wine.

Sir Humph. Come on, *Sir Christopher!* are you ready for a Bottle?

Sir Chr. Ready! I warrant you! I have lain rough and recruited. I need less baiting for the Journey than a Carrier's Horse. Give me a Glass in my right hand.

Sir Humph. Sit all——

[*All sit down.*

Sir Chr. Come faith, let's be all very merry, and roar extremely.

Enter Mrs. Gripe, and Sergeant.

Sir Humph. Take your course; Captain, your most humble Servant. *Sir Christopher,* this is the Captain you heard of.

Sir Chr. I honour him, and here's his Health in a Bumper—

Mrs. Gripe. *Sir Humphrey,* I must desire my Liberty. Wine does not agree with me, I never drink hard.

Sir Humph. Every Gentleman is free in my House.

Sir Chr. Hey! we shall have fine work indeed. What a Devil, a Captain, and cannot Drink? Can you Whore?

Mrs. Gripe. So, so—well enough for a young Beginner.

Sir Chr. Not Drink! 'Sheart! a man is not fit for a Captain that cannot Drink. Shall I ask you a question?

Mrs. Gripe. Yes.

Sir Chr. Can you Fight?

Sir Humph. Hold good *Sir Christopher,* no Bullying here——

Mrs. Gripe. You had best try, if you dare: Death! what a question

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

was that! What Scoundrel art thou that askest such a question? This Company preserves thy life.

Sir Chr. I have done, I have done; Ha, *Heildebrand!* he's damn'd stout, I believe.

Mrs. Gripe. I could tell Thee Actions I have been in, would freeze thy blood to hear of! Fight—quoth a! Can'st thou fight up to the knees in blood? and at Midnight with no light but what Guns make, with Shot like hail about thy ears, clamber over mountains of dead Bodies, and fight thy way to a General's Tent, and bring the General Prisoner through all his *Mirmidons*? hah——

Sir Chr. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I believe it. He's a plaguy stout fellow.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Tis not your best way to question it. Can you lead your Souldiers up to a wall, and scale it, when Bullets, melted Pitch and Sulphur rain upon you? Fight! the man ne'r lived that ask'd me yet that question!

Sir Chr. 'Sheart, hee'l cut my Throat—Sir, I beg your Pardon, I say——

Sir Humph. Come Captain, 'Tis enough: fall on upon this Collation, and we'll have a *Chanson à boire* to compose the matter.

Mrs. Gripe. With all my heart.

Sir Humph. Some Musick! Sing me a Song——

A Drinking SONG.

L *Et the daring Adventurers be toss'd on the Main,
And for Riches no dangers decline;
Though with hazard the spoils of both Indies they gain,
They can bring us no Treasure like Wine.*

*Enough of such Wealth would a Beggar enrich,
And supply greater wants in a King;
'Twould sooth all the Griefs in a comfortless Wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to Sing.*

*There is none that groans under a burdensom life,
If this sovereign Balsom he gains;
This will make a man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Raggs, and Diseases in Chains.*

*It swells all our Veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the mind:
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good blood,
And to gallantry makes him inclin'd.*

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

*There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's Divine ;
Without it, we're wretched tho' never so Rich,
Nor is any man Poor that has Wine.*

Sir Chr. Pox ! This is a pretty Musical business ; but this will not make a man merry—I'll sing you a Song : Fill the Glasses first. Come on. When I sing Down, down, Then you must all drink—

SONG.

*I Love some body, I love no body,
Some body, no body dearly :
I love some body, &c.
Be she black, or be she brown,
She's the best in all the Town,
So she keep her Belly down.
Down, down, down down :
There's no fault to be found,
So she keep her Belly down.*

Hah ! I think this is well, hah !

Mrs. Gripe. A very merry fellow—Give me thy hand.

Sir Chr. I am your most humble Servant to command—I love a brave fellow with my heart.

Mrs. Gripe. Come on, I have provided some Entertainment instead of a Dance—you shall see my two new Souldiers Exercis'd—fetch 'em in Serjeant— [Exit Serj.

Sir Humph. You have found out an admirable way to plague an old cowardly Usurer, to make a Souldier of him——

Mrs. Gripe. I warrant I shall plague him e're I have done with him.

Wild. This is an excellent Trick found out for 'em.

Enter Serjeant with Gripe and Richard.

Gripe. Well, There's Law, Sir—yet—I say.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Sheart, does he talk of Law agen ? Knock him o'th' head.

Gripe. Hold, hold, I say no more——

Mrs. Gripe. Next Tide he takes Boat, and away for *Flanders*.

Sir Chr. Oh ! honest *Gripe* ! Art thou turn'd Souldier ? Thou art a good hopeful Musketeer of thy age.

Blund. A very pretty old Fellow, and stands lustily under a Musket.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Heild. A brave old Souldier, i'faith! Can'st thou stare a Cannon in the face?

Gripe. What's that to you, you Coxcombs—Well, I shall out-live this, Rogues; and all this may turn to my profit in the end.

Mrs. Gripe. Order your Arms— [They poise their Muskets.
Did you ever see such dull Rascals? order your arms thus, set 'em down—
Take that to make you remember another time. [She canes 'em.

Gripe. I must suffer! there's no remedy.

Mrs. Gripe. Poise your Muskets.

Rich. What a Devil must we do now?

Mrs. Gripe. Poise your Muskets thus, you Rascals—
Pox on you for dull Rogues. [Strikes 'em agen.

Gripe. Well, so we do: What a Devil wou'd you have?

Mrs. Gripe. What with both hands?

Serj. In one hand, thus.

Rich. Well, thus then?

Mrs. Gripe. Shoulder. [They put 'em on the wrong shoulder.

Serj. That's the wrong shoulder—

Mrs. Gripe. On the other shoulder! ye Blockheads, you have less sence than Statues——

Gripe. Ay—I am so dull, you had better let me go——

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make you do it—Shoulder, I say. March.

Gripe. I thank you Sir,—with all my heart—that—we will march—— { They lay their Muskets
down, and offer to go out.

Rich. We'll march well enough, I warrant you.

Mrs. Gripe. Is that your marching? Take up your Arms, Rogues, I'll run you through else—take 'em up I say—— [She canes 'em.

Gripe. Well—well—what a Devil would you have? Did you not bid us march?

Mrs. Gripe. I'll make you march against the mouth of a Cannon, before I have done.

Gripe. O damn'd Tyrant, I must try to compound with him.

Sir Humph. This is admirable Discipline indeed, Captain.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Sir *Christopher*, Mr. *Blunderbus* and *Heildebrand*, take care, and shift for your selves. There are Threescore Bailiffs waiting for you in the Street, and they have beset the House round, that there is no possibility of escaping——

Sir Chr. O Heav'n! what shall I do? if I be once carried to Goal, I shall lye and rot there. Hold, let me see——

Blund. We shall starve if we go to Prison——

Heild. Let us think of some way, They are too many for us to beat.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Chr. Captain, if you would but do us the favour to send for three Red Coats, and own us to be your Souldiers, we may escape.

Blund. A rare way.

Heild. An excellent way; good Captain favour us.

Mrs. Gripe. My Footmen have a Bundle of red Coats here; but I cannot in Honour pass you for my Souldiers, unless you be so—if you will take each a Shilling of me and be listed, you may; otherwise I can do you no good.

Sir Chr.

Blund.

Heild.

} With all our hearts.

Mrs. Gripe. There's 12 *d.* a peice, Serjeant take their Names—I shall order them too—I'll teach 'em to roar and bully up and down the Town. Get their Coats and Bandeleers on.

Rich. Come on Comrades, fellow Souldiers, give me your hands all—The more the merrier.

Sir Chr. How now saucy Rogue—Do you long very much for a broken—head

Sir Humph. You may command all my House, and I beg of you to make it your own while you stay in *England*.

Mrs. Gripe. I give you humble thanks.

Sir Chr. So—how do these Accoutrements become us?

Bell. Oh rarely—you are the feircest Souldiers I have seen.

Sir Chr. Now, noble Captain, we'll march under your Command.

Gripe. A Souldier must I be? Here's company for the Devil.

Mrs. Gripe. Come! we'll go into the Court-yard: There I'll exercise ye, and send for the Head-Bailiff, and let him know ye are my Souldiers.

Sir Chr. Very well, I vow, that will do rarely—

Sir Humph. Come Gentlemen, in the mean time, we'll to the Women; your Servant, Captain.

Mrs. Gripe. Your Servant: Was ever design so well begun, and so hopefully carried on? They all take me for my Twin Brother.

Serj. I that know you both, don't wonder at it.

Mrs. Gripe. Come Souldiers March—March, I say— [Ex. Omnes.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

ACT V.

Enter Sir Humphrey, Bellamy, Wildman.

Bell. **P**Rithee, Sir *Humphrey*, let's not leave off our Debauch, but drink on : we have just wound our selves up, and tun'd our Instruments, and now we give over playing.

Wild. 'Tis unreasonable—I would as soon turn my back upon a Woman I was in love with, just as I had gotten her consent, or run away when a Battel were first joyn'd, as leave my Bottle now.

Sir Humph. I do confess I am an *Epicurean* in this, and in every thing. I'd go no further than the pleasing of my Senses : I would have just so much Wine, as would give me an Appetite to Woman, and just so much Woman, as would give me a desire to Wine.

Bell. After a Bottle and a half, the man that says Consider, is my Foe.

Wild. This has but rais'd me——

*You only Court, and keep a pother
To make me Gamesome for another.*

Sir Humph. Faith Gentlemen—We have had the best of our selves ; we have drawn off the Spirit, and nothing but the Lees remain.

Bell. We have but just kindled the fire and you would put it out.

Sir Humph. Rather than that should put me out——

Wild. No ; 'twill make our Souls burn clearer. Do but consider, that none but Fools are merry without Wine, such unthinking Coxcombs as are extreemly pleas'd with their own foolish persons.

Bell. But the thinking man comes to good sence, and that pulls him back in the height of his Career, and makes us think what frail Engines we are : But Wine makes us even with the Coxcombs, merry and pleas'd with our selves.

Sir Humph. A man of sence is content, because he must make the best of a bad Market ; but Fools are never truly pleas'd, they find themselves despis'd by those they really admire ; for Wit is an Idol of all ; and Fools only hate witty men, as a poor man does a rich one.

Bell. I know not whether they're pleas'd ; but they laugh and make a noise, as if they were merry.

Sir Humph. So Children that are afraid of Spirits sing and make a noise in the dark, but are devillishly afraid for all that ; and Coxcombs are damnably dull and sad for all their laughing ; and even when they drink, They have the Pain, but never the pleasure of Drunkenness.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Wild. A man would think Coxcombs the sereneſt Animals breathing ; yet ſure if they be happy, they are ſo for ought they know—

Bell. Pox on 'em, let 'em be what they will : but nothing but Wine can make us merry ; and therefore to our *Celery* again.

Sir Humph. We Northern people that want the Sun without, ought indeed to put good ſtore of Wine, and create a Sun within us.

Wild. That's right, to our *Celery* again, I ſay.

Sir Humph. 'Tis pleaſant while it is Flood within us ; but we ſhall Ebb, and grow dull ſtanding Water after a little while.

Bell. Prithee don't think to ſimilize us out of our Bottles——

Sir Humph. Nay, if you be reſolv'd, you ſhall find me Coy no longer——

Wild. I knew he would come to it at laſt : But thou art ſuch a Jilting Drunkard——

Sir Humph. Let's in then, if you will not, let me take the air a little.

Bell. Air ! Open the Window, and take it that way——

Enter Steward.

Stew. I bring you News that will ſtop you in your Career of mirth——I can ſcarce tell it you for weeping.

Sir Humph. What means the fellow——

Stew. I little thought to live to ſee this day——

Sir Humph. Pox o' your Formality ! out with your diſmal News——

Stew. All your Land in *Essex* is extended by your Creditors. And your Furniture the richeſt in the County all ſeiz'd upon.

Sir Humph. What ſays the Fool ?——

Stew. Would you had taken the Fool's counſel, it had not been ſo. I remember when my old Maſter purchas'd it, and little thought I ſhould have ſeen it go out of the Family ; and now there is no remedy ; for all the Land you had free, you have this day ſetled upon your Miſtreſs——
Whore. [*Aside.*

Sir Humph. 'Sdeath is this true thou telleſt me ?

Stew. Too true, would Heav'n it were not : your Bailiff who is turn'd out of Poſſeſſion, is come up with the News : And all this Money is run out to Rogues, from whom you have taken up Commodities upon Judgments ; moſt of which you ſold agen for half value——

Sir Humph. This is ſurprizing News ! what a damp it has ſtruck upon me—I begin to come to my ſelf now.

Stew. Many a good *Chriſtmas* has my old Maſter kept there, and muſt it now be parted from his Family——

Sir Humph. Gentlemen, my Friends—if you would oblige me ſo much as to be bound with me for a Sum of Money to ſtop theſe ravenous

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Creditors mouths for the present, I will sell my Timber, and redeem my House and Land afterwards, and secure you in the mean time.

Bell. How Sir! be Bound—hum—your Steward says, you have no Land to give Counter-Security with—I should be glad to serve you——

Wild. I'll venture my life for you, whenever you command me; but for being Bound you must excuse me. I have taken an Oath against that: besides, if I would, you cannot give Counter-Security——

Sir Humph. So! This is the world, I find; yet I could not have believ'd the Companions of all my Pleasures and Extravagancies could have thus deserted me—I thank you Gentlemen, for clearing my Understanding. 'Tis time to be Sober now: Well—I will try some sudden way; A desperate ill, must have a desperate cure—Farewel. [*Exit Sir Humphrey.*

Stew. So—What is become now of my Employment? 'tis not worth above six hours purchase. That I should live till now.—— [*Ex. Steward.*

Bell. So here ends all our Revelling in this House: This is a sudden turn.

Wild. Beyond my expectation! what a Coxcomb he was to run out thus!

Bell. Indeed, I never thought he had much in him; he had but ordinary Sence at the best; but this was such a Folly, I am asham'd of him.

Wild. We must e'n leave his Company; but this Wench *Celia* runs in my mind. I must have her at any rate: tho' I keep——

Bell. I am in the same condition; and if we do keep we must watch 'em from young Officers; or they'l run devillishly astray else.

Wild. Whatever these Officers do abroad—I am sure they are always invading the Territories of the Keepers at home——

Bell. Tho' they are in a friends Countrey, they will make Excursions for forrage of that kind—But let us seek out these pretty Whores——
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Gripe and Celia.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Slife! what shall I do? these Wenches will overrun me.

Celia. Dear Captain, I must confess for all my Modesty, that I am transported at the Assurance which you give me of having your Love—I am not asham'd to say, You are the first that ever won my heart, and shall be the last to whom I e'r will give it.

Mrs. Gripe. And 'tis a Treasure I will never part with: Come seal the Promise with a kiss.

Celia. O! thou sweet Creature. I can deny thee nothing.

Mrs. Gripe. We are so vexed with that troublesome Creature, *Chloris*, who watches us.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Celia. This House is large, and in the Evening! if you'll meet in the farther end of the long Gallery. There is a Room where we may discourse further of our Love.

Mrs. Gripe. Discourse! I hate Discourse, I am too vigorous for that—I shall so—kiss thee there——

Celia. Well! Thou art a pretty Rogue, I vow—

Enter Chloris.

Chlo. How, kissing her!

Celia. Yonder's that envious Creature: Farewel, at Eight in the Gallery— [Ex. *Celia.*

Mrs. Gripe. Oh my dear sweet one, now that malicious Woman's gone, I can tell thee how I love thee.

Chloe. Me! what did you kiss her for then?

Mrs. Gripe. The poor thing is so fond, she would kiss me; but I shall make such an Ass of her.

Chlo. Nay! will you though, dear Captain?

Mrs. Gripe. Will I? why, I hate her Person and Conditions: Methinks she's ugly.

Chlo. Indeed, I think she is not handsom, that's the short and the long on't.

Mrs. Gripe. Handsom! Thou art an Angel to her! Oh how I love thy Beauty and thy Shape—— [Kisses and touses her.

Chlo. Nay! be quiet now—I vow you make me blush——

Mrs. Gripe. Oh dear Rogue! That I were in bed with Thee and the Candles out, and blush what thou could'st.

Chlo. Well, I cannot help telling of you, you are the prettiest Man I ever saw.

Mrs. Gripe. Thou know'st not half that's in me! we are watch't now— But meet me at the farther end of the long Gallery this Night at Eight, and you shall find me a Lion——

Chlo. And you would have me your Lamb then. Well, I'll meet and venture——Here comes Madam *Phillis*——Farewel. [Exit *Chloris.*

Enter Phillis.

Mrs. Gripe. Here's another! No Mortal Captain could tell what to do with these Three: (As gad save me) 'tis unreasonable.

Phill. Sweet Captain, I have blush't sufficiently at the little Billet I gave you; I scarce have Confidence enough to see you after it.

Mrs. Gripe. Dear fair one, If you had not resolv'd to see me, your Letter had been in vain; if I could tell you my Transport at the reading of it, I should be more Eloquent than Sir *Formal* himself.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Phill. Can you forgive my Confidence?

Mrs. Gripe. I am sure 'tis so much to my advantage, that I should never have forgiven your Bashfulness.

Phill. This is excess of Generosity.

Mrs. Gripe. Bashfulness in Love! you prevented me, or you shou'd have seen I was not bashful.

Phill. But that I fear'd your sudden Departure for *Flanders*, you should have learn't my Love from other Signs——

Mrs. Gripe. Depart for *Flanders*! while my dear Mrs. is here! It cannot be; I'll this Night give up my Commission.

Phill. My Dear! you are not sure in earnest?

Mrs. Gripe. Upon my Honour, Madam—I am. Sir *Humphrey* has made me promise him to lye here this Night: My Chamber is at the farther end of the Gallery, at Eight if you'l meet me there, I'll shew you I am in earnest; by this Kiss I will!

Phill. Sure there's Witchcraft in you, that you should charm me thus.

Mrs. Gripe. I confess 'tis ungrateful, Sir *Humphrey* has so oblig'd me——

Phill. Ne'r think on that; who shall tell him? I fear we are watch't—
Farewel—at Eight——

[*Ex. Phillis.*

Mrs. Gripe. Good constant Turtles these kept Ladies are, I'll say that for 'em: And good charitable publick spirited men the Keepers to maintain women, as they wear Perfumes for the use of others——

Enter Serjeant.

Oh Serjeant! what effect of your Negotiation with my Husband?

Serj. Very little; for when I told him my Captain's Proposals to have the 3000 *l.* his Sister brought, paid back, or 400 *l.* a year seperate maintenance, he started, stamp'd and star'd like a man distracted: He bid me knock him on the head, shoot him—cut his Throat, or what I would—I had better do it, then give him such Words——

Mrs. Gripe. Indeed that was very ill language to give him.

Serj. I told him at last, there was no other Composition to be made, but he must this Tide for *Flanders*; and you would take all the care that could be to put him upon such desperate Actions as might bring him to be knock't o'th' head, and that if he did not meet death that way, he should be sure to have it from my Captain's hand, for the Injuries he had done his Sister: I left him Cursing, and in Despair.

Mrs. Gripe. 'Tis a great question whether he had rather dye, or part with the Money: But I'll try one Experiment more, and if I cannot get it by Stratagem, away he goes with my Brother to *Flanders*: And my last refuge shall be open Force, I'll e'n take possession of his Writings, and

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

rob him : I'll exercise him first, and swinge my Bullies too. Have you a File of Musqueteers ready in case of Resistance ?

Serj. I have.

Mrs. Gripe. Come on——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Humphrey and Phillis.

Sir Humph. I have found you out, to confer with you about something that concerns our Honour, and our Love.

Phill. And I am to tell you of something that concerns my Honour, and your want of Love.

Sir Humph. How Madam ?

Phill. Do you think I am to be valu'd at the rate of the ordinary ill-bred kept things of the Town.

Mrs. Gripe. I have not valued you so ! What does she mean ?

Phill. You must know Sir—I look upon my self to be in a manner your Lady—

Sir Humph. Very well—I have been a fine Coxcomb.

Phill. And do you imagine that I, who am in a manner your Lady will suffer such Debauchery and Wickedness in my House ?

Sir Humph. How long has it been your House ?

Phill. Since yesterday ; and 'tis as much mine, as if it had descended from my Ancestors these 500 years.

Sir Humph. To whose bounty do you owe it ?

Phill. To no bounty ; I owe it to my own Beauty, and those Charms that made you settle it on me, and my Faith and Constancy has deserv'd it fully——

Sir Humph. Most excellent !

Phill. Shall I throw away the flow'r of all my youth, and resist all the temptations of the fine Gentlemen about the Town, without those usual Settlements which Ladies of my Condition have : In short, I am to let you know 'tis my House, and I will have no Abominations committed here ! it goes against my Conscience.

Sir Humph. So—I have parted with most part of my Estate, and Liberty to boot ! Oh negligence, and want of thinking.

Phill. To have you and your lewd Companions Sotting and Drinking, and using all Licentiousness. But above all, to have Whores brought into my House too ! such filthy Creatures, whom you know I hate with all my heart : it melts me into tears to think on't—

Sir Humph. Be mollify'd, good Madam ; I hope the Sin you speak of is not so great ; for your sake——

Phill. Do you think I will dishonour my self any longer, to suffer those little ill-bred Kept-things, *Celia* and *Chloris*, to come to my House ? No ! your Sisters and your Mother shall be welcom to me ; provided they

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

give me that respect which is due to me : I intend to visit and keep Company with none but Persons of Quality——

Sir Humph. Pray Madam, who is it that has kept you ?

Phill. My Beauty, and my Merit ; not your Bounty——

Sir Humph. And are not you a Tailor's Daughter ?

Phill. My Fortune makes me of a good Family, and you must know, Sir——I have been kept so long, that I look upon my self as your Lady now.

Sir Humph. See the damn'd Insolence and Unreasonableness of these Creatures call'd Whores ; if a man keeps 'em from starving one year, they'd plague a man ever after. If I mistake not, you have told me that you lov'd me.

Phill. Yes, till your wicked Courses have provok'd me beyond all measure ! and therefore pray consider of it, and give me an answer, if you resolve to persist—pray quit my House. Farewel—— [*Ex. Phillis.*]

Sir Humph. O damn'd Whore ! I have a way to circumvent thee though : I must plague my self to punish Thee—— [*Ex. Sir Humph.*]

Enter Mrs. Gripe, Serjeant, Gripe, Richard, Sir Christopher, Heildebrand and Blunderbus.

Mrs. Gripe. Come ! Where are my Souldiers ? I must lose no time, but exercise you often ; for we shall enter upon Action as soon as we come in *Flanders*——

Gripe. I am not for *Flanders*, nor any Action ; but Actions upon the Case.

Mrs. Gripe. Heart ! does he mutter ? Tye him neck and heels quickly——

Gripe. Hold, hold—you'll stifle me. I am so stiff I cannot bend. Hold, I say, I will obey.

Sir Chr. Come Captain, you have done enough with us ; now you have own'd us before the Bailiffs. Let us go, we'll go to the *Temple* or *Alsacia* for refuge till the Business be over.

Blund. Good Bully Captain, you over-acted your Part, and laid on too hard before the Bailiffs tho'—let me tell you that.

Heild. You broke my head ; I do not use to put it up, but upon this occasion.

Mrs. Gripe. I must keep strict Discipline amongst my Souldiers, you shall find that was nothing.

Sir Chr. 'Tis no matter, let that pass ; but now Captain, let's be in earnest, and go you along and sup with us in *White-Fryers*, we'll have Fiddles and Whores to entertain you, and roar like Dragons, and be as merry and as mad as Lightning.

*Be she black or be she brown,
She's the best in all the Town.*

How now, old Fool ? How do you like a Souldier's life ?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Mrs. Gripe. Come Gentlemen, no fooling; you have receiv'd the King's Money, and his Cloaths, and I will make you know you are my Souldiers—Stand to your Arms all!

Sir Chr. Hah—What a Devil does he say?

Mrs. Gripe. Handle your Arms, all: Dam'me! what am I disobey'd? [Cudgels 'em.

Sir Chr. 'Sheart! my Head and Shoulders! prithee Captain leave fooling. What a Devil, are you mad?

Mrs. Gripe. Death! Handle your Arms all—I'll make you know your Officer. [Cudgels 'em agen.

Heild. Ounds! if you strike agen, I'll draw——

Blund. Out comes Porker, if you strike once more.

Sir Chr. Prithee Captain leave off, you have carried on the Frolick long enough.

Mrs. Gripe. Nay then have at you! Musqueteers make ready.

[Enter a file of Musqueteers.

Sir Chr. Make ready? ha! what a Devil do you mean?

Mrs. Gripe. Present.

Sir Chr. Hold! hold! I'll obey.

Blund. } Hold, hold—we'll obey.
Heild. }

Mrs. Gripe. 'Sdeath you Dogs, no trifling with me! shall such Rascals as you think it enough to be Drunk, and Swagger, beat Bawds, kick Drawers, squabble with Constables and Watches, break Windows, and triumph in Drunken Brawls and Street-quarrels, and never serve your Country?—If you have Valour, I'll make you turn it that way.

Sir Chr. Good Captain, we did not think you would have us'd us thus! we did not intend to be Soldiers; we only desir'd to be protected by you—for this present Occasion—

Mrs. Gripe. What e'r you intended, my Company is not compleat, and I'll make you know you are the King's Soldiers now—I shall protect no Rascally Poultroons—if any thing can do't—do bravely, and your valour may defend you; Death! shall such idle lazy Scoundrels bully, and roar and boast of drunken bloodless quarrels here at Home—While we lye hard, suffer weary marches, and fight all in blood, for our Country abroad, hah!——

Sir Chr. Very fine! we have brought our selves into a pretty Condition.

Blund. Pox on your Project, we had as good have been in the Bailiffs hands.

Heild. This damn'd Captain—has ten Bullies in him——

Sir Chr. Who the Devil—would have thought it? a little pitiful fellow—I thought I could have beaten two of him——

Mrs. Gripe. Ground your Arms.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Sir Chr. Thank you, good Captain, with all my heart; shaw! Pox I knew he did this but to try us. Come, all's well now——

Mrs. Gripe. Tye 'em neck and heels instantly.

Sir Chr. Nay, prithee Captain don't fool with us any more now.

Mrs. Gripe. Serjeant, see it done.

Serj. You shall find 'tis no fooling——

[*He with the Musqueteers tye them neck and heels.*]

Sir Chr. Why Captain, what a Devil?

Blund. What a Pox!

Heild. Is the Devil in you?

Mrs. Gripe. This is for example: Next mutiny I'll hang ye!

Gripe. Now Rogues and Bullies, why don't you sing and roar now? How do you like Soldiers lives now?

Rich. Why look you, Comrades, This 'tis to want experience in your Duty! you must learn to ride the wooden-Horse, once or twice a day too.

Sir Chr. Why Captain—good Captain.

Blund. Captain, Zounds, Captain.

Heild. Why Captain—Death and Heart——

Mrs. Gripe. No remorse yet! What you old Villain, you are resolv'd not to do my Sister Right, and return her Portion, or settle her Jointure on her presently——

Gripe. Ounds! part with 3000 *l.* I had rather dye.

Mrs. Gripe. And that by Heav'n thou shalt do; nay more, she shall take possession of thy Writings, thy Money, and thy Pawns; and satisfie her self.

Gripe. How's that? That's worst of all——

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Sir Nich. Oh Gentlemen! where are you? you are turn'd Soldiers, I hear! you have almost kill'd me amongst you, and won my Money, a deuce take ye! My *Celia* will be dreadful angry, I am afraid.

Sir Chr. Rogue! we shall meet you.

Sir Nich. I am glad to see you in this Condition, now one may safely keep you Company.

Mrs. Gripe. How now Sirrah! who are you? a Soldier in no condition is to be laught at, by such an Insect, a Maggot as thou art.

Sir Nich. A Maggot! an Insect—I am a Knight, Sir.

Mrs. Gripe. You are a Rascal, Sir! take that—— [Cudgels him.]

Sir Nich. Nay! I have done, Captain,—if you be angry, I beg your Pardon, I am going to find out my Mistress, Farewell, Sir—I am sure they have made me cruel Sick, a poise take 'em. [Ex. *Sir Nich.*]

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Blund. } Good Captain, let us be unty'd! we'll obey——
Heild. }

Sir Chr. Prithee dear Captain do—I will be correspondent to command, and be a gentle Spirit.

Mrs. Gripe. Unty 'em—— [They unty 'em.
This is call'd a Receipt to tame a Bully—I shall show you there's more than roaring goes to true Valour: Come, Handle your Arms——
[They handle their Arms.

Poise your Musquets—awkard Rascals!

Shoulder all——Now, Puppy, the wrong shoulder, Sot. [To *Sir Chr.*
Rest your Arms.

To the Right—Now old fool, can you not tell your right hand from your left yet?

Gripe. What will become of me? I cannot bear this! Heav'n deliver me from this damn'd Tyrant; my Wife will rob me too, that's worst of all——

Rich. You are the strangest awkard old Fellow, Comrade, that ever I saw——learn of me——

Mrs. Gripe. To the right! to the right! now Rascal you are to the left.

Sir Chr. Well, well—what a Devil would you have?

Mrs. Gripe. To the left, to the left! so, so—Now march—very well—you will come on I see in time—Serjeant, March 'em to their Quarters here in this House; and set a Sentinel over every one of 'em.

Serj. I will Captain. Come march—— [They march after the *Serj.*

Mrs. Gripe. I do not find that this old Fellow mollifies at all; yet I'll try one Experiment more upon him, and if he relents not, my Brother carries him in earnest. [Exit *Mrs. Gripe.*

Enter Chloris.

Chlo. 'Tis Eight a clock, sure the Captain's come by this time! I hope I have not made him stay—'Tis very dark—— [Enter *Celia.*

Celia. It has struck Eight, where is this dear, sweet Captain—I hope he is punctual to his assignation——

Chlo. Ha—I hear a noise of some body—who's there

Celia. 'Tis I, my Dear!

Chlo. Where are you?

[Both grope about.

Celia. Here! Give me your hand——

Chlo. {Oh my sweet Captain.

Celia. {Dear, dear Captain.

} Both together.

Celia. Ha! who's this, a Woman?

Chlo. Heav'n what's this, a Gown and Petticoat?

Celia. Mercy upon me, who are you?

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Chlo. What's that to you, I will not tell you, a malicious Slut, to watch me and spoil my Assignment——

Celia. Oh! Thou poor envious Fool, Thou expect to meet the Captain, I know thee—Vengeance on this Fool——

Chlo. Yes! and so do I you; and wonder you should be such a Fool to expect the Captain: He meet such a one as Thee?

Enter Phillis.

Phill. This is the place and time of meeting, now for my pretty dear Captain.

Celia. Thee! poor inconsiderable Creature! He laughs at Thee to my knowledge.

Chlo. Did he tell you so?

Celia. Yes, he did—he scorns Thee for thy Folly, and loaths Thee for thy Person.

Chlo. Thou bely'st him! He scorns thy words! my Person! 'tis an other—guess Person than thine: I'd have thee to know I am sure he hates Thee.

Phill. 'Slife I have scap'd a fine discovery of my self to these two Wenches. They are my Rivals, and are quarreling for the Captain here.

Chlo. I wonder at thy Confidence, to think the Captain should meet thee! He appointed me to meet him at this time here, about a little Business——

Celia. A little Business—I know your Business—but he has no such Intention—prithee Impudence begon, he appointed me to meet him here, where I was to confer with him, without being troubled with Thee——

Chlo. You confer!

Phill. What say They—This must be false—They are conceited! Vain Sluts! I am sure he would meet none but me—I'll rout 'em out of my House, I am sure——

Chlo. If I could see thee, I'd pull thy eyes out——

Celia. Fool begon—I laugh at Thee.

Phill. How shall I send 'em away, and get the Captain to my Self?

Celia. I hear some body! Who's there—Captain—my Dear!

Chlo. Thy Dear—here am I, Captain.

Phill. I am the Devil come to meet you both— [In a big Voice.

Chlo. Oh Lord.

Celia. Help—— [Shreik and run to get out.

Enter Sir Humphrey, with a Candle, and a Parson with him.

Sir Humph. How now! what's the matter here?

Phill. Oh unlucky time! must he come too! Nothing my Dear, but I play'd the Rogue, and frighted these two in the dark.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Celia. Am I discover'd to her—oh mischief—— [Ex. *Celia.*

Chlo. Must she over-hear me. I could have born the other down, if she had Spoken of it—— [Exit *Chlo.*

Sir Humph. Since you are grown so pious—I have brought a Learned Churchman to confer with you about a Case of Conscience, I have been in every Room in the House to find you out, pray come along with me——

Phill. I obey. [Ex. *Sir Humph., Parson, Phillis.*

Enter Gripe and Richard, Mrs. Gripe in Womans habit, a Manteau, a Petticoat, and a Hood.

Gripe. Oh Heav'n and Earth! is the perfidious Jade my Wife here? were ever two so like in Face and Nature, as these accurs'd Twins——

Mrs. Gripe. My Dear, look not so strangely on me—for I am sadly sensible of my own rashness, and your great Injuries from my cruel Brother.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this—I will, if possible, make use of her to get my liberty, and if I can get her home to me, I'll murder her——

Mrs. Gripe. I am come full of Sorrow and Repentance, having been at my Brother's Lodging ever since the moment of my Escape; and not hearing of your usage till now—if you will pardon me, I will propound some means for your Liberty, and go home and submit wholly to your pleasure——

Gripe. My dearest Wife! now thou art thy self agen—I shall be transported to receive thee into my Arms.

I think strangling will be a very good Death—for her as can be— [Aside.

Mrs. Gripe. Can'st thou forgive me, Dearest?

Gripe. O yes, my Dear, and love thee as well as e'r I did——

Or if I should run her through with my Sword, and say she kill'd her self—— [Aside.

Mrs. Gripe. I would go for my Lord Chief Justices Warrant, and raise the Town, but I'd release Thee; but my rash Brother knowing what my Conjugal affections would prompt me to, when I came to solicit for your Liberty, he put me under the hands of his Serjeant, and I am as much confin'd as you: The time grows short, and we must think of some sudden way to prevent your Voyage——

Gripe. Dear heart! I can never reward thee enough for thy kindness to me—if we get home again together, thou shalt be as free as thou can'st wish to be——

Let me see, a small knitting Needle under her left Arm when she's asleep, will do the business rarely—— [Aside.

What can'st thou propound for me to do? my dearest Heart.

Mrs. Gripe. There's no way left, but to seem to comply with him; for he is resolutely bent——

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Gripe. Comply! what to go for *Flanders*?

Mrs. Gripe. No—in that settlement he proposes for me.

Gripe. Mercy on me! What 3000 *l.* or 400 *l.* a year separate Maintenance! oh—I shall faint! y’have struck me dead. ’Sheart! what a Sum is that?

Rich. I have a small Brandy-Bottle, ’tis Soldier-like, and very Comfortable.

Mrs. Gripe. ’Tis nothing in thy Wealth.

Gripe. Nothing! Damnation! knock me o’th head, or cut my Throat—If I should smother her with a Bolster, and give out she dy’d of an Apoplexy! that’s the most secret way I have thought on yet. [*Aside.* If you love me, why did you not refuse that settlement?

Mrs. Gripe. I did, and told him I would not accept on’t! at which he was enrag’d, and told me, though I was a Fool for my self, he would not be so for me; he was resolv’d you should do it, or suffer the last extremity; and he’s so inflam’d, he may for ought I know throw thee overboard in the Voyage, if thou refusest.

Gripe. Let him do’t: Ounds, 3000 *l.* or 400 *l.* a year! let him do’t, let him do’t, let him do’t, I say.

Mrs. Gripe. Why my Dear! if thou sign’st that Deed, I’ll return it thee again. And be thy most obedient Wife.

Gripe. Poor Rogue! wilt thou? that’s kind indeed; prithee kiss me, my pretty Dear: Thou overjoy’st me with thy Love!

Hah—I have thought on the best way, if I can get her home with me, I’ll give her *Opium* in her drink, and that ne’r a Doctor or Chyrurgeon on ’em all can discover, when they open her. Ay, it shall be so!—

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Gripe. The least thing I could hear him propound, was to seize upon thy Jewels and thy Deeds, and secure ’em in a Friend’s hands of his, till he had reduc’d you to comply.

Gripe. O Devil! that’s worst of all.

Mrs. Gripe. Trust me, we are one flesh, our interests are one: I shall restore Thy Deed, and be subject; for my Conscience will not let me part from Thee, tho’ the rashness of my passion made me fly.

Gripe. Poor Lamb! if I had thee safe at home, I’d ne’r give thee Occasion more: prithee go to thy damn’d Brother, and try to mollifie him farther, while I retire and consider of this.

Mrs. Gripe. I will, my Dear—one kiss first.

Gripe. Oh! ’tis a Dear Soul!

Well, she takes *Opium*, that’s certain; for while she lives, I shall never be at rest from this Devillish Rascal her Brother.

Serj. Go into your Quarter! come Madam——

[*Exeunt.*

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Enter Bellamy, Celia, Wildman, Chloris.

Bell. If you don't find me as obsequious, and as kind a Keeper as the best of 'em——

Celia. I must confess you speak reasonably, and like a Gentleman. But I shall break Sir *Nicholas's* heart——

Bell. You have broken his Fortune, and when that's gone, 'tis no matter for his heart.

Celia. That indeed is undeniable, and I can no longer resist those Charms which before subdu'd me.

Chlo. I must confess you speak so like a worthy person, and shew such signs of Love to me, that I cannot but think you the finest person in the world; but Sir *Christopher* will kill me if I should leave him.

Wild. Let me alone to defend the heart I gain: Besides, he's undon! a beggarly fellow, and is going a Redcoat into *Flanders*.

Chlo. Indeed he has been extravagant, and run out a great part of his Estate; and I hate a man that has run out his Fortune: I vow I do, with my heart.

Enter Sir Nicholas Peakgoose.

Sir Nich. Ah my Dear, art thou there? I am come at last to thee, pretty one.

Celia. Get you gon, you drunken Sot; you were drunk with Bullies, and lost your Watch and Ring.

Sir Nich. Why look you there, I thought what 'twould come to: As I hope to be sav'd I could not help it; They would have kill'd me if I had not drank and play'd with them, and I knew you would have been very angry, if I had been kill'd.

Celia. Get you gone, you impertinent Coxcomb! must you come and interrupt me, when I am talking with a Gentleman; have you no breeding?

Sir Nich. Well, well, say no more. I'll stand by, and wait till you have done.

Enter Sir Humphrey, Phillis, Parson and Steward.

Sir Humph. Call in all my Servants. Now all this Company take notice, I am married to this Lady—Here's the Canonical Officer that executed us.

Pars. I did Marry 'em as the Church appoints.

Bell. How Married!

Wild. To his Wench?

Sir Humph. Gentlemen, you seem to wonder at my proceeding! I found my self involv'd on a sudden, beyond any other redemption, and

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

therefore chose this, which I hope will set me free. This she-pyrat had rob'd me of what my extravagance had left free, and I have taken Letters of Reprisal, and have gotten my own agen.

Bell. I wish you Joy.

Wild. Much happiness to you.

Sir Humph. She is the greatest Fortune I could have gotten, nor do I know why a Man should not fit a Woman that perhaps may last him his life time, and yet draw on a Shoe that he is to wear but two days before he take it.

Chlo. I wish your Ladiship much Joy; 'tis a great honour to our Function to have one of it so advanced.

Celia. I wish your Ladiship much Happiness—but there's no Wife lives like one of us—let me tell her that.

Enter Mrs. Gripe, Serjeant, Gripe, Sir Christopher, Blunderbus and Heildebrand.

Mrs. Gripe. Sir *Humphrey*, I have sudden Orders from the General to Embark this Tide with my Soldiers; I came hearing of your Marriage, to wish you joy, and take my leave of you——

Sir Humph. Sir, I humbly thank you, and wish you a good Voyage.

Wild. Now I desire all this good Company to be Witnesses to the Agreement made between me, and this Lady.

Sir Chr. What a Pox does he say?

Wild. It is agreed by and between the Parties above mention'd, that I am to have the sole use of this Ladies Person, to my own proper behoof, paying the Sum of 400 *l.* a year, and buying a pretty convenient Coach and Horses: what say you?

Chlo. It is a bargain.

Sir Chr. Oh damn'd confounded Jade, wilt thou leave me?

Wild. Good words Red-Coat, or I'll cut your Throat.

Chlo. You are going for a Soldier, and leaving me.

Sir Nich. Ay! you are going for a Soldier! what would you have her do? I warrant you won't take my *Celia* at this; I'll trust her pretty Rogue——

Sir Chr. You damn'd Impudent Rascal! must you prate? Sirrah! take that.

Sir Nich. Ay! 'tis no matter, I han't lost my Mistress.

Bell. Now hear us a little: *Item*, It is articled and agreed between this Lady and me, that I am to use, possess and enjoy the Tenement of her Person without any lett, hinderance, or molestation whatsoever, buying a Coach and Horses, as aforesaid; and paying the annual Rent of 400 *l.* *per annum*, of lawful Money of *England*; half yearly by true and equal

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

portions : The first payment to be made at the *Temple-Hall*, at the Feast of the *Annunciation*, and the next at the Feast of St. *Michael*.

Sir Nich. Hold Sir ! not so fast, I forbid the Banes ! she's mine ! why I have spent half my Estate upon her.

Bell. Stand away, poor Coxcomb ! what say you Madam.

Celia. It is a Match.

Sir Nich. O Lord ! Oh Lord ! will you serve me so ? what will become of me ?

Celia. Go ! get you home, and live civilly with your Wife ; and look after your Children as an honest man should. 'Tis time.

Sir Nich. Ay—It may thank you that I did not do it before, that it may—I will go hide my head in a hole, and ne'r be seen again.

Enter Mrs. Gripe, Serjeant, Gripe, and the rest.

Mrs. Gripe. Come Serjeant ! get the Barge ready.

Gripe. What a Devil shall I do ? If I Seal that Deed, and ever get her into my Custody, I'll have it again, and her life to boot.

Mrs. Gripe. Gentlemen and Ladies, your humble Servant.

Gripe. Hold, hold—If there be no remedy, I will Seal that Deed—

Mrs. Gripe. Come on then ! do it, and I'll release you.

[He signs and seals.]

Gripe. I deliver this as my Act and Deed.

Mrs. Gripe. Now Gentlemen, be pleas'd to witness it——

Sir Humph. With all my heart—— *[Sir Humphrey writes.]*

Mrs. Gripe. So ! Now there remains another thing ! you must release these Gentlemen for their Riot at your House, or go still.

Gripe. Well—I do release 'em.

Rich. Good Sir ! do not release me ; for I must go home and starve with him—I had better go and be kill'd with you.

Mrs. Gripe. No—I retain you as my Servant. And now good Mr. *Gripe*, your much abus'd Wife is free, and thanks you for her Liberty.

Gripe. O Devil ! Is it she all this while ?

Ladies. A Woman !

Mrs. Gripe. Yes Ladies, I am ; but wish my self a Man, for your sakes, and my own.

Sir Humph. How this Mistake was carried ?

Mrs. Gripe. I'll bring my Brother to thank you for your favours to me, and then you'll Mistake as much.

Gripe. Am I thus Cozen'd——I'll go home, and starve to Death. The Devil take you all—and so farewell—— *[Exit Gripe.]*

Sir Chr. Cudgel'd and beaten thus damnably by a Woman ! I hope *She-Captain*, you will release us now—

Mrs. Gripe. Yes go—I'll have no Bullies in my Company now.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

Blund. 'Sheart! were ever men so dishonour'd as we!

Heild. Beaten and bruis'd by a Woman!

Sir Chr. As for that damn'd Jade, I will scowr and break her Windows every night in the year.

Mrs. Gripe. Now all ye Husbands, let me Warn ye!

If you'd preserve your Honours, or your Lives;
Ne'r dare be Tyrants o're your Lawful Wives.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

FINIS.

THE
Lancashire Witches,
AND
Tegue o Dívelly
THE
Irish PRIEST:
A
COMEDY
Acted at the
DUKES's Theatre.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL.*

—*Nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magis quàm
Que pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntq; futura.*

LONDON,

Printed for *John Starkey*, at the *Miter* in *Fleet-street*,
near *Temple Bars.* MDCLXXXII.

Source.

IT was, no doubt, as Steele suggests, the great success of *Macbeth*, “altered by *Sir William Davenant*; being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it,” upon the Restoration stage which first gave Shadwell the idea of a play wherein he also might introduce similar Sabbat revelries and theatrical effects.

Following the footsteps of his master Jonson he at once resorted to the library of witchcraft for his authorities, but I very much doubt if he ransacked the demonologists as thoroughly as he would have us believe, for I think it almost demonstrable that much of his magic lore comes second-hand from Reginald Scot, whose *Discoverie of Witchcraft* originally issued in 1584, was reprinted 4to, 1651; and folio 1665.

Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, celebrated at Whitehall, 2 February, 1609, was laid under contribution, and in particular passages there is some almost verbal borrowing. In Jonson the Fifth Hag relates her misdeeds:

Under a cradle I did creep
By day; and when the child was asleep,
At night, I sucked the breath; and rose
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

Shadwell's Mother Demdike, Act II, declares:

To a Mothers Bed I softly crept,
And while th' unchristn'd Brat yet slept,
I sukt the breath and blood of that,
And stole anothers flesh and fat.

The Sixth Hag in Jonson avows:

I had a dagger: what did with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.

The Fourth Hag details her sorceries:

And I have been choosing out this skull,
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

So Mal Spencer cries:

I put a woman into fits,
And frighted a Parson out of his wits.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

The Dame also, in Shadwell Mother Demdike, appears in *The Masque of Queens*, but the later dramatist entirely lacks Jonson's wild and powerful poetry.

Shadwell further has quite legitimately made use of various incidents in Heywood and Brome's play *The Late Lancashire Witches*, "A Well Received Comedy" produced at the Globe in 1634. In the previous year 1633, a number of trials for Witchcraft had drawn the attention of all England to Pendle Forest. Seventeen of the accused had been found guilty at Lancaster Assizes, but the judge, profoundly dissatisfied, sent four of the prisoners to London. Here they were examined by the Court physicians, and King Charles himself interrogated at least one of these poor wretches. It was at this juncture the Globe play was produced. The whole history ere long was discovered to be a fraud, and all who had been involved received the royal pardon.

It must be remembered that twenty-two years before a coven of thirteen witches, of whom the chief was Elizabeth Demdike, had been brought to justice "at the Assizes and Generall Gaole-Delivery, holden at Lancaster, before Sir Edward Bromley and Sir James Eltham." Old Demdike herself died in prison, but ten of the accused were executed, and the trial occasioned a tremendous stir.

It is quite likely that Heywood had written a topical play in 1612 dealing with this first sensational prosecution, and that when practically the same events repeated themselves in the same area less than a quarter of a century after he and the ever-ready Brome refashioned the scenes. Both *The Late Lancashire Witches* and Shadwell's play to some extent combine the two events.

Mother Demdike belongs to 1612; whilst Goody Dickison, Mal Spencer, Mother Hargrave, and Meg were among the actual individuals accused of sorcery in 1633. Shadwell borrows (and varies) from the earlier play the incident of the severed hand; the rustic being bridled and ridden as a horse; the musicians who are ensorcelled so that their instruments give no sound; and one or two slighter turns. The intrigues of Lady Shacklehead; Isabella, Theodosia, and their brace of lovers; the political scurrility; and above all the loathsome and profane caricature of Tegue O Dively are his own.

I do not suppose that he was acquainted with Middleton's *The Witch*, nor can I detect any indication that he had read Thomas Potts' *Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches*, 1613, an account of the 1612 prosecutions.

There were throughout the reign of Charles II, as later, several local trials. The Bury S. Edmunds witches, Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, who had been brought before Sir Matthew Hale, were executed on 17 March, 1665; Ann Foster was hanged at Northampton in 1674. Curiously enough it was about a year after the production of Shadwell's play, on

S O U R C E

25 August, 1682, that the last execution for witchcraft took place in England, when three witches were put to death at Exeter. It is true that prosecutions persisted, but even when convicted the accused were invariably reprieved. The whole subject is discussed in detail in my *Geography of Witchcraft*, whilst it will be found that Shadwell's sources have been dealt with at ample length in the *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 292-299.

Theatrical History.

AFTER protracted delays, an account of which Shadwell has given in his address "To the Reader," *The Lancashire Witches* (with considerable excisions italicized in the printed copy) was presented at Dorset Garden in the autumn (possibly September) of 1681. Antony Leigh played Tegue O'Divelly, whilst Mrs. Barry was (probably) Isabella. The play is advertised for publication in *The Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas (November) 1681: "The *Lancashire Witches*; and *Tegue O Divilly*, the Irish Priest. A Comedy, acted at the Duke's Theatre. Printed as it was intended (but not allowed) to be acted. Written by Tho. Shadwell, Esq. Quarto. Price 1s. Sold by J. Starkey at the Miter in *Fleet Street*, near Temple Bar." The first 4to is dated 1682.

Downes records: "*The Lancashire Witches*, acted in 1681, made by Mr. *Shadwell*, being a kind of Opera, having several *Machines* of Flyings for the Witches, and other diverting Contrivances in't; All being well perform'd, it prov'd beyond expectation very beneficial to the Poet and Actors."

There can be no doubt that the novelty proved a great attraction to the Town, and a good deal of the coarse abuse and political rancour, of which truly Charles Killigrew had spared quite enough, passed almost unheeded amid the wonderment of flyings and machines. It was this pantomimic feature, of course, which maintained the play on the stage, where indeed it had a long lease of life, although wise men shook their heads at the religious travesty.

In a comparison between Dryden and Shadwell, Genest makes the curious remark that although the latter is often bawdy, he is never profane; whereas Dryden is often very profane. Nothing could be more incorrect. Dryden, it is true, is sometimes daring; but Shadwell has shown himself extraordinarily impious and obscene in this play, at least.

At the Haymarket, 1 July, 1707, by the Summer Company, *The Lancashire Witches* was performed with Bullock as Teague O'Divelly; Norris Sir Timothy Shacklehead; Johnson Tom Shacklehead; Pack Young Harfort. This was repeated on 25 July and announced as "Acted there but thrice; with all the risings, sinkings, and flyings of the Witches, as they were originally performed."

On 29 October, at the same theatre, 1707, Bowen appeared as Sir John Shacklehead. The rest of the cast was probably as above.

22 June, 1708, the Summer Company at Drury Lane gave *The Lancashire Witches*, but no cast is recorded.

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11 March in the following year at the same theatre the play is repeated.

The Spectator, cxxxii, Wednesday, 2 August, 1711, advertises: "By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians: At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on Friday next being the 3d of August will be presented a Comedy call'd The Lancashire Witches; carefully revis'd: With all the Original Decorations of Scenes, Dances, and Musick; the Witches Songs being all new set, and new Dances compos'd proper for the Occasion. The principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock Jun., Mr. Elrington, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Cox. The singing Witches by Mr. Burkhead, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis." The same advertisement is inserted on Friday, 3 August, 1711 (cxxxiv), "For the Benefit of the Principal Actors . . . this present Friday." The name of Mr. Ryan is added as playing a Witch.

In the Saturday *Spectator* (cxxxv), 4 August, 1711, *The Lancashire Witches* "written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell late Poet Laureat" is announced for "Tuesday next, being the 7th Day of August." On that date the advertisement appears "this present Tuesday."

On Saturday, 11 August, 1711, the *Spectator* (cxli) advertises that Shadwell's play will be presented at Drury Lane "on Tuesday next being the 14th Day of August . . . It being the last time of Acting this Season." (That is of presenting this particular play.) And on Tuesday, 14 August, 1711, the *Spectator* (cxliii) repeats the advertisement.

On Saturday, 11 August, 1711, the *Spectator* (cxli), written by Steele, after a preamble drawing attention to the fact that horse-play farce, and "a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back," are now reckoned the acme of wit, whilst grimaces, postures, contortions, zany acrobatism, supply the place of intellect and intelligence, thus continues: "I am informed, that while I was out of Town the Actors have flown in the Air, and play'd such Pranks, and run such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-Office, Tilers and Masons, could have been able to perform the like. The Author of the following Letter, it seems, has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree Severe against what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the Author's most excellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he has drawn of Life, should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

"Mr. SPECTATOR,

"Upon a Report that *Moll White* had follow'd you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lancashire Witches*, I went last Week to see that Play. It was my Fortune to sit next to a Country Justice of the Peace, a Neigh-

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bour (as he said) of Sir ROGER's, who pretended to shew her to us in one of the Dances. There was Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost to incline me to believe him; *Ben. Johnson* was almost lamed; young *Bullock* narrowly saved his Neck; the Audience was astonish'd, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth, whom I wou'd have bow'd to in the Pit, at two Yards distance did not know me.

"If you were what the Country People reported you, a white Witch, I cou'd have wish'd you had been there to have exorcis'd that Rabble of Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three Hours. I cou'd have allow'd them to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scared the Sportsmen, plagu'd the Justice, and employ'd honest *Teague* with his Holy Water. This was the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author had stopp'd here; but I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil, have to the Business of Mirth and Humour.

"The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears to have been mis-led in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable *Shakespear*. The Incantations in *Mackbeth* have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides, that the Witches are a part of the Story itself, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius*, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper Machine where the Business is dark, horrid and bloody; but is extreamly foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing thro' an Imagination like *Shakespear's* to form them; for which Reason Mr. *Dryden* wou'd not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him.

*But Shakespear's Magick cou'd not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst Walk but He.*

"I should not however have troubled you with these Remarks, if there were not something else in this Comedy, which wants to be exorcis'd more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, if I had not observed that those Jest's can raise the loudest Mirth, tho' they are painful to right Sense, and an Outrage upon Modesty.

"We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste of that Age, but indeed by such Representations a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience to the worst; and, as one wou'd think, neglects the Boxes, to write to the Orange Wenches.

"I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two young Ladies having given a notable Ex-

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ample of outwitting those who had a Right in the Disposal of them, and marrying without Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, who is easily reconcil'd, winds up all with this Remark,

——— *Design whate'er we will,
There is a Fate which over-rules us still.*

“ We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's* Wife was of the same Principle, but has express'd it with a Delicacy which shews she is not serious in her Excuse, but in a sort of Humorous Philosophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says

*That if weak Women go astray
Their Stars are more in fault than they.*

“ This no doubt is a full Reparation, and dismisses the Audience with very edifying Impressions.”

It must be confessed that Steele's criticism is very much to the point. The horrors of the Sabbath cannot be fit material for a comedy, and Shadwell has spared us none of the foul details ; grotesque they are, no doubt, but grim and gruesome beyond imagination.

Moll White is the old countrywoman described by Addison in *The Spectator*, Saturday, 14 July, 1711 (cxvii). The village folk suspect her as a witch, and sometimes hale her before the justice, sometimes are hardly prevented from swimming her in the duck-pond. *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt* is the Vergilian quotation which heads this number.

Chetwood after relating an accident which happened during the Pantomime Entertainment of *Dr. Faustus* at Lincoln's Inn Fields when a Machine broke killing two of the occupants and maiming a third, so that in future only dummy figures were allowed to be thus conveyed, continues : “ Another Accident of the same Kind happened in *Smock-alley*, which gave me much Concern as having a Hand in the Contrivance. The late Mr. *Morgan* being to fly on the Back of a Witch, in the *Lancashire Witches*, thro' the Ignorance of the Workers in the Machinery, the Fly broke, and they both fell together, but thro' Providence they neither of them were much hurt ; and such Care was taken afterwards, that no Accident of that Kind *could* happen.

*When Danger's fled, it dwells upon the Mind,
And leaves the strong Impression still behind.*

In spite of Steele's trenchant paper, Shadwell's comedy remained in the repertory of the theatre, and was given two or three times each season. It is, of course, impossible to do more than chronicle a few of these performances.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

The Spectator, 26 May, 1712 (ccclxxxviii), advertises : "For the Benefit of Miss Willis. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Monday, being the 26th of May, will be Presented a Comedy, call'd the Lancashire Witches. Written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell late Poet Laureat, carefully Revis'd. All the principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bullock Sen., Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Elrington, Mr. Bullock Junior, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradshaw, and Miss Willis. With the Original Decorations of Scenes, Dances, Risings, Sinkings, and Flying of the Witches. All the Musick both Vocal and Instrumental, Compos'd by Mr. Barrett and Perform'd by Mr. Burkhead, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis, with Dancing by Mr. Prince and Mrs. Bicknell."

Tuesday, 8 July, 1712, the *Spectator* (ccccxxv) announces a performance in almost exactly the same terms "this present Tuesday" at Drury Lane.

At Drury Lane, 16 November, 1714, and 11 November, 1715, performances are recorded, but the cast is not given.

At the same house 29 October, 1717, and 7 November, 1718, there were revivals of Shadwell's play, which was occasionally repeated during those seasons.

We find, indeed, that it appears at fairly regular intervals, as at Drury Lane 8 June, 1720; 18 August, 1721, with Norris as Sir Timothy, Joe Miller the jester Squire Hartfort, and the beautiful Mrs. Horton, Isabella; 30 October, 1721; 4 June, 1723, for the benefit of the widows of two actors, Bowen and Leigh; 29 September, 1724; 3 April, 1727; 30 October, 1727, when Shepherd acted Sir Edward Hartfort; Miller Squire Hartfort; Norris Sir Timothy; Johnson Tom Shacklehead; Mrs. Horton Isabella; Mrs. Mills Theodosia; Mrs. Wetherhilt Lady Shacklehead. There was a revival, indeed, as late as 1736, but after this time Shadwell's play seems to have fallen out of the repertory.

Charles Dibdin's *The Lancashire Witches, or The Distresses of Harlequin*, performed at the Circus, had owing to its finery and show a great success in the winter of 1782-3. It is merely a pantomime.

At the Adelphi Theatre, 3 January, 1848, was produced Edward Fitzball's "Legendary Drama in Three Acts" *The Lancashire Witches, A Romance of Pendle Forest*. It has nothing at all in common with Shadwell, but draws from Harrison Ainsworth's celebrated romance. Bess of the Woods, "140 years old, formerly Abbess of S. Magdalen's, doomed for her crimes to an unearthly age," is the anchoress, Isole de Heton. We have a scene closely resembling the haunted convent in *Robert le Diable*. Whalley Abbey is shown by moonlight. During an incantation the picture gradually changes; the broken arches form themselves into perfect masonry; the ivy disappears from the windows to show the ruby and gold of coloured glass; the decaying altar glitters with piled plate

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and the gleam of myriad tapers. A choir of nuns rises from the grave to dance with spectral gallants. Among the votaries are Nutter, Demdike, and Chattox, "Three Weird Sisters, doomed for their frailties to become Witches." But they utter no word, and have no part save this in the action." In Fitzball's melodrama O. Smith appeared as Gipsy Dallan, a new character; and Miss Faucit (Mrs. Bland) as Bess of the Woods. "The play, for what it is, a luridly theatrical and Surrey-side sensation, has merit," and was no doubt very effective on the stage. Even to-day the witch in steeple-hat and mutch, wearing a petticoat of red quilted-satin, brandishing her broomstick, stirring her cauldron, attended by her great black cat, occasionally makes her appearance in the short opening scene of a Christmas entertainment to be foiled by some tinselled Fairy Queen with the latest sentimental song.

TO THE READER.

F*Ops and Knaves are the fittest Characters for Comedy, and this Town was wont to abound with variety of Vanities and Knaveries till this unhappy division. But all run now into Politicks, and you must needs, if you touch upon any humour of this time, offend one of the Parties. The Bounds being then so narrow, I saw there was no scope for the writing of an intire Comedy, (wherein the Poet must have a relish of the present time;) and therefore I resolved to make as good an entertainment as I could, without tying my self up to the strict rules of a Comedy; which was the reason of my introducing of Witches. Yet I will be bold to affirm, that Young Hartfort, Sir Timothy, Smerk, and Tegue O Dively, are true Comical Characters, and have something new in 'em. And how any of these (the Scene being laid in Lancashire) could offend any Party here, but that of Papists, I could not imagine, till I heard that great opposition was design'd against the Play (a month before it was acted) by a Party, who (being to ashamed to say it was for the sake of the Irish Priest) pretended that I had written a Satyr upon the Church of England, and several profest Papists railed at it violently, before they had seen it, alledging that for a reason, such dear Friends they are to our Church. And (notwithstanding all was put out that could any way be wrested to an offence against the Church) yet they came with the greatest malice in the World to hiss it, and many that call'd themselves Protestants, joyn'd with them in that noble enterprise.*

How strict a scrutiny was made upon the Play you may easily see, for I have in my own vindication Printed it just as I first writ it; and all that was expunged is Printed in the Italick Letter. All the difference is, that I have now ordained Smerk, who before was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward. The Master of the Revels (who I must confess used me civilly enough) Licenc'd it at first with little alteration: But there came such an Alarm to him, and a Report that it was full of dangerous reflections, that upon a Review, he expunged all that you see differently Printed, except about a dozen lines which he struck out at the first reading.

But, for all this, they came resolved to hiss at it right or wrong, and had gotten mercenary Fellows, who were such Fools they did not know when to hiss and this was evident to all the Audience. It was wonderfull to see men of great Quality and Gentlemen, in so mean a Combination. But to my great satisfaction they came off

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as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence, for the three first days, that they quash'd all the vain attempts of my Enemies, the inconsiderable Party of Hissers yielded, and the Play lived in spite of them.

Had it been never so bad, I had valued the honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of excelling the most admirable Johnson, if it were possible to be done by me.

Now, for reflecting upon the Church of England, you will find, by many expressions in the Play, that I intended nothing less. And I am well assured that no Learned, or Wise Divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a true value and respect for them.

But they who say that the representation of such a Fool and Knave as Smerk (who is declared to be an infamous Fellow, not of the Church, but crept into it for a Lively-hood, exposed for his Folly and Knavery, and expell'd the Family) should concern or reflect upon the Church of England, doe sufficiently abuse it. A foolish Lord or Knight is daily represented: nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their Order. Should Thompson, or Mason, or any Impudent Hot-headed Tantivy Fool be exposed; I am confident that the Sober and the Wise Divines of the Church will be so far from thinking themselves concern'd in it, that they detest them as much as I do.

Nor should any of the Irish Nation think themselves concern'd, but Kelly (one of the Murderers of Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey) which I make to be his feign'd Name, and Tegue O Dively his true one. For Whores and Priests have several names still.

Some of the worsted Party of the Hissers were so malicious to make People believe (because I had laid the Scene in Lancashire) that I had reflected personally on some in that, and in an adjoining County; which no man, that will give himself leave to think can believe. And I do hereby solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my thoughts to do so.

But the Clamours of a Party (who can support themselves by nothing but falsehood) rose so high, as to report that I had written Sedition and Treason, had reflected upon His Majesty, and that the Scope of the Play was against the Government of England. Which are Villanies I abhor, and some of the Reporters I believe would not stick at. But I am well assured they did not believe themselves, only (out of malice to me) thought if they could bring the report to Windsor (which they did) by that means to cause the silencing the Play, without farther Examination: But they who had the Power, were too just for that, and let it live.

For these Reasons I am forced, in my own Vindication, to Print the whole Play just as I writ it (without adding or deminishing) as all the Actors who rehers'd it so a fortnight together, before it was reviewed, may testify.

For the Magical part, I had no hopes of equalling Shakespear in fancy, who created his Witchcraft for the most part out of his own imagination (in which faculty no man ever excell'd him) and therefore I resolv'd to take mine from

TO THE READER

Authority. And to that end, there is not one action in the Play, nay scarce a word concerning it, but is borrow'd from some antient, or Modern Witchmonger, Which you will find in the notes, wherein I have presented you a great part of the Doctrine of Witchcraft, believe it who will. For my part, I am (as it is said of Surly in the Alchymist) somewhat costive of belief. The evidences I have represented are natural, viz. slight, and frivolous, such as poor old Women were wont to be hang'd upon.

For the Actions, if I had not represented them as those of real Witches, but had show'd the ignorance, fear, melancholy, malice, confederacy, and imposture that contribute to the beleif of Witchcraft, the people had wanted diversion, and there had been another clamor against it, it would have been call'd Atheistical, By a prevailing party who take it ill that the power of the Devil should be lessened, and attribute more miracles to a silly old Woman, than ever they did to the greatest of Prophets, and by this means the Play might have been Silenced.

I have but one thing more to observe, which is, that Witchcraft, being a Religion to the Devil, (for so it is), their charms upon several occasions being so many offices of the Witches Liturgy to him,) and attended with as many Ceremonies as even the Popish Religion is, 'tis remarkable that the Church of the Devil (if I may catachrestically call it so) has continued almost the same, from their first writers on this subject to the last. From Theocritus his Pharmaceutria, to Sadducismus Triumphatus : and to the shame of Divines, the Church of Christ has been in perpetual alteration. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few changes.

I have troubled you too long, speak of the Play as you find it.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quit the stage,
 But seeing what slight Plays still please the Age,
 He is drawn in : and thinks to pass with ease,
 He cannot write so ill as some that please.
 Our Author says he has no need to fear,
 All faults but of good Writing you can bear.
 The common Eyes all paintings please alike ;
 Signs are as good to them as pieces of Vandike.
 Our Author honours th' understanding Few ;
 And from the many he appeals to you :
 For (tho' in Interest most should judge,) 'Tis fit
 There should an Oligarchy be in Wit :
 False Wit is now the most pernicious Weed,
 Rank and or'e-grown—and all run up to Seed.
 In knavish Politicks much of it is employ'd,
 With nasty spurious stuff the Town is Cloy'd ;
 Which daily from the Teeming press y' have found,
 But true Wit seems in Magick-Fetters bound,
 Like sprights which Conjurers Circles do surround. }
 The Ages sores must rankle farther, when
 It cannot bear the Cauterizing pen :
 When Satyr the true medicine is declin'd,
 What hope of Cure can our Corruptions find ?
 If the Poet's end only to please must be,
 Juglers, Ropedancers, are as good as he.
 Instruction is an honest Poet's aim,
 And not a large or wide, but a good Fame.
 But he has found long since this would not do,
 And therefore thought to have deserted you :
 But Poets and Young Girls by no mishaps
 Are warn'd, those damning fright not, nor these Claps.
 Their former Itch will spite of all perswade,
 And both will fall again to their old trade :
 Our Poet says that some resolve in spite
 To damn, tho' good, what ever he shall write.
 He fears not such as right or wrong oppose,

PROLOGUE

He swears, in sence, his friends out-weigh such foes.

He cares not much whether he sink or swim,

He will not suffer but we shall for him.

We then are your petitioners to Day,

Your charity for this Crippled piece we pray :

We are only losers if you damn the play.

}

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Sir <i>Edward Hartford.</i>	{ A worthy Hospitable true English Gentleman, of good understanding, and honest Principles.
Young <i>Hartfort</i> his Son.	{ A Clownish, sordid Country Fool, that loves nothing but drinking Ale, and Country Sports.
Sir <i>Jeffery Shacklehead.</i>	{ A simple Justice, pretending to great skill in Witches, and a great Persecuter of them.
Sir <i>Timothy Shacklehead.</i>	{ Sir <i>Jeffery's</i> Son, a very pert, confident, simple Fellow, bred at <i>Oxford</i> , and the <i>Inns of Court</i> .
<i>Tom. Shacklehead.</i>	{ Sir <i>Jeffery's</i> poor Younger Brother, an humble Companion, and led: drinker in the Country.
<i>Smerk.</i>	{ Chaplain to Sir <i>Edward</i> , Foollish, Knavish, Popish, Arrogant, Insolent; yet, for his Interest, Slavish.
<i>Tegue O Dively.</i>	{ The Irish Priest, an equal mixture of Fool and Knave.
<i>Bellfort.</i> <i>Doubty.</i>	{ Two <i>Yorkshire</i> Gentlemen of good Estates, well bred, and of good Sense
<i>La. Shacklehead.</i>	{ Wife to Sir <i>Jeffery</i> , a notable discreet Lady, something inclined to Wantonness.
<i>Theodosia.</i> Daughter to Sir <i>Jeffery</i> , and Lady.	{ Women of good Humour,
<i>Isabella.</i> Daughter to Sir <i>Edward Hartford.</i>	{ Wit, and Beauty.
<i>Susan.</i> House-keeper to Sir <i>Edward</i> .	
<i>Clod.</i> A Country Fellow, a retainer to Sir <i>Edward's</i> Family.	
<i>Thomas o Georges.</i> Another Country Fellow.	

Constable

The Devil.	} Witches.
Mother <i>Demdike.</i>	
Mother <i>Dickenson.</i>	
Mother <i>Hargrave.</i>	
<i>Mal. Spencer.</i>	
<i>Madge</i> , and several others	
Old Woman that searches them.	

Servants, Dancers, Musicians, Messengers, &c.

The Scene in *Lancashire*, near *Pendle-Hills*.

THE
Lancashire Witches,
AND
TEGVE O DIVELL
THE
Irish PRIEST.

ACT I.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort and Smerk.

Smerk.

SIR, give me leave, as by my duty bound,
To let you know (though I am lately come
Into your Family) I have observ'd
(for all your real curtesie, and seeming mirth
Among your Friends that visit you) a fixt
And constant melancholly does possess you, Sir,
When y' are alone, and you seem not to relish

The happiness your ample fortune, and
The great esteem your worth has ever gain'd
From all good men might give you, I am bound
T' enquire the Cause, and offer my Advice

Sir Edw. Pray search no further, I, for once, can pardon
The rashness of your curiosity.
I did not take your for my Councillor.

Smerk. You now, Sir, are become one of my Flock:
And I am bound in Conscience to Advise,
And search into the troubles of your Spirit,
To find the secrets that disturb your Mind.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

*Sir Edw. I do not wonder, that a Parson should
Be foolish and pragmatical ; but know,
I will advise and teach your Master of Artship
(That made you Lord it over Boyes and Freshmen)
To add to your small Logick and Divinity
Two main Ingredients, Sir, Sence and Good-manners,*

Smerk. Consider, Sir, the Dignity of my Function.

*Sir Edw. Your Father is my Taylor, you are my Servant.
And do you think a Cassock and a Girdle
Can alter you so much, as to enable
Yor (who before were but a Coxcomb, Sir,)
To teach me? Know I only took you for
A mechanick Divine, no read Church Prayers
Twice every day, and once a week to Teach
My Servants Honesty and Obedience.
You may be Belweather to a silly Flock,
And lead 'em where you please, but ne're must hope
To govern men of sense and knowledg.*

*Smerk. My Office bids me say this is profane,
And little less than Atheistical.*

*Sir Edw. You're insolent, you're one of the senseless,
Hot-headed Fools, that injure all your Tribe ;
Learn of the wise, the moderate and good,
Our Church abounds with such examples for you.
I scorn the name of Atheist, you're ill-manner'd.
But who er'e touches one of you hot-spur Persons,
You brand him home, and right, or wrong, no matter.*

Smerk. My Orders give me Authority to speak.

*Sir Edw. Your Orders separate, and set you apart
To Minister, that is to serve in Churches,
And not to domineer in Families.*

Smerk. A power Legantine I have from Heaven.

*Sir Edw. Show your Credentials. Come good petulant
Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few Books
And old Black thred-bare Clothes to morrow-morning,
And leave my House ; get you a Wall-ey'd Mare,
Will carry double, for your Spouse and you,
When some cast Chamber-Maid shall smile upon you,
Charm'd with a Viccaridge of forty pound
A year, the greatest you can ever look for.*

*Smerk. Good Sir ! I have offended, and am sorry.
I ne're will once commit this fault again,
Now I am acquainted with your Worships mind.*

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*Sir Edw. So, now you are not bound in Conscience then.
The indiscretion of such paultry fellows
Are scandals to the Church and Cause they Preach for.
What fatal mischiefs have domestick Priests.
Brought on the best of Families in England!
Where their dull Patrons give them line enough,
First with the Women they insinuate,
(Whose fear and folly makes them slave t'you,)
And give them ill opinions of their Husbands.
Oft ye divide them, if the women rule not.
But, if they govern, then your reign is sure.
Then y'have the secrets of the Family,
Dispose oth' Children, place and then displace,
Whom, and when you think fit.*

Smerk. Good, Noble Sir! I humbly shall desist.

*Sir Edw. The Husband must not drink a Glass, but when
You shall, of your good grace, think fit for him.
None shall be welcom but whom you approve;
And all this favour is, perhaps, requited
With the infusing of ill principles into the Sons,
And stealing, or corrupting of the Daughters.
Sometimes upon a weak and bigot Patron you
Obtain so much to be Executor:
And, if he dies, marry his Widow, and
Claim then the cheating of his Orphans too.*

Smerk. Sweet Sir, forbear, I am fully sensible.

*Sir Edw. With furious zeal you press for Discipline.
With fire and blood maintain your great Diana.
Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
(With fiery eyes, wherein we flaming see
A persecuting spirit,) your roar at
Those whom the wisest of your function strive.
To win by gentleness and easie ways.
You dam 'em, if they do not love a Surplice.*

*Smerk. Had I the power, I'd make them wear pitch'd Surplices,
And light them till they flam'd about their Ears,
I would——*

*Sir Edw. Such Firebrands as you but hurt the Cause.
The learnedst and the wisest of your Tribe
Strive by good life and meekness to o'ecome them.
We serve a Prince renown'd for Grace and Mercy,
Abhorring ways of Blood and Cruelty;
Whose Glory will, for this, last to all Ages.*

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*Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his Throne
I will have no such violent Sons of Thunder,
I will have moderation in my House.*

*Smerk. Forgive my zeal, and, if your Worship please,
I will submit to all your wise Instructions.*

*Sir Edw. Then (on your good behaviour) I receive you;
Search not the secrets of my House or me.
Vain was our Reformation, if we still
Suffer auricular Confession here,
By which the Popish Clergy rule the world,
No business in my Family shall concern you;
Preach nothing but good life and honesty.*

Smerk. I will not.

*Sir Edw. No controversial Sermons will I hear :
No meddling with Government ; y' are ignorant
O'th Laws and Customs of our Realm, and should be so.
The other world should be your care, not this.
A Plow-man is as fit to be a Pilot,
As a good Clergy-man to be a States-man, Sir :
Besides, the People are not apt to love you,
Because your sloth is supported by their labours.
And you do hurt to any Cause you would
Advance.*

Smerk. I humbly bow, Sir, to your Wisdom,

*Sir Edw. A meek and humble modest Teacher be ;
For piteous trifles you Divines fall out.
If you must Quarrel, Quarrel who shall be
Most honest men ; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.*

*Smerk. I will do any thing,
Rather than lose your Worships grace and favour.*

Sir Edw. Begon.

[Exit Smerk.]

Enter Isabella.

*Isabella. Sir, why do you walk alone, and Melancholly ?
I have observ'd you droop much on the sudden.*

*Sir. Edw. Dear Isabella, the most solid joy
And comfort of my fading life ! thou truest Image
Of thy dead Mother ! who excell'd her Sex :
Fair, and not proud on't ; witty, and not vain ;
Not grave, but Wise ; Chast, and yet kind and free ;
Devout, for sower ; Religious, not precise :
In her no foolish affectation was
Which makes us nauseate all good qualities.*

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She was all meekness and humility ;
The tenderest Mother, and the softest Wife.

Isab. My Dearest and most Honoured Father,
(Had you not been the best of Parents living)
I could not have outliv'd that Mothers loss,
Loss of her tender care, and great example.

Sir Edw. Yet learn, my Child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd ; those whom I love
With tenderness I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead strive to forget 'em soon.

Isab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father ?

Sir Edw. Thou'rt wise, to thee I can declare my grief ;
Thy Brother has been still my tender care,
Out of my duty, rather than affection
Whom I could never bend by Education
To any generous Purpose, who delights
In Dogs and Horses, Peasants, Ale and Sloth.

Isab. He may have Children will be wiser, Sir.
And you are young enough yet to expect
Many years comfort in your Grand-children.

Sir Edw. To that end I would match the unhewn Clown
To the fair Daughter of Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*,
Who has all the perfection can be wish'd
In woman-kind, and might restore the breed :
But he neglects her, to enjoy his Clowns,
His foolish sports, and is averse to Marriage.
I would not have my name perish in him.

Isab. { I am sure shee'l never help to the continuance.
aside.

Sir Edw. But thou art good, my Child, obedient.
And though Sir *Timothy*, Sir *Jeffery's* Son
Has not the great accomplishments I wish him,
His tempter yet is flexible and kind,
And will be apt to yeild to thy discretion.
His person not ungratious, his Estate
Large, and lies altogether about his House,
Which (for its scituation and its building)
With noble Gardens, Fountains, and a River
Running quite through his Park and Garden,
Exceeds most in the North : Thou knowest, my Child,
How this cross match will strengthen and advance
My Family—He is coming hither from
His sport, He has given his Horse to his man, and now

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Is walking towards us ; I'll go and find
My Lady and her Daughter.

Ex. Sir Edward.

Isab. Oh hard fate !
That I must disobey so good a Father :
I to no punishment can be condemn'd
Like to the Marriage with this foolish Knight.
But by ill usage of him, I will make him,
If possible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter Sir Timothy Shacklehead.

Sir Tim. Oh my Fair Couzen, I spied yee, and that made me give
my man my Horse to come to you.

Isab. Me ! have you any business with me ?

Sir Tim. Business ! yes Faith, I think I have, you know it well enough,
but we have had no sport this afternoon, and therefore I made haste to
come to you.

Isab. Such as you should have no sport made to you, you should make
it for others.

Sir Tim. Ay, it's no matter for that ; but Couzen, would you believe
it, we were all bewitched, Mother *Demdike* and all her Imps were abroad,
I think ; but you are the pretty Witch that enchants my heart. This
must needs please her. [*Aside.*

Isab. Well said, *Academy of Complements*, you are well read I see.

Sir Tim. Ods Bud, who would have thought she had read that ?

Isab. Nay, for Learning and good breeding let *Tim* alone.

Sir Tim. *Tim* ! I might be *Sir Timothy* in your mouth tho', one
would think.

Isab. I am sorry the king bestowed Honour so cheaply.

Sir Tim. Nay, not so cheaply neither ; for though my Lady Mother
had a dear Friend at Court, yet I was fain to give one a Hundred pounds,
besides my Fees, I am sure of that : *Tim* ! hum go too——

Isab. Was there ever so fulsome a Fool !

Sir Tim. Besides, I gave Thirty Guinies for the Sword I was Knighted
with to one of his Nobles, for the King did not draw his own Sword
upon me.

Isab. Do you abuse the Nobility ? would a Nobleman sell you a Sword ?

Sir Tim. Yes that they will, sell that or anything else at Court. I
am sure he was a great Courtier, he talked so prettily to the Kings Dogs,
and was so familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he
had great interest in them : He had all their names as quick, and *Mumper*
and I don't know who, and discours'd with them, I protest and vow,
as if they had been Christians.

Isab. Oh thou art a pretty Fellow ; hey for little *Tim* of Lancaster.

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Sir *Tim*. You might give one ones title one would think, I say again, especially one that loves you too.

Isab. Yes, I will give you your Title.

Sir *Tim*. Thank you, dear Couzen.

Isab. Take that, and your proper Title, Fool. { *He offers to kiss her hand,
she gives him a box on the
ear.*

Sir *Tim*. Fool ! I defie you, I scorn your words, 'tis a burning shame you should be so uncivil, that it is : Little thinks my Lady Mother how I am used.

Isab. Once for all, as a Kinsman I will be civil to you ; but if you dare make love to me, I'll make thee such an Example, thou shalt be a terrour to all foolish Knights.

Sir *Tim*. Foolish ! Ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty jest ; why han't I been at *Oxford* and the Inn's of Court ? I have spent my time well indeed if I be a Fool still : But I am not such a Fool to give you over for all this.

Isab. Dost thou hear ? thou most incorrigible lump, never to be lickt into form ; thou Coxcomb incarnate ; thou fresh, insipid, witless, mannerless Knight, who wearest a Knighthood worse than a Haberdasher of Small wares would ; it serves but to make thy folly more eminent.

Sir *Tim*. Well, well, forsooth, somebody shall know this.

Isab. Every one that knows thee, knows it. Dost thou think, because thy foolish Mother has Cocker'd thee with morning Cawdles, and after-noon's Luncheons, thou art fit to make Love ? I'll use thee like a Dog if thou darest but speak once more of Love, or name the word before me.

Sir *Tim*. Mum, mum, no more to be said, I shall be heard somewhere. Will your Father maintain you in these things, ha Gentlewoman ?

Isab. Tell if thou durst, I'll make thee tremble. Heart, if you ben't gone now presently, I'll beat you. *Ex. Sir Tim.*

Enter *Theodosia*.

Isab. My Dear, art thou come ! I have been just now tormented by thy foolish Brother's awkward Courtship, forgive me that I make so bold with him.

Theo. Prethee do, my Dear, I shall be as free with thine, though he is not so great a Plague, for he is bashful, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great Comfort, no Lover at all : But mine is pert, foolish, confident, and on my Conscience in love to boot.

Isab. Well, we are resolved never to marry where we are designed, that's certain. For my part I am a free English woman, and will stand up for my Liberty, and property of Choice.

Theo. And Faith, Girl, I'll be a mutineer on thy side ; I hate the imposition of a Husband, 'tis as bad as Popery.

Isab. We will be Husband and Wife to one another, dear *Theodosia*.

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Theo. But there are a brace of Sparks we saw at the *Spaw*, I am apt to believe would forbid the Banes if they were here.

Isab. *Bellfort* and *Doubty*, they write us word they will be here suddenly, but I have little hopes ; for my Father is so resolved in whatever he proposes, I must despair of his consent for *Bellfort*, though he is too reasonable to force me to Marry any one ; besides he is engaged in honour to your Father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkest of subjection still, or I either, we are in a desperate case : No, mutiny, mutiny, I say.

Isab. And no money, no money will our Fathers say.

Theo. If our Lovers will not take us upon those Terms, they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell Daddy, say I.

Isab. If so, I will be as hearty a Rebel, and as brisk as thou art for thy life ; but canst thou think they are such Romancy Knights, to Ladies with nothing ? I am scarce so vain, though I am a woman.

Theo. I would not live without vanity for the Earth ; if every one could see their own faults, 'twould be a sad World.

Isab. Thou sayst right, sure the world would be almost depopulated, most men would hang themselves.

Theo. Ay, and Women too : Is there any creature so happy as your affected Lady ? or conceited Coxcomb ?

Isab. I must confess they have a happy error, that serves their turn better than truth ; but away with Philosophy, and let's walk on and consider of the more weighty matters of our Love.

Theo. Come along, my Dear.

Ex. Isabella and Theodosia.

Enter Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim.* What a Pox is the Matter ? She has piss'd upon a Nettle to day, or else the Witches have bewitched her. Hah, now I talk of Witches, I am plaguily afraid, and all alone : No, here's Nuncle *Tomas*.

Enter *Tho. Shacklehead*.

Tho. Sha. How now, Couzen ?

Sir *Tim.* Couzen ? plain Couzen ? You might have more manners Uncle ; Sflesh, and one gives you an Inch, you'll take an Ell. I see Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom. Sha. Well, Sir *Timothy*, then, By'r Lady I thought no harm ; but I am your Uncle, I'le tell a that.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a Murrain do we keep you for, but to have an eye over our Dogs and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tennants (when they come with Rent or Presents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a Brown Shovel-board Table in the Hall ? to

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sit at lower end o'th board at meals, rise, make your Leg, and take away your Plate at second Course? and you to be thus familiar!

Tom. Sha. Pray forgive me, good Couzen; Sir *Timothy*, I mean.

Sir Tim. Very well, you will be saucy again, Unckle. Uds lud, Why was I Knighted but to have my Title given me? My Father, and Lady Mother can give it me, and such a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother, to forget it!

Tom. Sha. Nay, nay, haud yee, yeou mun ta't in good part, I did but forget a bit, good Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. My Mother would be in a fine taking about it, and she knew it.

Tom. Sha. Nay, pray now do not say ought to my Lady, by th' Mass who'l be e'en stark wood an who hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' Coursers, the Hare ha's play'd the Dee'l with us to neeght, we han been aw bewitched,

Sir Tim. Ay, so we have, to have the Hare vanish in open Field before all our faces, and our eyes never off from her.

Tom. Sha. Ay, and then an awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother *Demdike*) to start up i'th same pleck! i' th'very spot o' grawnt where we losten puss!

Enter Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*, Sir *Edward Hartfourt*, young *Hartfourt*,
Chaplain, *Clod*, and other Servants.

Sir Edw. These are Prodigies you tell, they cannot be; your sences are deceived.

Sir Jeff. My sences deceived! that's well, Is there a Justice in *Lancashire* has so much skill in Witches as I have? Nay, I'll speak a proud word, you shall turn me loose against any Witch-finder in *Europe*; I'd make an Ass of *Hopkins* if he were alive.

Young Har. Nay I'll swear 'ts true, a Pox on that awd Carrion Mother *Demdike*, she ha's marr'd all our sports, and almost kill'd two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thousand pound.

Sir Edw. Dreams, meer Dreams of Witches, old womens fables, the Devil's not such a Fool as you would make him.

Sir Jeff. Dreams! mercy upon me! are you so profane to deny Witches?

Smerk. Heaven defend! will you deny the existence of Witches? 'Tis very Atheistical.

Sir Edw. Incurigible ignorance! 'tis such as you are Atheistical, that would equal the Devils power with that of Heaven it self. I see such simple Parsons cannot endure to hear the Devil dishonour'd.

Sir Jeff. No Witches? why I have hang'd above Fourscore. Read *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, *Nider*, *Institutor*, *Sprenger*, *Godelman*, and *More*,

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and *Malleus Maleficarum*, a great Author, that writes sweetly about Witches, very sweetly.

Sir *Edw. Malleus Maleficarum* a Writer? he has read nothing but the titles I see.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh, ay a great man, *Malleus* was a great man; Read Couzen, read the Antidote against Atheism: Well, I'll make work among your Witches.

Young *Har.* Ay good Sir *Jeffery* do; Uds Lud they'll grow so bold, one shan't go a Coursing, Hunting or Hawking for 'em one of these days; and then all the joy of ones life's gone.

Sir *Edw.* Why, are those all the joys of Life?

Young *Har.* Ay, Godsflesh are they; I'd not give a Farthing to live without 'em; what's a Gentleman but his Sports?

Tho. Sha. Nay by'r Lady, I mun have a saup of Ale now and then, besides sports.

Sir *Jeff.* Why hear's my Son, Sir *Timothy*, saw the Hare vanish, and the Witch appear.

Sir *Tim.* That I did upon my Honour, Sir *Jeffery*.

Enter *Clod*.

Clod. So ho, here's the Hare again.

Young *Har.* Ha Boys, loo on the Dogs; more sport, more sport.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis almost dark, let's home: go to your Mistriss, Fool.

Young *Har.* Time enough for that, Sir; I must have this Course first, halloo.

They all go out as to Coursing.

Mother Demdike rises out of the ground as they re-enter.

Sir *Jeff.* Now, Sir *Edward*, do you see, the Hare is vanish'd, and here is the Hag.

Sir *Edw.* Yes I see 'tis almost dark, the Hare is run from your tired Dogs, and here is a poor old Woman gathering of sticks.

Smerk. Avant thou filthy Hag, I defie thee and all thy works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed, Sir, you are a Schollard, pray defend me.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you shall see how the Witches fear me.

Sir *Edw.* The old women have reason to fear you, you have hang'd so many of 'em.

Sir *Jeff.* Now *Tom Shacklehead*, and you *Clod*, lay hold o' th' Witch quickly; now you shall see my skill; wee'll search her, I warrant she has biggs or teats a handful long about her parts that shall be nameless; then wee'll have her watched eight and forty hours, and prickt with Needles, to keep her from sleeping, and make her confess, Gad shee'll confess any thing in the world then; and if not, after all, wee'll tie her Thumbs

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and great Toes together, and fling her into your great Pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye ; come, come, come, where are you ?

Sir *Edw.* So I must have a poor old woman murder'd in my House.

{ *Mother Demdike knocks down Tom*
Shacklehead and Clod, and vanishes.

Tom Sha. } Oh the Witch ! the Devil !
Clod.

Sir *Jeff.* How now, what's the matter ?

Tom Sha. Why by'r Lady, the Deel' is th' matter ; the old Hag has knockt us both dawn, and is vanisht under grawnt I think.

Sir *Edw.* Your fear has knockt you down, and the old woman has escap'd.

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, she has done't ; a Witch has a mighty strength : Six men are not strong enough for a Witch of Fourscore.

Sir *Edw.* Come prethy, Sir *Jeffery*, let's home and drive these fables out of our heads, it's dark.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, I know how to deal with her, I'll send my Warrant and a Constable with't that is strong enough to beat six Witches, ay, six the ablest Witches on 'em all : you'd wonder at it, but faith 'tis true.

Exeunt omnes.

Mother Demdike re-enters

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled these fellows, let 'em go home and prate about it, this night wee'l revel in Sir *Edward's* Cellar, and laugh at the Justice. But to the business of the Night.

She sings

Come, Sisters, come why do you stay ?

Our business will not brook delay,

^a The Owl is flown from the hollow Oak.

From Lakes and Bogs the Todes do croak.

The Foxes bark, the Screech-Owl screams :

Wolves howl, Bats fly, and the faint beams

Of Glow-worms light grows bright apace ;

The Stars are fled, the Moon hides her face.

^b The Spindle now is turning round :

^c Mandrakes are groaning under ground.

^d I'th' hole, i'th' Ditch (our Nails have made)

^e Now all our Images are laid,

Of Wax and Wooll, which we must ^f prick,

With Needles urging to the quick.

^g Into the hole I'll poure a flood

Of Black Lambs bloud, to make all good.

The Lamb with Nails and Teeth wee'l tear.

Come where's the Sacrifice ? appear.

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*Enter Mother Dickenson, Hargrave, Mal Spencer, and several other
Witches with a Black Lamb.*

Witches. 'Tis here.

Demd. Why are you all so tardy grown?
Must I the work perform alone?

Dicken. Be patient ^h Dame, wee'l all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon wee'l play.

To yonder Hall
Our Lord Wee'l call,
Sing, dance and eat,
Play many a feat,
And fright the Justice and the Squire,
And plunge the Cattel into the Mire.

But now to work { They tear the *Black Lamb* in pieces, and
 { pour the Blood into the hole.

ⁱ Deber, Deber, do not Stay,
Upon the Waves go sport and play;
And see the ship be Cast away.
Come let us now our parts perform,
And Scrape a hole, and raise a Storm.

Dicken. ^k Here is some Sea Sand I have Gotten,
Which thus into the Air I Throw.

Harg. Here's Sage, that under ground was rotten,
Which thus a-round me I bestow.

Spencer. Sticks on the Bank a-cross are laid.

Harg. The hole by our nayls is almost made.
Hogs Bristles boyl witin the Pot.

Demd. The Hollow flint Stone I have Got,
Which I over my Shoulder throw,
Into the west to make winds blow.
Now water here, and urine put,
And with your Sticks stir it about.
Now dip your brooms, and toss them high,
To bring the Rain down from the Sky.
Not yet a Storme? ^l Come let us wound
The Air with every dreadful sound,
And with live vipers beat the ground.

*They beat the ground with Vipers, they bark, howl, hiss,
cry like Screech Owles, hollow like Owls, and make many
confused noises : The Storm begins.*

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Song of three Parts.

NOW the winds roar
And the Skies pour
Down all their Store.

It Thunders and Lightens.

And now the Night's black,
Heark how the Clouds crack.
Heark how the Clouds crack.

It Thunders and Lightens.

A hollow din the Woods now make.
The Vallies tremble, Mountains Shake,
And all the living Creatures quake.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It keeps awake the Sleepy fowl,
The Saylers Swear, the high Seas rowl,
And all the frightened Dogs do howl.

It Thunders and Lightens.

Demdike speaks, Now to our tasks let's all be gone,
Our Master we shall meet anon,
Between the hours of twelve and one.

They all set up a laugh.

Enter *Clod* with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Clod. Whaw, what a Storm is this! I think mother *Demdike* and all her Deel's are abroad to neeght, 'tis so dark too

I cannot see my hont. *
Oh the Dee'l, the Dee'l,
help! help! this is Mother
Demdike; help, S'flesh,
what mun I do? I canno
get dawn, 'swands Ayst
be clemd an I stay here aw
neeght.

* One of the Witches flies away with the Candle and Lanthorn, Mother *Demdike* sets him upon the top of a Tree, and they all fly away Laughing.

Enter *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Bell. Was there ever such a Storm raised on a sudden, the Sky being clear, and no appearance on't before?

Doubt. But the worst part of our misfortune is to be out of our way in a strange Countrey, the night so dark that Owls and Bats are wildred.

Bell. There is no help, Cover the Saddles, and stand with the Horses under that Tree, while we stand close and shelter our selves here; the Tempest is so violent, it cannot last.

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Doubt. New Philosophy helps us to a little Patience, Heaven be praised we are not at Sea yet.

Bell. These troubles we Knight Errants must endure when we march in search of Ladies.

Doubt. Would we were in as good Lodgings as our Dogs have which we sent before to *Whalley*. I fear too (after all this device of yours) our pretending to hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why so?

Doubt. Will any body think that a man in his right Wits should chuse this Hilly Countrey to hunt in?

Bell. O, yes, there are Huntsmen that think there's no sport without venturing Necks or Coller-bones; besides, there is no other way to hope to see our Mistresses: by this means we shall troll out my Mistresses Brother, who loves, and understands nothing but Countrey sports. By that we may get acquaintance with Sir *Edward Hartfort*, who is reported to be a wise, honest, hospitable, true English man. And that will bring us into Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead's* family, *Whally* being in the mid-way betwixt them.

Doubt. I am resolved to see my Mistress, what ere comes on't, and know my doom. Your *Yorkshire* Spaw was a fatal place to me, I lost a heart there, Heaven knows when I shall find it again.

Bell. Those interviews have spoiled me for a man of this World, I can no more throw off my loose corns of Love upon a Tennants Daughter in the Countrey, or think of Cuckolding a Keeping Fool in the City; I am grown as pityful a whining Loving animal as any Romance can furnish us with.

Doubt. That we should scape in all the *Tour of France and Italy*, where the Sun has power to ripen Love, and catch this distemper in the North! but my *Theodosia* in humour, wit, and beauty has no equal.

Bell. Besides my *Isabella*.

Doubt. To you your *Isabella's* equal.

Bell. We are pretty fellows to talk of Love, we shall be wet to the Skin; yonder are lights in many Rooms, it must be a great House, let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is so dark, and among these Hills and Inclourses 'tis impossible. Will no lucky fellow, of this place, come by and guide us? We are out of all Roads.

Clod. Oh! Oh! what mun Ay do? Ay am well neegh parisht: I mun try to get dawn. [He falls.

Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Bell. What a Devil is here, a fellow fallen from the top of a Tree!

Doubt. 'Sdeath is this a night to climb in? what does this mean?

Clod. Oh! Oh!

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Bell. Here, who art thou? What's the matter?

Clod. Oh the dee'l; avant, I defi thee and all thy warks.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad? give my thy hand, I'll help thee.

Clod. Begon, Witches I defy ye, help! help!

Bell. What dost thou talk of? we are no Witches nor Devils, but Travellers that have lost our way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a mon Ay'st talk wy ye a bit; yeow mun tack a care o your sells, the plec's haunted with Buggarts, and Witches, one of 'em took my Condle and Lanthorn out of my hont, and flew along wy it; and another set me o top o'th' tree, where I feel dawn naw; Ay ha well neegh brocken my theegh.

Doubt. The fellow's mad, I neither understand his words, nor his Sence, prethee how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why, yeow are quite besaid th' road mon, yeow shoulde a gone dawn th' honk by *Thomas o Georges*, and then een at yate, and tur'd dawn th' Lone, and left the Steepo o'th reeght hont.

Bell. Prithee don't tell us what we should have done, but how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why marry four mail and a bit.

Doubt. Wee'l give thee an Angel and shew us the way thither.

Clod. Marry that's whaint, I conno see my hont, haw con Ay show yeou to *Whalley* to neeght.

Bell. Canst thou shew us to any house where we may have Shelter and Lodging to night? we are Gentlemen and strangers, and will pay you well for't.

Clod. Ay, by'r Lady con I, th' best ludging and diet too in aw *Lancashire*. Yonder at th' hough, where yeow seen th' leeghts there.

Doubt. Whose house is that?

Clod. Why what a pox, where han yeow lived? why yeow are Strongers indeed! why, 'tis Sir *Yedard Harfourts*, he keeps oppen hawse to all Gentry, yeou'st be welcome to him by day and by neeght, he's Lord of aw here abauts.

Bell. My Mistresses Father, Luck if it be thy will, have at my *Isabella*; Canst thou guide us thither?

Clod. Ay, Ay, there's a pauer of Company there naw, Sir *Jeffery Shakehead*, and the Knight his Son and Doughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my wishes, O my dear *Theodosia*, how my Heart leaps at her! prethee guide us thither, wee'l pay the well.

Clod. Come on, I am e'en breed out o my senses, I was ne'er so freegthen'd sin I was born, give me your hont.

Bell. No, here are our men and Horses, wee'l get up, and you shall lead the foremost: Now Stars be kind.

Ex. Omnes.

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Notes upon the Magick.

^a This is a solemn description of a fit time for Witches to be at Work. ^b The Spindle or Wheel is used in their conjurations. *Martial* makes it used for troubling the Moon, *lib. 9. Ep. 3. Quæ nunc Thessalico lunam diducere rhombo, & lib. 2. Ep. 67. Cum seta Cholco Luna Valupat rhombo.* *Lucan*, who of all the Poets writes with the most admirable height about Witchcraft, in his sixth Book makes the Wheel or Spindle to be used in Love Matters, *Traxerunt torti Magicâ vertigine fili*, as does *Ovid lib. 1. Eleg. 8. Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo licia, &c.* And so *Propertius, lib. 3. Stamineâ rhombi ducitur ille rota.* And *lib. 2. Deficiunt Magico torti sub carmine rhombi.* ^c The groaning of Mandrakes is a tradition of old women, and that the groan kills. See the Notes in the Third Act, it has been always thought of great use in Magick. ^d For chusing Ditches for their Magick rights, *Ovid Metam. lib. 7. de Medea : haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus sacra facit.* For scraping holes with their Nails, *Horat. lib. 1. Satyr 8. concerning Canidia and Sagana, scalpere terram unguibus.* And it is used by our modern Witches, as you shall find in *Malleus Maleficarum, Bodin, Remigius, Delrio, &c.* *Id lib. 3. disquisitionum Magicarum, Sect. 4. de sagittariis assassinis & imaginum fabricatorum Maleficis* tells many stories of their using ^e Images, he says, *Haud multum a sagittariis discrepat genus maleficorum, qui quasdam fabricantur imagines, quas vel acubus pungunt, vel igne liquant vel confringunt, &c.* See *Heft. Boeth. the History of King Duff, lib. 3. rerum Scotticarum.* *Corn. Tacit. Ann. 2. de scelere Pisonis et morte Germanici*, says, *reperiebantur solo et parietibus erutæ humanorum corporum reliquæ, carmina et devotiones, et nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis insculptum, semiusti cineres et tabe obliti, aliaq ; maleficia quibus creditur animas numinibus inferni sacrari.* *Malleus Maleficarum*, and *Wierus* are full of examples of using Images in Witchcraft. *Hor. lib. 1 Sat. 8.* mentions both Waxen and Woollen Images, *Lanea et effigies erat altera cerea, &c.* *Ovid. Epist. Hypsipyle to Jason, Devovet absentes simulacrâq ; cerea fingit.* *Hor. 18. Epod. Quæ movere cereas imagines, Ovid. Amor. 7. Eleg. 6. Sagave punicea defixit nomina cera.* ^f *Ovid. Ibid. Et medium tenues in jecur urget acus.* *Id. Ep.* before quoted, following that Verse, *Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.* See *Bodin. Dæmonoman. lib. 2. cap. 8.* a great deal of stuff to this purpose. One in my memory had this kind of Witchcraft sworn against her at the Old-Bayley, before *Steel*, Recorder of London. ^g *Hor. lib. 1. Satur 8. de Canidia & Sagana, pullam divellere mordicus agnam cæperunt, Ovid metam. 7. cultrosq ; in guttur velleris atri conjucit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.* ^h All Witches, ancient and modern, are said to have one presiding at their conventions which they honour with a title. *Apuleius* mentions the *Regina fagarum ; & Delrio. Disq. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 9.* and this is found in all late examinations of Witches. ⁱ *Deber* is said to be the Dæmon of the night, that flies about and does mischief, and principally in Tempests. *Pet. de Loyer de spectris*, in English, page 14. And *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* says, *Deber* is the Dæmon of the night, and *Cheleb* of the day. ^k For their rights in their imaginary raising of Storms, see *Bod. lib. 2. cap. 8. Remigius Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 25. and cap. 29.* also *Delrio. lib. 2. Quæst. 1.* enumerates a great many odd rites (different from the following.) For troubling the Air, and bringing darkness, Thunder, Rain, Hail, &c. see *Nider* in his *Formicarium, cap. 4. Olaus de gentibus septentrionalibus, lib. 3. sub titulo de Magis & Maleficis Finncorum*, also *Malleus Maleficarum.* *Wierus de præst. Dem. lib. 3. cap. 16.* describes at large the way of raising a Storm. Speaking of the illusions of the Devil towards Witches, he says, *Itaq ; eas instruit ut quandoq ; filices post tergum occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in aream projiciant, plerumq ; scopas in aquam intingant cælumq ; versus spargant, vel fossula facta et lotio infuso vel aqua digitum (others say, digitum vel baculum) commoveant ; subinde in olla porcorum pilos (or as others say, Setas porcinas) bulliant ; nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transverse collocant.* See *Scott. p. 60.* he adds the use of rotten Sage. ^l *Lucan, lib. 6. Miratur Eriçtho has fatis licuisse moras, irataq ; morti verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver, I use live Serpents*

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here upon another occasion, ^mFor these confused noises *Lucan* in the same Book, *Tunc vox Letheis cunctis pollentior herbis excantare Deos, confudit murmura primum dissona, et humanæ multum discordia linguæ. latratus habet illa canum gemitusq; Luporum; quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna quærentur, quod strident ululantq; feræ, quod sibilat anguis, &c. Tot rerum vox una fuit*: See the latter part of the Notes in the second Act, about the raising of Tempests: If you be so curious, you may find something in all Authors that treat of Witches, and many of 'em mention one *Ericus* King of *Sweeden*, who, as they believe, could do it by magick, as does *Delrio*, *Remigius*, and *Ludwigus*, *Elich* *Damonomagia*, *Quæstio*, 6. *Silvest. Prierias de ord. prædicatorum, de strigimaxis*, discourses of the power of Witches in raising Storms: and *Guaccius compendium Maleficarum*, *Goddelmannus*, *Bartholomeus Spineus*, and many more.

ACT II.

Enter *Isabella* and *Smerk*.

Isab. **H**OW this insolence proves me!

You are not sure in earnest!

aside.
to him.

Smerk. Can any one behold those radiant eyes,

And not have sentiments of Love like mine?

Isab. This fellow has read Romances as well as Schoolmen.

Smerk. Those eyes to which mine are Burning-glasses.

That to my heart convey the fire of Love,

Isab. What a fustian Fool's this! Is this language
For a Divine?

Smerk. Are not Divines made of those Elements
Which make up other men? Divines may be
In Love I hope.

Isab. And may they make love to the Daughter, without
The consent of the Father?

Smerk. Undoubted, as Casuists must determine.

Isab. Will not common sence, without a Casuist, tell
Us when we do wrong, if so, the Law we are
Bound to, is not plain enough.

Smerk. Submit to the judgment of Divines, (sweet Lady).
Marriage is not an Ordinance made by Parents,
But from above deriv'd; and 'tis that I sue.

Isab. Is it not fit I should obey my Father?

Smerk. O no, sweet Lady, move it not to him,
Your Father has not reverence enough
For the Church and Churchmen
Besides, I'll tell you,

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*He is Atheistically inclin'd: pardon my boldness ;
For he believes no Witches : But, Madam, if my
Poor person and my parts may seem gracious to you,
You lawfully may chuse me to make happy.*

Isab. Your person needs must please ; 'Tis amiable.

Smerk. Ah sweet Madam !

*Isab. Your parts beyond exception, neat, spruce, florid,
And very diverting.*

Smerk. No, no, dear Madam.

*Isab. Who can behold your face without pleasure ? or
Consider your parts without Reverence ?*

*Smerk. O Lord, I swear you pose me with your great
civilities : I profess you do.*

*Isab. 'Tis impossible you should keep long from being
Dignified.*

*Smerk. 'Tis that I mainly aim at next the enjoyment
of so fine a Lady. I am.*

Isab. May I flatter my self to think you are in earnest ?

Smerk. You may, most excellent Lady.

Isab. And so am I.

*Smerk. Sweet Madam, I receive you as a blessing on my
knees.*

{ She gives him a
box on the Ear.

*Isab. Thou most insolent of Pedants, thou silly formal Thing with a stiff
plain band, a little parsonical Grogam, and a Girdle thou art so proud of, in
which thou wouldst do well to hang thy self ; some have vouchsafed to use it for
that purpose : Thou that never wert but a Curate,—a Journey-man Divine,
as thy Father was a Journey-man Taylor, before he could set up for himself, to
have the impudence to pretend love to me !*

Smerk. My function yet, I say, deserves more reverence.

Isab. Does it make you not an Ass, or not a Taylors Son ?

Smerk. It equals me with the best of Gentry.

*Isab. How, Arrogance ! Can any power give honour but the Kings ? This
is Popery, I'll have you trounc'd. Could it once enter into thy vain pate, that I
could be contented with the pitiful equipage of a Parson's Wife ? Bless me !
to be carried home to an antique building, with narrow windows, and huge Iron-
bars, like an old Jail in some Country Burrough, wickedly abus'd too with de-
lapidations. To lye in Darneux Curtains, and a Beds-Tester carv'd with Idolatrous
Images, out of two load of old Timber : or to have for a Friend, or a lying in
one better one of worsted Chamblet, and to be drest and undrest by my Cookmaid,
who is my Woman and my Chambermaid, and serves me and the Hogs.*

Smerk. I intend none of these. I assure you my House shall be——

*Isab. I know what it will be : your Parlour hung with Green printed stuffu,
of the new fashion, with guilt Leather in panes, a fingers breadth at least, stuff*

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up with a great many stinking Russia Leather Chairs, and an odious Carpet of the same : Then Shelves on one side of your Chimney for a pair of Tables, a Chess-board, your frame of Wax Candle and Tobacco-pipes.

Smerk. No, no, no, Madam.

Isab. *On the other side, Shelves for huge Folioes, by which you would be counted a great read man ; vast large volumes of Expositions upon a short Creed ; some Twenty folio's upon the Ten Commandments ; Lauds, Heylins, Andrews, and Tom Fuller's works, with perhaps a piece of Austin, to shew you understand a little Latin ; and this is your Ecclesiastical furniture, very fit for a Gentlewomans eating Room, is it not ?*

Smerk. *I understand the mode, Madam, and contemn such vulgar Ornaments.*

Isab. *And in this Parlour to eat Five Tithe-Pigs in a week, brought in by my Woman-Chamber-maid, Wash-maid, Cook-maid, &c. And if it be not a working day, waited on by your Groom, Ploughman, Carter, Butler, Tithe gatherer, all in one, with Horse-nail'd Shoes ; his head new kemb'd and slick'd with a starch'd Band and no Cuffs.*

Smerk. *My merits will prove you better, please to hear me.*

Isab. *Yes, I know your merits. Then to quibble with you, for my desert, your Backside of half an Acre, with some Sixteen Trees of Marygold and Sweeting-Apples, Horse-Plums, and Warden-pares, hem'd in with panes of antique crumbling Clay ; where I should have six Hives of Bees, and you a Mare and Foal, going with a Peacock and Hen.*

Smerk. *All these I much despise, would you hear.*

Isab. *Hear ! yes, how I should have nothing to entertain my Visitors with, but stew'd Prunes and Honycombs, and flying Ale, botled with Lymon-pill, without all sight of Wine. And should I march abroad to visit, 'twould be behind my Canonical Husband, perhaps upon a piedbald Mare big with Foal, holding both hands upon his Girdle, and when at place appointed I arrive, for want of Groom, off slips my nimble Husband first, then helps me down. And now Fool I have painted thee, and what thou art to trust to in thy colours.*

Smerk. *I beseech you, Madam, moderate pour passions : Hear my propitiations.*

Isab. *No, Impudence, my Father shall hear 'em.*

Smerk. *I beseech you, Madam, for Heavens sake, that will undo me. I shall desist, I shall desist.*

Ex. Isabella.

Enter Susan the Chambermaid.

Good lack, how a man may be mistaken !

I durst ha sworn, by her courtesy and frequent smiles, she had been in love with me.

Susan. *Sweet Sir, what is befallen you ? has my Lady anger'd you ? If she can, her heart is not like mine.*

Smerk. *Nothing, Mrs. Susan, nothing to be thus despised. To himself.*

Susan. *Dear Sir, can I serve you in any thing ? I am bound. I ne're*

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have been so elevated by any man ; methinks I never should have enough of your powerful Ministry, Sweet Sir.

Smerk. Pish ! If she tells her Father, I am ruin'd.

To himself.

Susan. Dear man, now, come drive away this sadness. Come, give me thy hand ; let's sit down and be merry.

Smerk. How ! my hand ! go too.

This creature is in Love with me : But shall my prodigious natural parts, and no less amazing acquisitions in Metaphysicks and School'd Divinity be cast upon a Chambermaid ? Farewell, I must not be too familiar. *Exit.*

Susan. So scornful ! Cruel creature, I will soften thee yet. *Have I for thee set days and nights cross-Legg'd, and sigh'd before thou cam'st hither ? And fasted on St. *Agnes* night for thee ? And since thy coming tied three colour'd True Loves Knots, quill'd thy Cuffs, and starched thy Band my self, and never fail'd thee of thy morning Caudle or Jelly Broath ? have I already put my Hair and Nails in Powder in thy Drink, and put a live Fish in a part about till it died, and then gave it thee to eat, and all for this ! Well, I will mollify thee. And Mother *Demdike* shall help me to morrow : I'll to her, and discourse her about it : If I have breath I cannot live without him.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort and his Son.

Sir Edward. *Susan*, Go tell my Cousin *Theodosia*, I would speak with her.

Susan. I will Sir.

[Exit.

Yo. Har. Pshaw, now must I be troubled with making Love, a deuce take it for me : I had rather be a Coursing an 'twere time o'th' day.

Sir. Edw. Now, Son, for your own good and my satisfaction, I would have you (since her Father and I am agreed) to settle this business, and marry with *Theodosia* with all the speed that can be.

Yo. Har. What ha'st Sir ? for my part I care not for Marriage, not I. I love my Neighbours, a Cup of Ale, and my sports, I care for nought else.

Sir Edw. (But that thy Mother was too vertuous for my suspicion) I should think that by thy sordid mind thou wert a Stranger to my Blood ; and, if you be not rul'd by me, assure your self I'll make you a stranger to my Estate.

Yo. Har. What does he mean now ? hah, to disinherit me ?

Sir Edw. No part of it's entail'd ; and if you will not marry where I direct you your Sister will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Consider that.

Enter Theodosia.

Here comes your Mistress, beautiful and good as any of her Sex. Sweet

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Cousin, be pleas'd to stay one moment with my Son : I'll wait on you again. [Exit.

Theo. Your Servant Sir. How shall I be entertain'd by this Dolt ! how much rather had he be with Country Justices and Farmers, in a low Thatch'd House, with a smooth Black Pot of Ale in his hand, or with his Kites, Dogs and Cattel ?

Yo. Har. What a Devil shall I say to her now ? I had as lieve knock my head against the wall as make Love. Will you please to sit down Cousin ?

Theo. Ay Cousin. And fall fast a-sleep if I can. *Aside.*

Yo. Har. 'Twas a great Storm, and rose very suddainly to night Cousin.

Theo. Very true.

Yo. Har. Pox I don't know what to say to her. *Aside.*
'Tis almost over tho' now. *To her.*

Theo. 'Tis so.

Yo. Har. 'Tis so, What a Devil shall I say more ? Would I were at six go downs upon reputation, in Ale, with honest Tom *Shacklehead.* *Aside.*
What do you think 'tis a Clock, Madam ? *To her.*

Theo. Six minutes past eight by mine.

Yo. Har. Mine goes faster. Is your *Aspenwolds* ?

Theo. No, *Tompions.*

Yo. Har. 'Tis a very pretty one ! Pish I can go no farther, not I.

Theo. 'Tis Bed-time.

Yo. Har. Ay so it is, and I am main sleepy by'r Lady,
Coursing had gotten me a woundy Stomack,
And I eat like a Swine, Faith and Troth.

Theo. But it is got nothing to your Stomack.

Yo. Har. You have heard the story, we cours'd a Witch all day instead of a Hare ; Mother *Demdick.*

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her, she would have been very tough meat.

Yo. Har. Ha, ha, ha, well, I vow that's very well. But I hope Sir *Jeffery* will hang the Witch ; I am sure she has tired my Dogs and me so, that I am so sleepy I can scarce hold up my head by'r Lady.

Theo. I am tired too : This dulness is almost as tedious as his making of Love would be.

Yo. Har. If 'twould hold up now, we should have fine Weather for Hawking to morrow and then have at the Powts.

Theo. Your Hawks would not fly at Mother *Demdike* too.

Yo. Har. Nay, marry I cannot tell : But would you would go a Hawking, you should ride upon a Pad of mine, should carry you with a Bumper in your Hand, and not spill a drop.

Theo. I am for no Field sports, I thank you Sir.

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Yo. Har. Now can't I speak a word more.

They paws.

Theo. Now methinks we are meer man and Wife already, without marrying for the matter. Ha, he's a-sleep, and snores like the Base-pipe of an Organ : Tho' I like his indifference better than I should his Love ; yet I have no patience to bear sleeping in my face ; that's a little too much.

Yo. Har. Oh Lord, what's that ! Oh Mother *Demdike* ! Oh, oh, the Witch, the Witch !

Theo. He talks in his sleep, I believe, e'en as well, as when he's awake.

Yo. Har. Murder, murder, oh help, the Witch ; oh the Witch, oh, oh, Mother *Demdike*.

Theo. He talks and dreams of the Witch : I'll try a trick with him.

She pulls the Chair from under him. Et exit.

Yo. Har. Oh help, help, the Witch, the Witch, ay there she vanish't : I saw her, oh she flew up the Chimney. I'll go to Sir *Jeffery*, and take my Oath presently. Oh I am sore frightened.

Enter Isabella.

Oh the Witch, the Witch, Mother *Demdike*.

Exit. Yo. Har.

Isab. What ail's the Fool, is he mad ?

Here's a Coil with Witches.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead and Sir Timothy.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Madam, are you there ? I have done your errant.

L. *Sha.* Your Servant Cousin.

Isab. Your Ladyships humble Servant.

L. *Sha.* Look you Cousin, Lady me no Ladies, unless you be civiller to Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim.* Look you there.

Sir *Jeff.* I suppose you are not ignorant who we are.

L. *Sha.* Nay, prithee, Sir *Jeffery*, hold ; let me alone.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, go on my Dear, thou shalt have it ; well, thou art as notable a woman as any is within fifty miles of thy head, I'll say that for thee.

L. *Sha.* Pray Cousin conceive me, breeding is a fine thing ; but you have always liv'd in that Country : I have, for my part, been often at *London*, lodg'd in *Covent-Garden*, ay, and been in the drawing Room too. Poor creature, she does not know what that is.

Sir *Jeff.* Pray mind my Chicken, she's the best bred Woman in that Country.

L. *Sha.* Pray spare me, Sir *Jeffery*, here's Sir *Timothy*, I have bred him with great care and charges at *Oxford*, and the Inns of Court.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and I have been in the Drawing-Room too.

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La. Sha. I have gotten him Knighted too, and for mine and Sir *Jefferies* services, which we have perform'd in governing the Country about us so well.

Isab. What does your Ladyship drive at?

Sir Tim. Ay, you know well enough: Now you look as though Butter would not melt in your Mouth.

La. Sha. Besides, let me tell you, Sir *Timothy's* person's as charming as another's; his shape and height perfect, his Face, though I say it, exceeding good, his Eyes vigorous and sparkling, his Nose and Chin resembling our Family; in short, Nature has not been negligent in his Composition.

Sir Jeff. Well, thou art the best spoken Woman in *England*, I'll say that for thee.

Isab. I confess all this, Madam.

Sir Tim. Oh! do you so.

La. Sha. Pray give me leave, not one Knight in the Land dresses better, or wears better fancied Garniture, or better Periwigs.

Sir Tim. My Trimming's my own Fancy; and the best Wigg-maker in *England*, one in *Crooked-lane* works for me.

La. Sha. Hold, Sir *Timothy*, I say these things premis'd, it is not fit to use my Son uncivilly: I am loth to complain to your Father, consider, and be wise. I know we are politickly coy, that's decent, I my self was so to Sir *Jeffery*.

Sir Jeffery. Ay, by'r Lady was she. Well, I thought I should never have won thee: Thou wert a parlous Girl.

La. Sha. But I was never uncivil.

Isab. I know not what you mean! I uncivil to my dear Cousin; what makes thee think so? I assure your Ladyship I value him as he deserves. What, Cousin, art angry for a jest? I think no man like him for my part.

Sir Jeff. Why, look, you Sir *Tim*.

La. Sha. Nay, Sir *Timothy*, you are to blame, jesting shews ones kindness, go too.

Sir Tim. I swear and vow, I thought you had been in earnest, Cousin. I am your humble Servant.

La. Sha. Well, wee'l leave you together.

Sir Jeff. Come on, Boy, stand up to her, 'Gad I bore up briskly to thy Mother before I won her. Ah, when I was young, I would have—Well, no more to be said.

La. Sha. Come, come away, you will have your saying!

Exit Lady and Sir Jeff.

Sir Tim. Well, but have you so good an opinion of me as you declar'd? hum——

Isab. The very same, I assure you.

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Sir *Tim*. Ah, my dear pretty Rogue ! Then I'll marry you presently, and make you a Lady.

Isab. Let me see, are they out of hearing ?

Sir *Tim*. Come feth, let's kiss upon that business, here's a Parson in the House ; nay, feth, I must kiss thee, my dear little Rogue.

Isab. Stand off Baboon, nay, a Baboon of good parts Exceeds thee ; Thou Maggot, Insect, worse than any nasty thing the Sun is Father to.

Sir *Tim*. What ! do you begin to call Names again ? but this is in Jest too, prithee let me kiss thee, pray dear, feth do.

Isab. In jest ! Heaven is my witness there's not a living thing upon Two Leggs I would not chuse before Thee.

Sir *Tim*. Holloo, where's Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady* ?

Isab. They are out of thy hearing Oaph. 'Slife how darst thou be so impudent to love me with that face, that can provoke nothing but laughter at best in any one ? Why, thou hast the Rickets in thy face : There's no proportion, every feature by it self is abominable ; and put together Intollerable. Thou hast the very Lines and air of a Pig's Face ; *Baptista Porta* would have drawn thee so.

Sir *Tim*. Hah, What do you say ? my face ! I'll not change with e're a man in *Lancashire*. Face ! talk of my face, Hah !

Isab. Thou art uglier than any Witch in *Lancashire*, and if thou wert in Womans Clothes, thy own Father would apprehend thee for one : Thy Face, I never saw so deform'd a thing on the head of an old *Lyra violl*. It might fright Birds from a Cherry garden : but what else 'tis good for, I know not.

Sir *Tim*. 'Sbud, now you provoke me, I must tell you, I think my self as handsome for a Man, as you are for a woman.

Isab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy visage, My maid with her Sizars in two minutes shall cut me a Better in brown paper. There is not a Creature upon Earth but is a Beauty to thee ; besides, thou hast a hollow Tooth would cure the Mother beyond *Arsa fetida*, or burnt Feathers.

Enter *Theodosia*.

Sir *Tim*. Well, well, You'll sing another Note when I have acquainted your Father, you will.

Isab. Thou liest : I will not : if I were condemn'd to Death, I would not take a pardon to marry thee. Set thy Fools Heart at rest then, and make no more nauseous Love to me. Thy Face to one fasting would give a vomit beyond *Crocus*.

Sir *Tim*. You are a proud, peevish Minx, and that's the best of you. Let me tell you that, hum. I can have your betters every day I rise.

Theo. How now ! What says the Fool ?

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Sir *Tim.* Uds Ludlikins, huswife, if you provoke me I'll take you o' the Pate.

Isab. Thou odious, Loathsom Coxcomb, out of my sight, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Sir *Tim.* Coxcomb! ha, ha, ha; ah thou art a good one. Well, I say no more.

Isab. Da, da, pretty thing!

Enter Sir *Edward*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, the storm has oblig'd me that drove you under my Roof, I knew your Fathers well, we were in *Italy* together, and all of us came home with our English Religion, and our English Principles. During your stay here (which for my own sake I hope will not be short) command my House: let not your Dogs and Servants lye at *Whalley*; but be pleas'd to know this House is yours, and you will do me honour in commanding it.

Bell. This generosity makes good the Character that all men give of you.

Doubt. A Character that *England* rings with, and all men of never so differing opinions agree in.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, you do me too much honour; I would endeavour to imitate the life of our English Gentry before we were corrupted with the base manners of the *French*.

Bell. If all had had that noble resolution, long since we had curb'd the greatness of that Monarch.

Isab. What are these Apparitions, hah, *Doubty* and *Bellfort*.

Theo. They are they indeed. Hay what ailes my heart to beat so fast?

Isab. Methinks mine is a little too busy here.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, here is my Daughter and her Kinswoman, I think you saw 'em last Summer at *Scarborough*.

Bell. We did, Sir.

They salute 'em.

Doubt. We little thought to have the honour of seeing so fine Ladies this night.

Enter *Servant*, and whispers to Sir *Edward*.

Bell. We could not expect this happiness, till next Season at the Waters.

Sir *Edw.* What story is this? My Son almost frighted out of his Wits with a Witch! Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for a moment.

Ex. Sir Edward and Servant.

Both. Your humble Servant.

Isab. Nothing could be more unexpected than seeing you here!

Theo. Pray Gentlemen, How did you come?

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Doubt. Travelling for *Whalley*, where I told you, Madam, in my Letters, I would suddenly be, we lost our way by the darkness of the night, and wander'd till we came near this House, whither an honest Country fellow brought us for shelter from this dreadful Tempest.

Bell. And your Father is pleas'd to admit a brace of stray-fellows with the greatest civility in the world : But Madam, coming safe to shore, after a Shipwrack, could not bring such joy to me, as I find in seeing you. *To Isab.*

Doubt. The Sun, to a man left a Winter at *Greenland*, could not be so ravishing a sight, as you dear Madam are to me. *To Theo.*

Theo. This is Knight Errantry indeed.

Isab. Methinks they talk Romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earnest ; for the Dames are disposed of.

Bell. }
Doubt. } How, Married !

Isab. Not executed, but condemn'd !

Theo. Beyond all hopes of mercy.

Doubt. Death, Madam, you struck me to the heart ; I felt your Words here.

Bell. My heart was just at my mouth, if you had not stopt it with this Cordial, 't had flown. I may live now in hope of a reprieve for you.

Isab. Our Fathers will never consent to that.

Theo. Mine will not I am sure. I have a Mother, to boot, more obstinate than he.

Doubt. If they be so merciless, self preservation, the great Law of Nature will justify your escape.

Bell. We Knight Errants, as you call us, will rescue you I warrant you.

Isab. But if we leave our fools, our Fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you lose your Father, Madam, you shall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt. And you, Madam, shall meet with one, whose person and whose fortune shall be always at your command.

Theo. We grow a little too serious about this matter.

Isab. 'Tis from Matrimony we would fly ! oh 'tis a dreadful thing.

Bell. This heresy can never be defended by you : a man must be blind that inclines to that opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, Servants.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, be pleas'd to walk in to the next Room, and take a small Collation to refresh yourselves.

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Bell. Your Humble Servant.

Sir Edw. This Country Fellow that led you hither, tells me a Tale of Witches, and here's an uproar in my Family, and they say this place is haunted with them; I hope you have no faith in those things.

Doubt. When I hear a very strange Story, I always think 'tis more likely he should lye that tells it me, than that should be true.

Sir Edw. 'Tis a good rule for our belief.

Exeunt.

Smerk. My blood rises at them, These are damn'd Hobbiſts and Atheiſts, I'd have 'em burnt in *Smithfield*.

Isab. Well, these Gentlemen may perhaps go to their Servants and Horses at *Whalley* to morrow, where they muſt ſtay ſometime before we ſee 'em again.

Theod. We are ruin'd then: For this Marriage will be ſo preſs'd upon us, now the Writings are ſealed, and Clothes bought, we ſhall have no way to delay it, but downright breaking with our Fathers.

Isab. I am reſolv'd to conſult with the Gentlemen this night whatever come on't.

Theo. How canſt thou poſſibly bring it about my Dear?

Isab. I warrant thee, a Womans wit will naturally work about theſe matters. Come my Dear.

Ex omnes.

The Scène Sir Edward's Cellar.

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in the form of a Buck-Goat after.

Demd. Lo here our little ^a Maſter's come.

Let each of us ^b ſalute his Bum.

All kiſs the Devil's Arſe.

See our Proviſions ready here,

To which no ^c Salt muſt ere come near.

Tables riſes.

M. Spen. Who draws the Wine?

Demd. Our ^d Brooms ſhall do't.

Go thou.

Dicken. And thou.

Harg. And thou.

Mal. Spen. And thou.

Their Brooms all march off and fetch Bottles.

Devil. ^e What have ye done for my delight?

Relate the ſervice of the night.

Demd. To a Mothers Bed I ſoftly crept,
And while th'unchriſtn'd Brat yet ſlept,
^f I ſuct the breath and ^g blood of that,
And ſtole anothers fleſh and fat,
Which I will boyl before it ſtink;
The thick for Ointment, thin for Drink
I'll keep——

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^h From a Murd'rer that hung in Chains
I bit dryd Sinews and shrunk Veins.
Marrow and Entrails I have Brought,
A piece o'th' Gibbet too I got,
And of the Rope the fatal Knot.
I sunk a Ship and in my flight
I kickt a steeple down to Night.

Devil. Well done my Dame, Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Dick. ⁱ To Gibbets I flew, and dismal Caves,
To Charnel houses and to Graves.

^k Bones I got, and flesh enough,
From dead mens Eyes the glewy Stuff,
Their Eye-balls with my nailes scoop'd out,
And pieces of their Limbs I've brought——

^l A Brat ith' Mothers Womb I slew:

The Fathers neck I twisted too.

Doggs barkt, Cocks-crowed, away I flew.

Devil. A good Servant, Ho, ho, ho!

Harg. ^m Flesh from a Raven in a Ditch.

I snatcht, and more from a ravenous Bitch.

ⁿ 'Mongst Tombs I search'd for flesh and bone,

^o With hair about my ears alone.

^p Fingers, Noses, and a Wen.

And the blood of murder'd men,

^q A mad Dogs Foam and a Wolves Hairs,

A Serpents Bowels, Adders Ears,

I put in my pouch; and coming back,

The Bells in a Steeple I did crack.

I sent the murren into Hogs,

And drove the Kine into the Bogs.

Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well, Ho, ho, ho.

M. Spen. ^r To make up Love Cups I have sought
A Wolf's Tail Hair, and Yard, I've got

The Green Frogs Bones, whose flesh was tain

From thence by Ants; then a Cats Brain;

The ^s Bunch of flesh from a black Folees Head,

Just as his Dam was brought to Bed,

Before she lickt it; and I have some

Of that which falls from a ^t Mares Womb

When she's in Lust; and as I came home

I put a woman into fits,

And frighted a Parson out of his wits.

Devils. All's well. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Dance.

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Song 1.

What joy like ours can mortals find?
 We can command the Sea
 and Wind :
 All Elements our Charms obey,
 And all good things become our prey ;
 The daintiest Meat, and lustiest Wine,
 We for our Sabaths still design.
 'Mongst all the great Princes the sun
 shall e'er see,
 None can be so great, or so happy as we.

2.

We Sail in Egg-shells on rough Seas,
 And see strange Countries when we
 please !
 Or on our Beesoms we can fly,
 And nimbly mounting to the Sky,
 We leave the swiftest Birds behind.
 And when we please outstrip the Wind :
 Then we feast and we revel after long
 flight,
 Or with a Lov'd Incubus sport all
 the night.

3.

When we'er on Wing, we sport and play,
 Mankind, like Emmets, we survey ;
 With Lightening blast with Thunder kill,
 Cause Barrenness where e're we will.
 Of full revenge we have the power ;
 And Heaven it self can have no more.
 Here's a health to our Master the Prince of the Flies,
 Who commands from Center all up to the Skies.

All. ^u Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, sabath, sabath, sabath, Devil, Devil,
 Devil, dance here, dance there, play here, play there, harr, harr, harr,
 hoo, hoo, hoo——

Act Ends.

They all sink and vanish.

Notes upon the Second Act.

* For the Chamber-maids superstition, p. 18. see Burchard Decret. Amongst his questions about Confession, where this is found, *Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent : Tollunt Piscem vivum, & mittunt eum in puerperium suum, & tam diu eum ibi teneant, donec mortuus fuerit, & decocto pisce vel assato, maritis suis ad comedendum tradunt, ideo faciunt hoc, ut plus in amorem earum exardescant : si fecisti, duos annos per Legitimas ferias pæniteas.* For the Knots, *Virg. Eclog. 8. Necte tribus nodis ternos Amarylli colores, Necte Amarylli modo, & Veneris, dic, vincula netto.*

^a They call the Devil that calls them to their Sabaths or Feasts, Little Martin, or little Master. *Delrio Disquis. Mag. quest. 16. lib. 2.* and *Bodin Demonoman. lib. 2. cap. 4.* have the same relation out of *Paulus Grillandus.* He is said to call them with a human voice, but to appear in the shape of a Buck-Goat ; *Evocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso dæmone, quem non vocant dæmonem sed magisterulum, aliæ Martinettum hunc, sive Martinellum.* And a little after. *Et statim hircus ille ascendebat per aerem, &c.* Almost all Authors that speak of Witches Sabaths, say, that he is call'd *Martinettus* or *Magisterulus*, and that he appears in form of a Buck-Goat. About their Sabaths, See *Nicholaus Remigius, lib. 1. cap. 14. Philippo Ludwigg. Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, Quæst. 10. Solent ad conventum delatæ Lamiæ Dæmonem, Synagogæ præsidem & rectorem in solio consistentem,*

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immutatum in Hircum horridum : Guaccius compendium Maleficarum, Lib. 1. cap. 13. Ibi Dæmon est conventus præses in solio sedet forma terrificæ ut plurimum Hirci, &c. ^b Kissing the Devil's Buttocks is a part of the homage they pay the Devil, as Bodin says Doctor Edlin did, a Sorbon Doctor ; Who was burn'd for a Witch. Scot also quotes one *Danæus*, whom I never read, for kissing the Devil's Buttocks. About kissing the Devil's Buttocks, see farther, *Guaccius* in the fore-quoted Chapter, *Ad signum homagii eum (s. dæmonem) podice osculantur*, *Ludwigus Elich. quæst. 10. Deinde quod homagii est indicium (honor sit Auribus) ab iis ingerenda sunt oscula Dæmonis podici.* ^c The Devil will have no Salt in his Meat, *Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 7. pag. 113.* As also *Guaccius, cap. 13.* The Devil loves no Salt in his Meat, says Bodin, *Dæm. lib. 3 cap. 5.* because it is an emblem of Eternity, and used by God's Command in Sacrifices, and quotes *Levit. 1.* for that ; which is a notable reason, ^d *Lucian* in his Dialogue of *Φιλοψευδεῖς* or the Lovers of lies (as all Witchwongers are) makes one of his Sages *Eucrates*, tells how he learn'd of *Pancrates* an Egyptian Magitian that travell'd with him, to make a Staff run of Errands and bring things to him, and that he in the absence of the Magitian commanded a Staff to fetch him Water, and not having learn'd the art of conjuring it down again, it brought Water so often that he feared it would have drowned the Room ; he cut it in two peices, and then both those peices fetch'd Water till the Egyptian came and conjur'd 'em down. ^e They are always at their meetings examin'd by the Devil, or the Dame, what service they have done. *Remigius Dæmonolat. lib. 1 cap. 22. Quemadmodum solent Heri in Villicū Procuratoribus, &c. Ita Dæmon in suis comitiis quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus & actionibus ipse constituit, &c.* Speaking of Witches. ^f See *Malleus Maleficarum, Tom. 2.* of Witches being transform'd into Cats, and sucking the breath and blood of Children. ^g *Ovid Fast. lib. 6.* says of *Striges*, which modern Witchmongers call Witches. *Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes, & vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis carpere dicuntur lætentia viscere rostris, & plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.* *Wierus, lib. ultimo de lamiis, cap. 6* relates from one *Petrus*, a Judge in *Boltingen*, a place in the Countrey of *Bern*, the confession of a Witch thus, *Infantibus baptizatis vel nondum baptizatis insidiamur, &c. hos in cunabulis vel ad parentum latera jacentes ceremoniis nostris occidimus, quos, postquam putantur oppressi vel aliunde mortui, ex sepulchro clam suffuramur, & in olla decoquimus ; de solidiore materia unguentum facimus nostris voluntatibus, actibus & transvectionibus commodum ; de liquidiore vero humore utrem implemus, ex quo quicunque biberit :* See the Notes in the third Act. ^h *Remigius, lib. 2. Demonolat. cap. 3. Hæc & nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, presertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver Exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum ; nam non solum inde scortilegiis suis materiam mutantur, sed & ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reſte, vinculis, palo, ferramentis, siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* The French Gamesters are superstitious in this, and think that the noose of the Rope, that went about the Neck of one that was hang'd, will make them win. And here old women will prescribe a piece of the Gallows for a cure for an ague. That the ancients were superstitious in these things, see *Lucan, lib. 6. Laqueum nodosque nocentes ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, abrasitque cruces percussaque viscera nimbis vulsit, & incoctas admisso sole medullas, insertum manibus chalybem, nigramque per artus stillantis tabi saniem virusque coactum sustulit, & morsus nervo retinente pependit.* For the use of dead bodies in Witchcraft, see *Apuleius, De aureo asino, lib. 3* speaking of *Pamphile*, *Priusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam.* Among other things, *Sepulchrorum cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares, illic digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor.* ⁱ *Lucan* makes his Witch inhabit such places, *Desertaque busta incolit & tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris. Agrippa de occulta Philosophia, lib. 1. cap. 48. Saturno correspondent loca quævis fætida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa, funesta, ut cæmeteria, busta & hominibus deserta habitacula & vetustate caduca, loca obscura & horrenda, & solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei, &c.* And

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in his Third Book, cap. 42. *Aptissima loca plurimum experientia visionum nocturnalium, incursionum & consimillium phantasmatum, ut cæmeteria, & in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, &c.* ^k Lucan, lib. 6. *At Ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus humor ducitur, & tracta durescunt tabe medullæ corpora, tunc omnes avide desævitur in artus, immersitque manus oculis, gaudetq; gelatos effodisse orbes.* ^l Nider in his *Formicarium* mentions one that kill'd Seven Children in the Mother's Womb, by Witchcraft: This, he says was done by laying a *Lizard* under the Threshold, and that will cause abortion in every Female in the House: *Vid Formicar. cap. 3.* Remigius says, about the Cocks-crowing, that nothing is so hateful to the Witches when they are at their Charms, as the Cock-crowing; as one *Latoma*, a Witch, among other things confessed; and several other Authors mention it as very hateful to the Witches. ^m *Hor. Epod. 5.* amongst *Canidia's* materialls reckons, *Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ Canis.* And Lucan, lib. 6. of *Erietho.* *Et quodcunque iacet nuda tellure cadaver ante feras volucresq; sedet; nec carpere membra vult ferro manibusq; suis morsuq; luporum expectat siccis raptura a faucibus artus.* ⁿ See *Apuleius* before cited. ^o *Ovid.* *Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* See the Notes of the third Act. ^p For the parts of the Body, the Wen and the blood of slain men, see *Apuleius* before quoted. ^q Lucan. lib. 6. *Huc quicquid fætu genuit natura sinistro, miscetur: Non spuma canum quibus unda timori est, viscera non Lyncis, non duræ nodus Hyænæ defuit.* ^r For *Philtres*, See *Juvenal. Sat. 6.* *Hic Magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit Philtra.* For this following potion, take the Words of *Wierus, de præstig. Dem bli. 3. cap. 37.* *Inter amatoria ad hæc venena connumerantur, in extrema lupi cauda pilus, ejusq; virga, remora pisciculus, felis cerebrum & Lacerta stellio cui stincus nomen est, item os de rana viridi in formicarum acervo exesa:* See *Pliny, lib. 8. cap. 22.* ^s This *Hippomanes* *Pliny in Nat. Hist* and *Aristotle de Nat. Animal.* mention, and all the old Poets, *Virg. Æneid. 4.* *Queritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, & matri præreptus amor.* See this described in *Wierus, lib. 3. c. 37.* *Ovid, lib. 2. De arte Amandi, Datque quod a teneri fronte revellit equi.* *Lucan, lib. 6.* *Nec noxia tantum pocula proficiunt, aut quum turgentia succo Frontis amaturæ subducunt pignora fætæ.* ^t *Virg. 3. Georg. Hinc demum hyppomanes vero quod nomine dicunt Pastores, Lentum distillat ab inguine virus.* *Tibullus, lib. 1. Eleg. 4.* *Hippomanes cupida stillat ab inguine Equæ.* *Ovid. lib. 1. Eleg. 8.* Upon a *Bawd*, *Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo Licia, quid valeat virus amantis equæ.* *Proper. lib. 4. (in quandam Lænam) Consuluit striges nostro de sanguine & in me hippomanes fætæ semina legit Equæ.* In *Wier.* it is thus described, *Caruncula haud parum famosa, carica magnitudine, specia orbiculata, Latiuscula, colore nigro, quæ in fronte nascentis pulli equini apparet, quam edito statim partu mater lambendo, abstergendoq; devorat, & si præripiatur, animum a fætu penitus aversum habet, nec eum ad ubera admittit.* ^u That they make these confused noises, see *Naudæus, Hist. Mag. and Pet. de Loyer de Spectris.* And that these shouts and these words are used by them, see *Scott. pag. 42,* and *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* This is to be found in *Remigius* and *Delrio*, and *M. Phi. Ludwigus, Elich.* out of them says, *quest. 10.* *Toto turba colluviesq; pessima fescenninos in honorem dæmonum cantat obscænissimos. Hæc canit. Harr, harr, illa Diabole, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc, altera lude hic, lude illic, alia Sabaoth. Sabaoth, &c. immo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, propicinis furit ac debacchat.*

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ACT III.

Enter Sir *Edward Hartfort*, *Belfort* and *Doubty*.

Doubt. **Y**OU have extreamly delighted us this Morning, by your House, Gardens, your Accommodation, and your way of Living; you put me in mind of the renowned *Sidney's* Admirable description of *Kalandar*.

Sir Edw. Sir you Complement me too much.

Bell. Methinks you represent to us the Golden days of Queen *Elizabeth*, such sure were our Gentry then; now they are grown servile Apes to foreign customes, they leave off Hospitality, for which We were famous all over *Europe*, and turn Servants to Board-wages.

Sir Edw. For my part, I love to have my Servants part of my Family, the other were, to hire day Labourers to wait upon me; I had rather my Friends, Kindred, Tenants and Servants should live well out of me, than Coach-makers, Taylors, Embroiderers, and Lacemen should: To be pointed at in the Streets, and have Fools stare at my Equipage, is a vanity I have always scorn'd.

Doubt. You speak like one descended from those Noble Ancestors that made *France* tremble, and all the rest of *Europe* Honour 'em.

Sir Edw. I reverence the Memory of 'em: But our new-fashion'd Gentry love the *French* too well to fight against 'em; they are bred abroad without knowing any thing of our Constitution, and come home tainted with Foppery, slavish Principles, and Popish Religion.

Bell. They bring home Arts of Building from hot Countries to serve for our cold one; and frugality from those places where they have little Meat and small Stomacks, to suffice us who have great plenty and lusty Appetites.

Doubt. They build Houses with Halls in 'em, not so big as former Porches; Beggars were better entertain'd by their Ancestors, than their Tennants by them.

Sir Edw. For my part, I think 'twas never good days, but when great Tables were kept in large Halls; the Buttery-hatch always open, Black Jacks, and a good smell of Meat and *March-Beer*, with Dogs turds and mary-bones as Ornaments in the Hall: These were signs of good House-keeping, I hate to see *Italian* fine Buildings with no Meat or Drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little Plates, methinks there's Vertue in an English Sur-loyn.

Doubt. Our Sparks bring nothing but Foreign Vices and Follies home; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one Country to learn to live in another.

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Sir *Edw.* While we lived thus (to borrow a Coxcomby word) we made a better Figure in the World.

Bell. You have a mind that suits your Fortune, and can make your own Happiness.

Sir *Edw.* The greatest is the enjoyment of my Friends, and such Worthy Gentlemen as your selves, and when I cannot have enough of that, I have a Library, good Horses, and good Musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an English Gentleman.

Sir *Edw.* You are too kind, *I am a true English-man, I love the Princes Rights and Peoples Liberties, and will defend them both with the last penny in my purse, and the last drop in my veins, and dare defy the witless Plots of Papists.*

Bell. Spoken like a Noble Patriot.

Sir *Edw.* Pardon me, you talk like English-men, and you have warm'd me ; I hope to see the Prince and People flourish yet, old as I am, in spite of Jesuits ; I am sure our Constitution is the noblest in the World.

Doubt. Would there were enough such English Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Twere to be wisht ; but our Gentry are so much poysoned with Forreign Vanities, that methinks the Genius of *England* seems sunk into the Yeomanry.

Sir *Edw.* We have indeed too many rotten Members. You speak like Gentlemen, worthy of such Noble Fathers, as you both had ; but Gentlemen, I spoke of Musick, I see two of my Artists, come into the Garden, they shall entertain you with a Song this Morning.

Bell. Sir, You oblige us every way.

An Italian Song.

Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see Sir you are well serv'd in every thing.

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Sir *Edw.* My sweet Cousin, good Morrow to thee, I hope to call thee shortly by another Name, my dear Child, Heavens bless thee.

Isab. kneels.

Bell. Ladies, your most humble Servant ; you are early up to take the pleasure of the Morning in these Gardens.

Doubt. 'Tis a Paradise you are in ; every object within this place is ravishing.

Theo. This place affords variety of Pleasures ; nothing here is wanting.

Bell. Where such fine Ladies are.

Enter Servants with Teague O Devilly an Irish Priest.

Serv. A Gentleman, To speak with you.

Sir *Edw.* With me ! Daughter, pray shew those Gentlemen the Statues, Grottoes, and the Water-works, Ile wait on you immediately.

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Bell. This is an opportunity beyond our hopes.

Ex. Bell, Doubt.

Sir Edw. Would speak with me?

Isab. Theo.

Priest. Arrah, and please ty Oorship, I am come here to dis plaash to maake a visitt unto thee; Dosht dou not know me, Joy?

Sir Edw. Oh! you live at Mr. *Redletters* my Catholick Neighbours.

Priest. Ah by my Shoul, I.

Sir Edw. How came you to venture hither? you are a Popish-Priest.

Priest. Ah, but 'tis no matter for all daat, Joy: by my Shoul, but I will taak de Oades, and I think I vill be excus'd; but hark vid you a while, by my trott I shall be a Paapist too for all daat, indeed, yes.

Sir Edw. Excellent Principles!

Priest. I do come for de nonest to see dee, and yet I do not come one purpose gra: But it is no matter, I will talk vid you aboot daat, I do come upon occasion, and Mr. *Redletter* did shend me unto dee.

Sir Edw. For What?

Priest. What will I say unto dee now, but Mr. *Redletter* did shend me, and yet I did come off my self too for all daat upon occasion, daat I did heare concerning of dee, dat dy House and de Plaash is all over-run with Witches and Spirits; do you see now?

Sir Edw. I had best let this fool stay to laugh at him, he may be out of the damn'd Plot if any Priest was? Sure they would never trust this Fool. *Aside.*

Priest. What shaal you shay unto me upon all dis, I will exorcize doze Vitches, and I will plague dose Devils now by my Shoul, vid Holy-water, and vid Reliques and I will freet 'em out of this Plaash. God shaave de King.

Sir Edw. I have forgot your Name.

Priest. They do put the name of *Kelly* upon me, Joy; but by my fait I am call'd by my own right naame, *Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir Edw. *Tegue O Devilly*?

Priest. Yes, a very oold Naam in *Eerland* by my Shalvaation; well gra, I have brought upon my Cloak-bagg shome Holy-water, and I will put it upon the Devils and de Vitches Faashes, and I will make you shome more Holy-vaater, and you vill vaash all dee Roomes vid it an bee—

Sir Edw. Well, Father *Tegue O Devilly*, You're welcom; but how dare you venture publickly in these times?

Priest. Why, I have a great consideration upon dy Prudence; for if dou vouldst betray me, now phare will be de soleedity of dat, Joy.

Sir Edw. I speak not for my self, but others.

Priest. The Devil taak me now, I do tink, I will suffer for my Religion, I am affraid I will be slain at lasht at the plaash they call Saint *Ty-burn*, but I do not caare by my Shalvaation; for if I will be hang'd, I will be a Saint presently, and all my Country shall pray unto Saint *Tegue*; besides

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shome great people will be nameless too, I tell you I shay noe more, but I will be prayed unto Joy.

Sir Edw. Prayed to ! Very well.

Priest. Yes by my Shoule will I, and I will have Reliques maade of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and my Lady have some business with you, and desire your Company within.

Sir Edw. Come, Father *Tegue*, come along me, do you hear, find the Gentlemen that are walking with my Daughter and her Couzen, and tell 'em I will wait on 'em presently. *Exit. Sir Edw. and Priest.*

Serv. I will. They are here. Gentlemen, my Master is call'd away upon business, he begs your excuse, and will wait on you presently.

Ex. Serv.

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer Opportunity, and certainly intends we should make use of it ; I have my own Parson that comes to hunt with me at *Whalley*, Madam, an excellent School Divine, that will end all differences betwixt us.

Isab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us, the Name of a Parson is a dreadfull Name upon these occasions, he'll bring us into a Condition we can never get out of, but by Death.

Bell. If the absolute command of me and my Fortune can please you, you shall never desire to get out of it.

Doubt. I should at more distance and with more reverence approach you, Madam, did not the shortness of the time, and the great danger of losing you, force me to be free ; throw not away this precious time, a Minute now is inestimable.

Theo. Yet I must consider on that Minute on which the happiness or Misery of all my Life may depend.

Isab. How can I imagine that you who have rambled up and down the Southern World, should at last fix on a Home-bred Mistress in the North ? how can you be in earnest ?

Bell. Consult your understanding, and your Looking-Glass ; one will tell you how Witty, Wise, and Good you are ; the other, how Beautiful, how Sweet, how Charming.

Isab. Men before they are married turn the great end of their Perspective ; but the little end after it.

Bell. They are Men of ill Eyes, and worse Understanding ; but for your Perfections there needs no Perspective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to Marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my Reputation I suppose you are no Stranger, nor to my

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Estate, which lies all in the next County ; and for my Love, I will convince you of it, by setting what ever you please, or all that Estate upon you before I expect any favour from you.

Theo. You are so generous beyond my Deserts, that I know not how to credit you.

Doubt. Your Modesty is too great, and your Faith too little.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Death ! Who are these with my Mistress and my Sister ? Oh ! they are the silly Fellows that we saw at the Spaw, that came hither last night. Do you know, Sir, that this is my Mistress, Sir.

Bell. I know Sir that no man is worthy of that Honour.

Sir Tim. Yes, Sir ; I will make you know that I am, Sir, and She has the Honour to be my Mistress.

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Sir Tim. Very well, Sir ! No, 'tis very ill, Sir, that you should have the boldness to take my Mistress by the Hand, Sir ; and if you do, Sir ; I must tell you, Sir——What do you Smile, Sir ?

Bell. A man may do what he will with his own Face. I may smile, Sir——

Sir Tim. If you do, Sir, I will fight, Sir, I tell you that, Sir, hah !

Isab. Sir Timothy, you are a bloody-minded man.

Sir Tim. 'Tis for my Honour, my Honour, he is plaguely afraid ; look you, Sir, if you smile, Sir, at me, Sir, I will kick, Sir, that's more, Sir.

Bell. If you do, you will be the fifteenth man I have run through the Body, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah ! What does he say, through the Body, oh.

Theo. Yonder's my Brother, we must not be so particular, let's joyn.

Sir Tim. How, the Body, Sir.

Bell. Yes, Sir ; and my custom is (if it be a great affront, I kill them, for) I rip out their Hearts, dry 'em to Powder, and make Snuff on 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord ! Snuff !

Bell. I have a box full in my pocket, Sir ; will you please to take some.

Sir Tim. No, Sir ; I thank you, Sir : Snuff, quoth a ? I will have nothing to do with such a cruel man ; I say no more, Sir.

Doubt. Your Servant, Sir——

Sir Tim. Your Servant, Sir ; does he take such Snuff too ?

Bell. The same——do you hear, Sir ? if you value your own Life, which I will save for the Families sakes, not a word of this to any man.

Sir Tim. No, Sir ; Not I, Sir. Your humble Servant.

Enter Sir Edward.

Sir Edward. I ask you pardon, Gentlemen ; I was stay'd by what, if you please to walk in, will divert you well enough.

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Doubt. Wee will wait on you, Sir.

Sir Edw. Daughter, Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady* have made complaints of you, forabusing Sir *Timothy*; let me hear no more on't, we have resolv'd the Marriage shall be to Morrow, it will become you to be upon a little better Terms to day.

Sir Tim. Do you hear that, Gentlewoman.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I have sent to *Whally* for all your Servants, and Horses, and Doggs; you must doe me the Honour to make some stay with me.

Bell. We cannot enough acknowledg your great Civility.

Sir Edw. No Complements; I oblige my self. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and I have just now agreed, that to morrow shall be the day of Marriage between our Sons and Daughters.

Theo. Very short warning.

Sir Edw. Hee'l not delay it longer.

Theo. I'le in, and see what's the reason of this sudden Resolution.

Bell. Sir, we wait on you.

Sir Edw. Stay you there a while with Sir *Timothy*.

Ex. all but Sir Tim. and Isab.

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, prethee be kinder to me, I protest and vow, as I am a Christian, I love thee better than both my Eyes, for all this.

Isab. Why, how now, Dog's Face; hast thou the impudence to make love again, with that hideous Countenance? that very insipid silly *Physiomy* of thine? with that most piteous mien? why, thou lookest like an *Operator* for Teeth.

Sir Tim. This is all sham, I wont believe it; I can see my self in the great glass, and to my mind no man looks more like a Gentleman than myself.

Isab. A Gentleman! with that silly wadling shuffling gate? thou hast not mien good enough for a chief Constable, every change of thy Countenance, and every motion of thy Body proclaims thee an Ass.

Sir Tim. Ay, Ay, come Madam, I shall please you better when I am Marry'd, with a trick that I have, I tell yee.

Isab. Out of my sight, thou makest me sick to see thee.

Sir Tim. I shall be more Familiar with you to Morrow-night, oh my dear rogue——well I say no more; faith I shall, well, no more to be said.

Isab. Be gone, thou Basilisk here; I vow if thou wert the only man on Earth, the Kind should cease rather than I would Marry thee.

Sir Tim. You'l be in a better humour to Morrow-night, though you are such a vixen now.

Isab. This place, where some Materials are to mend the Wall, will furnish me with some Ammunition: be gone I say.

Sir Tim. I shant do't, I know when I am in good Company, come

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prethee Cousin, do not let us Fool any longer, to morrow we shall be one flesh——d'ye see.

Isab. I had rather be inoculated into a Tree, than to be made one Flesh with thee; can that *Westphalia* hide of thine ever become one Flesh with me; when I can become one Ass with thee, it may; you shall never change my Mind.

Sir Tim. Well, Well, I shall have your Body to Morrow-night, and I warrant you, your mind shall soon follow it.

Isab. Be gone, thou infinite Coxcomb, I'll set thee farther.

She throws Stones at him.

Sir Tim. What, what, what a pox! hold, what a Devil, are you mad? Flesh, heart, hold, what a plague; uds bud, I could find in my Heart to turn again.

Isab. Do filthy Face, do if thou dar'st.

Sir Tim. Oh help, murder, murder.

Ex. Sir Timothy.

Isab. I have no patience with this Fool, no Racks, no Tortures shall force me to marry him.

Ex. Isab.

Enter Young Hartford and Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this Matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. Har. I must confess you are as fine a Gentlewoman as ever I saw, and I am not worthy of you; but my Father says he will disinherit me, if I will not marry you to Morrow; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. Har. You shall command all my Estate, and do what you will; for my part I resolve all my Life, to give up my self wholly to my Sports, and my Horses, and my Dogs, and to drink now and then a Cup of Ale with my Neighbors, I hate Wine.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. Har. He says we must be Married to Morrow at Ten, I can be going a Hawking by six, and come home time enough, I would be loath to neglect my Hawking at Powts in the height of the Season.

Theo. By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. Har. Ay so I should, but shall I tell my Father that you will have me to Morrow? you know the Writings are Sealed, and Wedding-Cloaths bought of all sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. Har. Well, Cousin, there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then. *Pauca Verba*, a word to the Wise, I say, is enough; so I rest your humble Servant to command; Ile tell my Father what you say presently, your Servant; to tell you truly, I had never so much mind

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to be Married as now ; for I have been so woundedly frightned with Witches, that I am affraid to lye alone, d'e see ; well, I am glad this business is over : a pox upon all making of Love for me. *Ex. Yo. Har.*

Theo. I thought I saw my Cousin in yon Walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do, my Father and Mother are resolved upon to Morrow for the fatal day. *Ex. Theo.*

Enter Smerk, and Priest, and Mrs. Susan.

Priest. By my shoule, Joy, I thank you for my Fast-break, for it does give refreshment unto me, and Consolation too, gra.

Smerk. Thank you Mistress Susan, my Caudle was admirable ; I am much strengthened by these good Creatures.

Sus. Yours was admirable——if Mother Demdick has any Skill ; I shall find the operation before night, and I will be reveng'd for his scorn to me. *Aside.*

Priest. Though thou dosht know me, yet thou dosht sahy thou wilt tell nothing concerning of me.

Smerk. No, for my part, though I differ in some things, yet I honour the Church of Rome as a true Church.

Priest. By my Shalvaation ye did all come out of us indeed, and I have expectaation daat you will come in agen, and I think I will live to shee it ; perhaps I will tell you now, you had your Ordination too with us.

Smerk. For my part, I think the Papists are honest, loyal men, and the Jesuits dyed innocent.

Priest. Phaasht dou dosht not believe de Plot de Devil taake me.

Smerk. No, no, no Papist Plot, but a Presbyterian one.

Priest. Abou, boo, boo, By my Shalvaation I will embraash dy Fathers Child, and I will put a great kish upon dy cheeke, now for dat, ay dear ish, a damnd Presbyterian Plot to put out de Paapist, and de Priests, and de good Men ; and if I would have my minde, de Devil taak me, I would shee 'em all broyle and fry in de plaash they call Smithfeild, Joy.

Smerk. I would have Surplices cram'd down their Throats, or would have 'em hang'd in Canonical Girdles.

Priest. Let me Imbraash my Joy agen for daat.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. We shall have excellent sport with these Priests ; see they are come from their Breakfast, and Embracing.

Priest. And dou dosht not believe the Paapists Plot, my Joy ?

Smerk. No, But the damn'd Presbyterian Plot I do : I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian ; Rogues, Villains.

Priest. By Shoule I vill give Satisfaction unto dee, and maak dee of my Church, we have shome good Friends of dy Church, and dou art almost as good a Friend as he in de West, I have forgot his Naam, I do take it did begin vid a T.

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Doubt. *How now ! Do not you believe a Popish Plot ?*

Smerk. *No ; but a Presbyterian one I do.*

Bell. *This is great Impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in so many Proclamations, and three Parliaments have voted it, Nemine contradicente.*

Smerk. *Parliaments ? tell me of Parliaments ? with my Bible in my hand, I'll dispute with the whole House of Commons ; Sir, I hate Parliaments, none but Phanaticks, Hobbists, and Atheists believe the Plot.*

Priest. *By my fait and trot, dou dosh't maak we weep indeed, by my Shoul, Joy, dou wilt be a good Catholick, if I will instruct dee, I will weep on dee indeed.*

Bell. *Why, the true and wise Church of England-men believe it, and are a great Rock gainst the Church of Rome.*

Doubt. *And Preach and Write learnedly against it ; but such Fellows as you, are scandals to the Church, a Company of Tantivy Fools.*

Bell. *All the Eminent men of the Church of England believe the Plot, and detest it with horroure, and abominate the Religion that contriv'd it.*

Smerk. *Not all the Eminent men, for I am of another opinion.*

Priest. *By my shoul, by my Shoul, Joy, dey are our Enemies, and I would have no fait put upon dem ; but dis is my dear Friend.*

Doubt. *This is a Rascal conceal'd in the Church, and is none of it ; sure his Patron knows him not.*

Bell. *No certainly !*

Smerk. *You are Hobbists and Atheists.*

Preist. *It is no matter for all daat, Joy ; what dey do shay unto dee ; for by Chreest, and by Saint Paatrick dey be Heretick Doggs, by my Shalvaation dou dosht make me weep upon de agen ; by de Lady Mary, I think I will be after reconciling dee to de Caatholick Church indeed.*

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shack, Sir Edw. and Isab. and Theodosia.

Sir Jeff. *Your Servant Gentlemen.*

La. Sha. *Your most humble Servant.*

Bell. } *Your most humble Servant.*
Doubt. }

Sir Edw. *Is not my Irish man a pleasant fellow ?*

Doubt. *A great Father of the Church.*

Bell. *And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.*

Sir Edw. *Sir Jeffery is going to take some informations about Witches, perhaps that may divert you not ill. 'Tis against my opinion, but I give him a Way.*

La. Sha. *I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my incivility, in rushing unawares into your Chamber last night ; but I know you are so much a Gentleman, so well bred, and so accomplit, I know you do——*

Doubt. *Madam.*

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La. Sha. And for that reason I will make you my Confident in a business, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may not be to your disadvantage, I will communicate it to you in private. Now, *Sir Jeffery* and I are to take some Examinations. I assist him very much in his business, or he could never do it. *He sits down and La. Shac.*

Sir Jeff. Call in these Fellows, let's hear what they'l say about these Witches; come on, Did you serve my Warrant on Mother *Demdike*?

They call the Constable in and a Country fellow.

Const. Sir, I went to her House (and please your Worship) and lookt in at her Window, and she was feeding three great Toads, and they daunc'd and leapt about her, and she suckled a great black Cat well nigh as big as a Spaniel; I went into the House, and she vanisht, and there was nothing but the Cat in the middle, who spit and star'd at me, and I was frighted away.

Sir Jeff. An arch Witch, I warrant her.

Const. I went out at the back dore, and by the Threshold sat a great Hare, I struck at it, and it run away, and ever since I have had a great pain in my back, and cannot make Water, saving your presence.

Sir Edw. A fit of the Gravel.

Priest. No, by my shoule, she is a great Witch, and I vil cure you upon daat.

Sir Jeff. No: I tell you, *Sir Edward*, I am sure she is a Witch, and between you and I, last night, when I would have been kind to my Wife, she bewicht me, I found it so.

Sir Edw. Those things will happen about five and fifty.

Priest. I will tell you now, Joy, I will cure you too.

* Taak one of de Tooths of a dead man, and bee, and burn it, and taak dee smoke into both your Noses, as you taak Snush, and anoint your self vid dee Gaall of a Crow, taak Quicksilver, as dey do call it, and put upon a Quill, and plaash it under do shoft Pillow you do shit upon, den maak shome waater through de Ring of a Wedding, by *St. Patrick*, and I will shay shome *Ave Maaries* for dee, and dou wilt be sound agen: gra.

* This Receipt is in *Scott*, he has taken it out of inquisitors and Witch-mongers.

Sir Jeff. Who is this pretends to skill in Witchcraft?

Sir Edw. A very learned man in these matters, that comes hither on purpose.

Sir Jeff. I shall be glad of your better acquaintance.

Priest. I vill be very well pleased to bee after being acquainted vid dee, Joy.

La. Sha. Have you any more to say? Fellow speak to me.

Const. Why, an't please your Worship forsooth, Mother *Demdike* said she would be reveng'd on me for not giving her some Buttermilk; and the next night coming from *Rachdale*, I saw a great Black Hog, and

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my Horse threw me, and I lost a Hog that night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to bed, as ever he was since he was born.

La. *Sba.* 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifest Witch, make a Warrant for her.

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, do.

La. *Sba.* Take some of the Thatch of her House, and burn it at your House, and you shall see she will come streight.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh to morrow about dawn, piss in a pot, and cover it with your right, nether Stocking, and the Witch will be tormented in her Bladder, and come to you roaring before night.

These two Remedies are in Scott.

Doubt. A most profound Science.

Bell. And poor old Ignorant wretches must be hang'd for this.

Const. A Cow of mine is bewicht too, and runs about the Close as if she were mad; and that, I believe, Mother *Hargrave* bewicht, because I deny'd her some *Gos*——good.

Sir *Jeff.* Put her into the Warrent too: 'Tis enough, a little thing will serve for evidence against a Witch.

Sir *Edw.* A very little one.

Priest. * Put a pair of Breeches or *Irish* Trowsers upon your Cows head, Fellow, upon a *Fryday* Morning, and wid a great Stick maak beat upon her, till she do depart out of de Close, and she vil repair unto de Witches dore, and she vill knock upon it vid her Horns indeed.

* This is likewise to be found in *Scott*. Abundance of this kind is to be seen in *Flagellum Diabol.* in the Second *Tom.* of *Mall. Maleficarum.*

Const. Thank you, good Sir.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir, I see you are a Learned man in this business, and I honour you.

Priest. Your Servant, Sir; I will put shome holy waater into your Cows mout and I vill maak Cure upon her for all daat indeed.

La. *Sba.* Come, has any one else any thing to inform?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship, here is a Neighbour, *Thomas o Georges.*

Tho. o G. Why, an't please your Worships, I was at *Mal. Spencer's* House, where she wons i'th' Lone, and whoo has a meeghty great Cat, a black one by'r Lady, and whoo kist and whoo clipt Cat, and ay sent me dawn a bit (meet a bit) and believe Cat went under her Coats. Quo ay, what don yoo doo with that fow Cat? why, says Whoo, who soukes me. Soukes tee? Marry that's whaint, quo ay; by'r Lady, what can Cat do besides? Why, says whoo, woost carry me to *Rachdale* belive. Whaw, quo ay, that's protty! Why, says whoo, yeost ha one an yeow win to carry yeow; by'r Lady, quo ay, with aw my heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill save my Tit a pow'r of labour; so woo

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caw'd a Cat to me, a huge Cat, and we ridden both to *Rachdale* streight along.

Bell. Well said, this was home ; I love a Fellow that will go through stich.

Sir Jeff. This is a Witch, indeed, put her name in.

Priest. This is naw thing by my Shoule, I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat, a Vitch, if she be a good Vitch, will ride upon a Grasshopper, I tell you, verywell, and yet a Grasshopper is but a weak beast neither ; you do maak wonder upon dis, but by my Shoule it is naw thing.

Sir Jeff. Where did you take Cat, say you, together ?

Tho. o. Geor. Why, we took Cat ith' Lone, meet a mile off.

Sir Jeff. So you rid eight mile upon Cats ; are there any more informations ?

Const. No more, an't please your Worship, but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. Sha. Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before *Sir Jeffery*, and my self, I'll warrant you wee'l order 'em.

Priest. I will tell you, now fellow, taak de shoe of a Horse, and nayle it upon your Theshold, de plaash dou dosht goe into dy dore upon.

Sir Jeff. And put a Clove of Garlick into the Roof of thy House.

La. Sha. *Fennil* is very good in your House against Spirits and Witches, and *Alicium*, and the Herb *Mullein*, and *Long-wort*, and *Moly* too is very good.

Priest. * Burn shome Brimstone, and maak a sweet fume of de Gall of a Black Dogg, Joy, and besmear dy Poshts, and dy valls, and bee, and Cross dy Self, and I will touch dee vid Reliques, and dee to gra.

* *This is to be found in Delrio, and Remig. and Fr. Silvester.*

Const. Thank you good Sir.

Tho. o. Gor. Thank a.

Sir Edw. Is not this an excellent Art ?

Bell. 'Tis so extravagant, that a man would think they were all in Dreams that ever writ of it.

Doubt. I see no manner of Evidences against these poor Creatures.

Bell. I could laugh at these Fools sufficiently, but that all the while our Mistresses are in danger.

Doubt. Our time is very short, prethee let's consider what is to be done.

Isab. Well, my Dear, I must open my heart to thee ; I am so much in love with *Bellfort*, that I shall dye if I lose him.

Theo. Poor *Isabella*, dying is something an inconvenient business ; and yet I should live very uncomfortably without my Spark.

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Isab. Our time's very short, therefore prithee let's play the fool no longer, but come to the point when we meet 'em.

Theo. Agreed: But when shall we meet 'em?

Isab. I warrant thee before Midnight.

Sir Edw. Come, let us take one turn in the Garden, and by that time my Dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, for Heaven's sake consider on what a short time my Happiness or Ruin depends.

Isab. Have a Care, *Sir Jeffery* and his Lady will be jealous.

Bell. This is a good sign.

To himself.

Theo. Not a word, we shall be suspected, at night we will design a conference.

Enter Mal Spencer and Clod.

M. Spen. Why so unkind *Clod*? You frown and wonnot kiss me.

Clod. No marry, I'll be none of thy Imp, I wott.

M. Spen. What dost thou mean my Love? prethee kiss me.

Clod. Stand off by'r Lady, an I lift kibbo once, Ist raddle thy bones: thou art a fow Queen, I tell o that, thou art a fow Witch.

M. Spen. I a Witch! a poor Innocent young Lass, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that Mon.

Clod. And I believe mine Eyne, by the Mass I saw you in *Sir Yedards* Cellar last neeght with your Haggs, thou art a rank Witch, uds flesh I'll not come nere thee.

M. Spen. Did you see me? Why, if I be a Witch, I am the better Fortune for you, you may fare of the best and be rich.

Clod. Fare? marry I'll fare none with thee, I'll not be hang'd, nor go to the Deel for thee, not I by th' Mass, but I will hang thee on I con, by'r Lady.

M. Spen. Say you so, Rogue; I'll plague you for that. [*She goes out.*]

Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good marry; I ha scap'd a fine waife, a fow Carrion, by'r Lady, I'll hang the Whean and there be no more Witches in *Lancashire*. Flesh what's 'tiss?

Mal. *Enters with a Bridle, and puts it on ere he is aware.*

Mal. S. A^a Horse, a Horse be thou to me,
And carry me where I shall flee.

She gets upon him,
and flees away.

Enter Demdike, Dickenson, Hargrave, &c. with their Imps and Madg, who is to be the new Witch.

Demd. Within this Shattered Abby Walls,
This Pit oregrown with Brakes and Briers,
Is fit for our dark Works, and here
Our Master dear will soon appear,

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And make thee Mother *Madge* a Witch,
Make thee be Happy, long liv'd, Rich,
Thou wilt be Powerful and Wise,
And be reveng'd of thy Enemies!

Madg. 'Tis that I'd have, I thank you Dame.

Demd. 'Here take this Imp, and let him suck,
He'll do what ere thou bidst him, call
Him Puck-Hairy.

Madg. Come hither Puck-Hairy. *En. an imp in shape of a black
shock, comes to her.*

Demd. Where is thy Contract written in Blood?

Madg. 'Tis here.

Demd. So 'tis firm and good.

Where's my Mamillion? come, my Rogue,
And take thy Dinner.

Dicken. Where's my Puggy?

Come to me, and take thy Duggy.

Harg. Come, my Rouncy, *where art thou?*

Enter Mal. Spencer, Leading Clod in a Bridle.

Mal. Come Sirrah, I have switcht you well, *She ties him up, and joyns
with the other Witches.*
I'll tie you up now to the Rack.

Well met, Sisters, where my Pucklin?

Come away, my pretty Sucklin.

Clod. Wauns and Flesh, what con Ay do naw, I am turn'd into a
Horse, a Capo, a meet Titt; Flesh, Ayst ne're be a Mon agen, I marle I
con speak, I conno pray, I wot, a pox o'th' Deel. Mun Ay live of Oates,
and Beans, and Hay aw my Life, instead of Beef and Pudding? Uds
Flesh, I'll neigh too. *He neighs.*

Oh whoo has switcht and spurd me plaguely, I am raw all over me,
who has ridden a wounded way about too.

Demd. Ointment for Flying here I have,

^d Of Childrens Fat stoln from the Grave.

^e The juice of Smallage, and Night-shade,

Of Poplar Leaves, and Aconite made;

With these

The Aromatick Reed I boyl,

With Water-parsnip, and Cinquefoil;

With store of Soot, and add to that

The reeking Blood of many a Bat.

Dick. ^f From the Seas slimy owse a Weed
I fetch'd to open Locks at need.

^g With Coats tuck'd up, and with my Hair,

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All flowing loosely in the Air,
With naked Feet I went among
^h The poysonous Plants, there Addersⁱ Tongue,
With Aconite and Martagon,
Henbane, Hemlock, Moon-wort too,
^k Wild Fig-Tree, that o're Tombs do's grow,
The deadly Night-shade, Cypress, Yew,
And Libbards Bane, and venomous Dew,
I gathered for my Charms. *Harg.* ^l And I
Dug up a Mandrake which did cry.
Three Circles I made, and the Wind was good,
And looking to the West I stood.

M. Spen. ^m The Bones of Frogs I got, and the Blood,
With Screetch-Owls Eggs, and Feathers too.
ⁿ Here's a Wall-Toad, and Wings of Bats,
The Eyes of Owls, the Brains of Cats.

The Devil appears in Humane shape with four Attendants.

Demd. Peace, here's our Master, him salute,
And kiss the Toe of his Cloven-Foot. *They kiss the Devil's Foot.*
Now our new Sister we present,

The Contract too, sign it with ° Blood. *Madge signs it with her Blood.*

Dev. First, Heaven you must renounce.

Madge. I do.

Dev. Your Baptism thus, I wash out too.

The new Name *Maudlin* you must take,

And all your Gossips must forsake,

And I these new ones for you make.

Demd. A piece of your Garment now present

Madg. Here, take it Master, I'm content. *Gives it him.*

Demd. Within this Circle I make here,

Truth to our Master you must swear.

Madg. I do.

Dev. You must each month some murdered Children pay,
Besides your yearly tribute at your day.

Madg. I will.

Dev. Some Secret part I with my mark must sign,
A lasting Token, that you are wholly mine.

Madg. Oh!

Demd. Now do your Homage.

Dev. Curse Heaven, Plague Mankind, go forth and be a Witch.

The Devil takes her hands between his.
The Musick sounds in the Air.

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Song.

Chor. of 3 parts. **W**elcome, welcome, happy be,
In this blest Society.
1. *Men and Beasts are in thy Power.*
Thou canst Save, and thou canst Devour.
Thou canst Bless, and Curse the Earth,
And cause Plenty, or a Dearth.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

2. *O're Nature's Powers thou canst prevail,*
Raise Winds, bring Snow, or Rain, or Hail,
Without their Causes, and canst make
The steady Course of Nature shake.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

3. *Thou canst mount upon the Clouds,*
And skim o're the rugged Floods ;
Thou canst dive to the Sands below,
And through the solid Earth canst go.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

4. *Thou'lt open Locks, or through a Chink*
Shalt creep for daintiest Meat and Drink.
Thou mayst sleep on tops of Trees,
And lye in Flowers like Humble Bees.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

5. *Revenge, Revenge, the sweetest Part*
Of all thou hast by thy black Art.
On Heaven thou ne're shalt fix thy mind,
For here 'tis Heav'n to plague mankind.

They Dance with fantastick unusual postures.

Devil. P At your command all Natures course shall cease,
And all the Elements make war or peace :
The Sky no more shall its known Laws obey,
Night shall retreat whilst you prolong the day.

q Thy Charms shall make the Moon and Stars come down,
And in thick darkness hide the Sun at Noon.

r Winds thou shalt raise, and streight their rage controul.

s The Orbs upon their Axes shall not roll ;
Hearing thy mighty Charms, the troubled Sky
Shall crack with Thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.

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^t Without one puff the Waves shall foam and rage,
Then though all Winds together should ingage,
The silent Sea shall not the Tempest feel.

^u Vallies shall roar, and trembling Mountains reel.

^x At thy command Woods from their seats shall rove.
Stones from their Quarries, and fixt Oaks remove

^y Vast standing lakes shall flow, and, at thy will,
The most impetuous Torrents shall stand still:

Swift Rivers shall (while wond'ring Banks admire)
Back to their Springs, with violent haſt, retire.

^z Thy Charms shall blaſt full Fruits, and ripen'd Ears:

^a Ease anxious minds, and then afflict with cares.

^b Give Love, where Nature cannot, by thy skill,
And any living creature ſave or kill:

^c Raiſe Ghoſts, transform your ſelf, and whom you will.

Enter Tom. Shacklehead, with a Gun on his Shoulder.

Demd. Who's here? who's here?

Tom. Sha. Waunds what's here? The Witches by'r Lady.

I'll ſhoot amongſt 'em: have at ye. *They all vaniſh, and Clod neighs.*

Hey, Dive-dappers, Dive-dappers:

What a Devils here! *Clod* tied by a Bride, and neighing! What a Pox
ail'ſt thou? Conſt a tell? *Tho. Shac. takes off the Bridle.*

Clod. Uds Fleſh, I am a Mon agen naw!

Why, I was a Horſe, a mear Tit, I had loſt aw

My Speech, and could do naught but neigh;

Fleſh, I am a Mon agen.

Tom. Sha. What a dickens is the Fellee wood?

Clod. Iſe ta the Bridle with me, fly from the Deel, and the Witches,
and I'le tell you aw at the Ale-houſe.

Tom. Sha. What a murrain ails the Hobbell?

I mun follow, and ſee what's the matter.

Act Ends.

Notes upon the Third Act.

^a For theſe kind of transformations, you will ſee Authority at the latter end of theſe Notes. ^b For Witches delighting in ſuch ſolitary places, ſee *Agrippa* and *Lucan*, quoted in the ſecond Act. ^c Having Imps is to be found in all Authors that treat of Witches. Having of Biggs or Teats, I find no where but in our Engliſh Authors, and in late Examinations. ^d For this Ointment ſee *Wier. de præſtigiis Dæm. ultimo libro de Lamiis*, he has the Receipt at large, *Puerorum pinguedinem decoquendo ex aqua capiunt inſpissando, quod ex elixatione ultimum novissimumq; subsidet, inde condunt continuoque inservi-*

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unt usui : cum hæc immiscent Eleoselenium, aconitum, frondes populeas & fuliginem, vel aliter.
^e Sium, acorum vulgare pentaphyllum, vespertilionis sanguinem, solanum somniferum, &c. This Ointment is in Cardan de subtilitate, Cap. de Mirabilibus, and in Paracelsus, de magna & occulta Philosophia, in Delrio Disquis. Mag. Quæst. 16. p. 130. There are under that Question several Stories under Oaths and Confessions, of the Witches night-meetings and flying. See Bodin for the Ointment lib. 2. Dæmon cap. 4. And Scot. p. 182.
^f See the renown'd Johnson, in the last Scene of the second Act of his sad Shepherd.
^g Hor. Satyr. 8. Vidi equidem nigra succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis passoque Capillo : and the Verse before, Ossa legant herbasq; nocentes. Ovid. Ep. of Hypsipile. Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis. Senec. de Medea, v. 756. Vinculo solves Comam, Secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede, Ovid. Metam. 7. Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas, nuda pedes, nudos humeris infusa capillos. ^h The use of Herbs in Witchcraft all Authors both Ancient and Modern take Notice of, that treat of Witches. Virg. Has herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta veneno. Ovid. Metam. 7. Protinus horrendis infamia pabula succis Conterit & tritis Hecateia Carmina miscet. Virg. 3. Georg. Miscueruntq; herbas & non innoxia verba : Propert. Quippe & collinas ad fossam moverit herbas. Virg. 4. Æneid. Falcibus ad lunæ lumen quærantur abenis Pubentes herbæ nigri cum lacte Veneni. ⁱ Cicuta, solanum, hyoscyamus, Ophioglosson, Martagon, Daronicum, Aconitum, are mentioned by Paracelsus, Porta and Agrippa, as especial ingredients in Magick. ^k Hor. Ep. 5. In Canidiam : Jubet sepulcris caprificos erutas, Jubet cupressus funebres. ^l Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 2. cap. 13. Writing of the Mandrake, says Caveant effossuri contrarium ventum, & tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes. ^m Hor. Ep. 5. Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine plumamq; Nocturnæ strigis. For the Bones of Frogs, they are used in Love-Cups, see Notes on the second Act. ⁿ For the Owls-Eyes, Bats-Blood and Wings, see Corn. Agrippa de occulta Philosophia, lib. 1. cap. 15 and cap. 25. The Toad is said to be of great use in Magick; see Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. 23. cap. 5. A Cats-Brain is an ingredient in Love-Cups; see the Notes on the second Act. ^o The Contract signed with Blood, Bodin. lib. 2 cap. 4. and most Authors speak of; but Guaccius in his Compend. Malefic. sets it down at large, of which these are Heads : 1. Abnegant fidei & Creatori, &c. 2. Diabolus illos tingit-Lavacro novi Baptismatis. 3. Negato nomine, novum illis inditur. 4. Cogit abnegare patris & matris, &c. 5. Lamiæ diabolo dant frustum aliquod vestimenti. 6. Præstant Dæmoni juramentum super circulo in terram sculpto. 7. Petunt a Dæmone deleri de libro vitæ, & scribi in libro mortis. 8. Pollicentur sacrificia, & quædam striges promittunt se singulis mensibus vel quindenis unum infantulum strigando, i.e. exsugendo occisuras; this is to be found also in Bart. Spineus, Quæst de strigibus, 2. cap. 9. Quotannis aliquid magistellis vel Dæmonibus pendere tenentur. See also Remigius, lib. 1. 11. cap. 10, Corporis alicui parti characterem solet imponere : signum non est semper idem forma, aliquando est simile leporis estigio, aliquando bufonis pedi, aliquando araneæ vel catello vel gliri. Concerning this Mark, see Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4. Ludwig. Elich. p. 58. quæst. 4. Nic Remigius, lib. 1. cap. 5 pag. 58. I put this down at large, because some were so ignorant to Condemn this Contract, as if it were my profane invention, and so silly, that they would have the Devil and Witches speak piously. ^p Lucan, lib. 6. Cessavere vices rerum, dilataque longe Hæsit nocte dies : legi non paruit Æther. Sen. Med. Pariterq; mundus, lege consula Ætheris, & solem & astra vidit, Et vetitum mare tetigistis ursæ, temporum flexi vices. ^q Ovid. Ep. Hysip. Illa reluctantem cursu diducere lunam Nititur & tenebris abdere solis equos. Metam. 7. de Medea, Et te luna traho. Pet. Arbiter makes a Witch, boasting her Power, among many other things, say, Lunæ descendit image Carminibus deducta meis, the whole description is very elegant, Hor. Epod. 5. Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala Lunamq; cælo diripit. Id. Ep. 18. in fine Epodos, Deripere lunam vocibus possum meis. Tibul. lib. 1 Eleg. 2. Hanc ego de cælo ducentem sydera vidi. Propert. Audax cantatæ leges imponere Lunæ. ^r Ovid. Metam. 7. Nubiliaq; induco ventos abigoq; vocoq; ^s Lucan. lib. 6. Torpuit & præceps audito carmine mundus : Axibus & rapidis impulsos Jupiter urgens Miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia complent

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Imbribus, & calido producunt nubila Phæbo, & tonat ignaro cælum Jove. ^t *Id ibid. ventis cæssantibus æquor intumuit; rursus vetitum sentire procellas Conticuit turbante Noto:* Sen. *Medea. Sonuere fluctus, tumuit insanum mare tacente vento.* *Id. Herc. Oet. Concussi fretum cessante vento turbidum explicui mare.* ^u *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. Mugire videbis Sub pedibus terram & descendere montibus ornos.* *Metam. 7. Jubeoque tremiscere montes Et mugire solum.* Lucan. *lib. 6. has a bolder Expression, Terra quo; immoti concussit, ponderis axem, & medium vergens nisu titubavit in orbem.* ^x *Metam. 7. Vivaque saxa sua convulsaque robora terra & sylvas moveo.* Ovid. *Ep. Hysip. Ille loco sylvas vivaq; saxa movet.* Sen. *Herc. Oet. Habuere motum saxa.* ^y *Metam. 7. Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes in fontes rediere suos, concussa; sisto stantia concutio.* *Virg. Æneid. 4. Sistere aquam fluviis & flumina vertere retro.* Tibull. following the Verse before cited. *Fluminis hæc rapidi carmine vertit iter.* Sen. *Med. Violenta phasis vertit in fontem vada, & Ister in tot ora divisus truces compescit undas omnibus ripis piger.* ^z Ovid. *Amor. 3. Eleg. 6. Carmine læsa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam.* *Virg. Eclog. 8. speaking of Mæris. Atq; satas alio vidi trudere messes.* ^a *Æneid. 4. Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas.* ^b Lucan. *lib. 6. Carmine Thessalium dura in præcordia fluxit Non fatis adductus amor.* ^c Hor. *Epod. 18. Passum crematos excitare mortuos, Desiderique temperare poculum.* The raising of Ghosts, and transforming themselves and others, all Witchmongers both ancient and modern Affirm. *Virg. Æneid. the place before quoted, Nocturnosque ciet Manes.* *Id. Eclog. 8. Has herbas atq; hæc Ponto mihi læta venena Ipsa dedit Meris, nascuntur plurima Ponto. His ego sæpe lupam fieri & se condere sylvis Mærim, sæpe animas exire sepulchris vidi, &c. Propertius before cited, Audax, &c. Et sua nocturno fallere terga lupo.* You may see Lucan makes *Erietho* raise a Ghost. Seneca's *nutrix* in *Herc. Oeteus*, and *Tiresias* in *Oedipus* do the same; all Witchmongers are full of it. In *Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 6.* there is a great deal of Stuff about Transformations; he says, Witches transform themselves into Wolves, and others into Asses; and I think those are they that believe in 'em: He is very angry with Physicians that call *Lycanthropia* a Disease; he says, divers Witches at *Vernon* turn'd themselves into Cats, and tells a story of three Witches at *Argentine* that turn'd themselves into Cats, and beat and wounded a Faggot-maker. This also *Petr. do Loyer de Spectris* mentions, in the English translation, p. 128. He says there, that in his Time a Hermit of *Dole* was turn'd into a Woolf, and was going to devour a little Child, if he had not been surprised and discovered; and a Merchant of *Cyprus* was turn'd into an Ass; indeed, he says, the Devil does not change the Body, but only abuse and delude the fancy; and quotes *Thomas Aquinas* in 2. *sentent. distinct. 8. Aug. lib. 18. de. Civit. Dei.* says, he himself knew the Father of one *Prestantius* who was changed into a Mule, and did carry upon his Back Bag and Baggage for Soldiers; but he says this was an illusion of the Devil, and that the Father of *Prestantius* was not really changed into a Mule, but the Eyes of the beholders were enchanted. *Bodin* says, one *Garner*, in the shape of a Wolf, kill'd a Child of Twelve Years old, eat up her Arms and Legs, and carried the rest home to his Wife. And *Peter Burgis*, and *Michael Werdon*, having turn'd themselves into Wolves, kill'd and eat a vast number of People: Such impossible Stories does this *belluo mendaciorum*, as one calls him, swallow himself, and disgorge to us. He says, the matter of Transformations was disputed before Pope Leo the Seventh, and by him were all judged possible. *Wierus ultimo libro de Lamiis, cap. 14.* says that, *Ad Lamarium omnipotentiam tandem quoque refertur quod se in Lupos, hircos, canes, feles, aut alias bestias, pro suæ libidinis delectu vere & substantialiter transformare, & tantillo tempore in homines rursus transformare posse fateantur, idque deliramentum ab eximiis etiam viris pro ipsa veritate defendatur.* I should have mentioned the transformations of *Lucian* and *Apuleius*, which *Bodin* says, Pope Leo the Seventh made Canonical: I could cite many more Authorities for this, and for most of the Miracles in the fore-written Speech; but I shall tire the Reader and my self: I have not endeavoured to translate the Poets so much as to take thoughts from them. For the manner of their Musick,

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see *Ludwigius Elich. Dæmon. quæst.* 10. p. 13. and *Remigius Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19.* *Miris modis illic miscentur ac turbantur omnia, &c. strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis ac discrepantibus, canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod forte humi repertum, buccam seu tibiam admovet; ille pro lyra equi calvarium pulsat ac digitis concrepat, alius fuste vel clava graviore Quercum tundit; unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum, intercinunt raucide, &c.* For their Dancing, see *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* who says they Dance with Brooms. And *Remigius, lib. 1. cap. 17. and 18.* *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo & ab omni hominum consuetudine alienum; dorsis invicem versis & in orbem junctis manibus, &c. sua jactantes capita utqui æstro agitantur.*

ACT IV.

Sir Edward, Sir Jeffery, La. Shacklehead, Sir Timothy and Isabella.

Sir Jeff. I Am sorry I am forced to complain of my Cosin.

La. Sha. Sorry, marry so am not I; I am sorry she is so pert and ill-bred. Truly Sir Edward, 'tis unsufferable for my Son, a man of his Quality and Title, born of such a Family, and so Educated, to be so abused, to have Stones thrown at him, like a Dog.

Sir Jeff. We must e'en break off the Match, Sir Edward.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am ashamed of it, I blush and grieve to hear it; Daughter; I never thought to see this day.

Isab. Sir, I am so amazed, I know not what to say; I abuse my Cosin! Sure, he is bewitched.

Sir Tim. I think I am to love you after it, I am sure my Arm's black and blew, that it is.

Isab. He jested with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and kissed me, and I run from him, and in foolish play, I quoited a little Stone or two at him.

Sir Tim. And why did you call me filthy-face, and ugly Fellow; hah, Gentlewoman?

La. Sha. He ugly! Nay, then I have no Eyes; though I say't, that should not say't, I have not seen his Fellow——

Isab. Nor I neither: 'Twas a jest, a jest, he told me he was handsomer for a Man, than I for a Woman.

Sir Jeff. Why, look you there, you Blockhead, you Clown, you Puppy, why do you trouble us with this impertinent lye?

La Sha. Good words, Sir Jeffery, 'twas not so much amiss; hah, I'll tell you that.

Sir Edw. Sure this is some mistake, you told me you were willing to marry.

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Isab. I did not think I should be put to acknowledge it before this Company : But Heaven knows, I am not more willing to live ; the time is so short, I may confess it.

Sir Edw. You would not use him, you intend to marry, ill.

Isab. I love him I am to marry more than Light or Liberty. I have thus long dissembled it through Modesty ; but, now I am provoked, I beseech you Sir, think not that I'd dishonour you so.

Sir Edw. Look you, you have made her weep ; I never found her false or disobedient.

Sir Tim. Nay, good dear Cousin, don't cry, you'll make me cry too ; I can't forbear, I ask you pardon with all my Heart, I vow I do ; I was to blame, I must confess.

La. Sha. Go too, *Sir Timothy*, I never could believe one of your parts would play the Fool so.

Sir Edw. And you will marry to morrow.

Isab. I never wisht for any thing so much ; you make me blush to say this.

La. Sha. Sweet Cousin forgive me, and *Sir Jeffery*, and *Sir Timothy*.

Isab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to morrow ?

And I am sure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this Fool. *Aside.*

Sir Jeff. I could find in my Heart to break your Head, *Sir Timothy* ; you are a Puppy.

Sir Edw. Come let's leave 'em together, to understand one another better.

Sir Jeff. Cousin, Daughter I should say, I beg your Pardon, your Servant.

La. Sha. Servant, sweet Daughter. *Ex. Sir Edw. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir Tim. Dear Cosin, be in good humour, I could wish my self well beaten for mistaking one that loves me so ; I would I might ne're stir, if I did not think you had been in earnest ; well, but I vow and swear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me so fine a person, and love me so dearly ; Oh how happy am I that I shall have thee to morrow in these Arms ! by these ten bones, I love you more than all the Ladies in *London*, put them together. Prithee speak to me, O that Smile kills me, oh I will so Hug thee and Kiss thee, and Love thee to morrow Night —I'd give forty Pound to morrow night, were to night, I hope we shall have twins before the year comes about.

Isab. Do you so Puppy ?

She gives him a box on the Ear, and pulls him by the Ears.

Sir Tim. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Isab. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Sir Tim. What a Devils to do now ? hah, she Counterfeits a Sound.

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Enter *Theodosia* at one Door, and Sir *Jeffery*, and *Lady* at the other.

Theo. How now, my Dear, what's the matter?

Sir *Jeff.* What's the Matter?

Sir *Tim.* I feel the matter, She gave me a Cuff, and lug'd me by the Ears, and I think she is in a Sound.

Isab. O the Witch! the Witch came just now into the Room, and struck Sir *Timothy*, and lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Lord, a Witch! Ay, 'twas a two-legg'd Witch.

Isab. And, as soon as she had done, she ran out of the Door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frighted, and left her muttering in the next Room.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Impudence!

Sir *Jeff.* You Puppy, you Coxcomb, will you never leave these lyes? Is the Fellow bewitched? *He Cudgels Sir Tim.*

La. Sha. Go, Fool; I am ashamed of you.

Sir *Jeff.* Let's see if we can take this Witch.

La. Sha. Quickly, before she flies away. *Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, I have done, I'll ne're tell tale more.

Isab. Be gone; Fool, go.

Sir *Tim.* Well, I will endure this, but I am resolved to marry her to morrow, and be revenged on her; if she serves me so then, I will tickle her Toby for her, faith I will. *Ex. Sir Tim.*

Isab. Well, I'll be gone, and get out of the way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter Young Harfort Drunk.

Yo. *Harf.* Madam! Cozen, hold a little; I desire a word with you.

Theo. I must stay.

Isab. Adieu then.

Yo. *Harf.* I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not so, hala, (since we must marry to morrow.) I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to neeght, I'll make bold to salute you in a Civil way.

Theo. The Fool's drunk.

Yo. *Harf.* By the Mass she kisses rarely, uds lud she has a Breath as sweet as a Cow; I have been a Hawking, and have brought you home a power of Powts in my bag here; we have had the rarest sport; we had been at it still, but that 'tis neeght.

Theo. You have been at some other sport I see.

Yo. *Harf.* What because I am merry? nay, and I list, I can be as merry as the best of 'em all.

An onny mon Smait my Sweetheart,
Ayst Smait him agen an I con,
Flesh, what care for a brokken Yead;
For onest a mon's a mon.

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Theo. I see you can be merry indeed.

Yo. Harf. Ay that I can, Fa, la, la, fa, la. *He Sings Roger a Coverly.*

I was at it helter Skelter in excellent Ale, with Londoners that went a Hawking, brave Roysters, honest fellows, that did not believe the Plot.

Theo. Why? don't you believe the Plot,

Yo. Har. No, the Chaplain has told me all; there's no *Popish* Plot, but there's a *Presbyterian* one; he says, none but Phanaticks believe it.

Theo. An Excellent Chaplain, to make love to his Patron's Daughter, and Corrupt the Son. *Aside.*

Why all the Eminent men of our Church believe it; this fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a livelyhood, and as soon as they find him, they'll turn him out of it.

Yo. Har. Nay, Cousin I should not have told it, he Charged me to say nothing of it; but you and I are all one, you are to be bone of my bone to morrow: And I will salute you once more upon that, d'e see.

Theo. Hold, Hold, not so fast, 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. Har. 'Twill come to that and more to morrow, fa, la, la, but I'll out at four a Hawking though for all that, d'e understand me?

Enter Doubty.

Theo. Here's *Doubty*, I must get rid of this fool.
Cousin, I hear your Father coming; if he sees you in this condition hee'l be very Angry.

Yo. Har. Thank you kindly, no more to be said. I'll go and Sleep a little; I see she loves me, fa, la, la, la. *Ex. Yo. Harfort.*

Doubty. Dear Madam, this is a happy minute thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I must use it; To morrow is the fatal day to ruin me.

Theo. It shall not ruin me; the Inquisition should not force me to a Marriage with this fool.

Doubty. This is a step to my Comfort; but when your Father shall to morrow hear your refusal, you know not what his passion may produce; restraint of Liberty is the least.

Theo. He shall not restrain my Liberty of Choice.

Doubt. Put your self into those hands that may defend you from his Power: the hands of him, who loves you more than the most Pious value Heaven, than Misers Gold, than Clergymen love Power, than Lawyers strife, than Jesuits Blood and Treachery.

Theo. If I could find such a man.

Doubt. Then look no farther Madam, I am he; speak but one word, and make me the happiest man on Earth.

Theo. It comes a little too quick upon me; are you sure you are the man you speak of?

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Doubt. By Heaven; and by your Self I am, or may I be the scorn of all Mankind; and the most Miserable too, without you.

Theo. Then you shall be the man.

Doubt. Heaven; on my Knees I must receive this Blessing; there's not another I would ask, my Joy's too big for me.

Theo. No Raptures for Heavens sake, here come my Mother, adieu.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. I must Compose my self.

La. Sha. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Doubt. Your Ladiship's most humble Servant.

La. Sha. It is not fit I should lose this opportunity, to tell you that, (which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a person of our Complexion), who is so much a Gentleman, that I'll swear I have not seen your equal.

Doubt. Dear Madam, you confound me with your Praises.

La. Sha. I vow 'tis true; indeed I have struggled with my self before I thought fit to reveal this: but the consideration of your great accomplishments, do indeed, as it were, ravish, or extort it from me, as I may so say.

Doubt. I beseech you Madam.

La. Sha. There is Friend of mine, a Lady (whom the world has acknowledged to be well bread, and of Parts too, that I must say, and almost confess) not in the Bud indeed, but in the Flower of her Age, whom time has not yet invaded with his injuries; in fine, Envy cannot say that she is less than a full ripe Beauty.

Doubt. That this Creature should bring forth such a Daughter. *Aside.*

La. Sha. Fair of Complexion, Tall, Streight, and shaped much above the ordinary; in short, this Lady (whom many have Languished, and Sigh'd in vain for) does of her self, so much admire your Person, and your Parts, that she extreamly desires to contract a Friendship with you, intire to all intents and purposes.

Doubt. 'Tis impossible she should be in earnest, Madam; but were she, I cannot Marry ever.

La. Sha. Why she is Married already, Lord how dull he is! she is the best Friend I have, Married to an old man, far above her sprightly years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have! *Aside.*

La. Sha. Can you not Guess who this is all this while?

Doubt. Too well.

Not I, truly, Madam.

To himself.

To her.

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha: No! that's strange; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. I cannot possibly.

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha. I'll swear! ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. No, I'll swear.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

La. *Sha.* 'Tis very much, you are an ill guesser, I'll vow ; ha, ha, ha.
Oh Lord ! not yet ?

Doubt. Not yet, nor ever can.

La. *Sha.* Here's Company, retire.

Enter *Smerk* and *Tegue O Divelly*.

Smerk. *I am all on fire, what is it that Inspires me ? I thought her ugly once, but this morning thought her ugly. And thus to burn in love already ! Sure I was blind, she is a beauty greater than my fancy e'er could form ; a minute's absence is death to me.*

Priest. *Phaat Joy, dou art in Meditaation and Consideraation upon something ? if it be a Scruple upon thy Conscience, I believe I vill maak it out unto dee.*

Smerk. *No Sir, I am only ruminating a while ; I am inflamed with her affection. O Susan ! Susan ! Ah me ! Ah me !*

Priest. *Phaat dost dou not mind me ? nor put dy thought upon me ? I do desire to know of dy Faather's Child, what he does differ from de Caatholick Church in, by my fait it is a braave Church, and a gaallant Church (de Devil taak mee) I vill tell you now, phare is dere such a one ? vill you speak unto me now, Joy ; hob !*

Smerk. *'Tis a fine Church, a Church of Spendour, and riches, and power, but there are some things in it——*

Priest. *Shome things ! Phaat dosht dou taalk of shome things ? By my shoule I vill not see a better Church in a Shommers day, indeed, dan de Caatholick Church. I tell you there is braave Dignities, and Promotions too ; what vill I shay unto you ? by St. Phaattrick, but I do beleeve I vil be a Cardinal before I vill have death. Dey have had not one Eerish Cardinal a great while indeed.*

Smerk. *What power is this that urges me so fast ? Oh, Love ! Love !*

Priest. *Phaat dosht dou shay, dosht dou love promotions and dignities ? den I predee now be a Caatholick. What vill I say unto you more ? but I vill tell you, You do shay dat de Caatholicks may be shaved ; and de Caatholicks do shay, dat you vill be after being damn'd ; and phare is de solidity now of daat, daat dou vill not turne a good Caatholick ?*

Smerk. *I cannot believe there is a Purgatory.*

Priest. *No ! Phy, I vill tell you what I vill shay unto you, I have sheen many Shoules of Purgatory dat did appear unto me : And by my trot, I do know a Shoule when I do shee it, and de Shoules did speak unto me, and did deshire of me dat I would pray dem out of that plaashe : And dere Parents, and Friends did give me shome money, and I did pray 'em out. Without money indeed, we cannot pray dem out ; no fait.*

Smerk. *That may not be so hard ; but for Transubstantiation, I can never believe it.*

Priest. *Phaat dosht not beleeve de Cooncel of Trent, Joy ? dou vilt be damn'd*

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

indeed, and de Devil take me, if dou dosht not beleeve it. I vill tell you phaat vill I say to you a Cooncel ir infallible ; and I tell you, de Cardinals are infalible too, upon occasion, and dey are damn'd Heretick Dogs, by my shoulvaation, dat do not believe every oord dey vill speak indeed.

Smerk. I feel a flame within me ; oh Love, Love ! whither wilt thou carry me ?

Priest. Art thou in love Joy ? by my shoule dou dosht Comitt fornication ; I vill tell you it is a veniall Sinn, and I vill after be absolving you for it : but if dou dosht Comitt Marriage, it is mortall, and dou vilt be damn'd and bee fait and trot. I predee now vill dou fornicate and not Marry : for my shaak now vilt dou fornicate.

Smerk. Sure I am bewitch'd.

*Priest. Bewitch'd in love, Aboo ! boo ! I'll tell you now, you must taak de Womands * Shoe dat dou dosht Love sho, and dou * Vide Scott. must maak a Jaakes of it, dat is to shay, dou must lay a Sirre- Discovery verence, and be in it, and it will maak cure upon dee. &c.*

Smerk. Oh ! the Witch ! the Witch ! Mal. Spencer ; I am struck in my Bowels, take her away, there, oh ! I have a Thousand Needles in me, take her away, Mal. Spencer.

Priest. Phaare is she, Mal. Spencer Exorcizo te, Conjuro te in Nomine, &c.

He mutters and Crosses himself.

Smerk. Oh, I have a Million of Needles Pricking my Bowels.

Priest. I vill set up a hubbub for dee, help ! help ! who is dere ? help, Aboo, boo, boo.

Enter Sir Jeffery, and Lady, and Susan.

Smerk. Oh Needles ! Needles ! Take away Mal. Spencer, take her away.

Sir Jeff. He is bewitch'd, some Witch has gotten his image, and is tormenting it.

Priest. Hold him, and I vill taak some course vid him, he is possess'd, or obsess'd, I vill touch him vid some Relicks.

Susan. Oh, good Sir, help him, what shall I do for him ?

La. Sha. Get some Lead melted (and holding over his body) power it into a Poringe ful of Water, and if there appear any image upon the Lead, then he is bewitch'd. This experiment is to be found in Mal. Malefic.

Priest. Peash, I shay, here is shome of St. Phaatricks own Whisker, and some of the Snuff he did use to taak, that did hang upon his Beard ; here is a Tooth of St. Winifred, indeed, here is Corn from de Toe of St. Ignatius, and here is de paring of his Nails too.

He rubs him with these Relicks.

Smerk. O worse, worse, take her away.

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Priest. By my shoul it is a very strong Devil, I vill try some more, here is St. *Caaterine* de Virgins Wedding-Ring, here is one of St. *Bridgets* Nipples of her Tuggs, by my shoule, here is some of de sweat of St. *Francis*, and here is a peice of St. *Laurence's* Gridiron, dese vill make Cure upon any shickness, if it be not ones lasht shickness.

Susan. What will become of me, I have poyson'd him, I shall lose my Lover, and be hang'd into the bargain.

Smerk. Oh! I dye, I dye, oh, oh.

Priest. By my shoul it is a very strong Devil, a very aable Devil, I vill run and fetch shome Holy-vater. *Ex. Priest.*

Susan. Look up dear Sir, speak to me, ah woes me, Mr. *Smerk*, Mr. *Smerk*.

Sir Jeff. This *Irish*-man is a Gallant man about Witches, he out does me.

La. Sha. But I do not know what to think of his Popish way, his Words, his Charms, and Holy Water, and Relicks, methinks he is guilty of Witchcraft too, and you should send him to Gaol for it.

Smerk. Oh! oh!

Enter Priest with a Bottle of Holy-water.

Priest. Now, I varrant you Joy, I vill do de Devil's business for him, now I have dis Holy-Vater. *The Bottle flies out of his hand.*

Phaat is de matter now? phare is dis Devil dat does taak my Holy-Vater from me? He is afraid of it; I she my bottle, but I do not shee de Devil does taake it. I vill Catch it from him.

The Bottle, as he reaches at it, flyes from him.

Sir Jeff. This is wonderful!

La. Sha. Most amazing!

Priest. *Conjuro te malum demonem, Conjuro te pessimum Spiritum; redde mihi meum (dic Latine)* Bottle, phaath vill I do? It is gone. *It flyes quite away.*

La. Sha. 'Tis strange: You see he does not fear holy-water.

Priest. I tell you phaath is de matter, by my Shoul he vill touch de Botle, because daat is not Consecrate; but, by fait, he will not meddle vid de Vater. I will fetch shome, I have in a Baashon.

He runs out and fetches a Bason of Water.

Susan. He lyes as if he were a Sleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have some ease.

Priest. I did never meet vid a Devil dat did Cosht so much labour before. *He throws Water in Smerks Face.*

Exorciso te Dæmonem, fuge, fuge; Exorcise te, per Melchisedeck, per Bethlehem Gabor, per omne quod Exit in um, seu Græcum sive Latinum.

Smerk. I am much better now, and the Witch is gone.

Susan. Good Sir retire to your Chamber, I will fetch some Cordials.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Smerk. Sweet beautiful Creature ; How am I Enamour'd with thee !
Thy beauty dazles like the Sun in his *Meridian*.

Sir Jeff. Beauty, Enamoured ! Why he seems distracted still ; lead him to his Chamber, and let him rest.

Priest. Now Joy, dosht dou shee, I have maad a Miracle by my shoule. Phen vill I shee one of your Church maake a Miracle, hoh ? by my Shoulvaation dey cannot maake Miracles out of de Caatholick Church, I tell you now, hoh.

Mother Demdike enters invisible to them, and boxes the Priest.
Phaat is de matter now, ah ? by my shoule shomething does cuff upon my faash, an bee, *Exorciso te in nomine, nomine*, by my shoule Saatan, I vill pelt dee vid Holy-Vater indeed ; he is Angry dat I did maake a Miracle.

Mother Demdike gets behind him, and Kicks and Beats him.

La. Sha. What is this, I hear the blows, and see nothing.

Sir Jeff. So do I, I am frightened and amazed, let's fly.

Ex. Sir Jeff. and La.

Priest. Oh, oh, vat is dis for Joy, oh, all my Holy-vater is gone, I must fly.

He mutters and Crosses himself, and the Witch beat him out.

Enter Bellfort and Isabella.

Bell. All this day have I watched for this opportunity, let me improve it now. Consider, Madam, my Extream Love to you, and your own hatred to that Fool, for whom you are designed to morrow.

Isab. My consent is to be had first.

Bell. Your Father's resentment of your refusal, may put you out of all possibility of making me happy, or providing for your own Content.

Isab. To Marry one against his Consent is a Crime hee'l ne're forgive.

Bell. Though his Engagement to *Sir Jeffery* would make him Refuse his Consent beforehand : he is too reasonable a man to be troubled afterwards, at your Marrying to a better Estate, and to one that loves more than he can tell you : I have not words for it.

Isab. Though I must Confess you may deserve much better, would you not Imagine I were very forward to receive you upon so short an Acquaintance ?

Bell. Would I had a Casement in my Breast. Make me not, by your delay, the miserablest wretch on Earth : (Which I shall ever be without you) think quickly Madam, you have not time to consider long, I lay my self at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miserable by you.

Isab. How shall I be sure you'll not deceive me ? These hasty vows, like Angry words, Seldom show the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth.

Isab. Hold, Swear not, I had better take a man of honour at his word.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curses on me when I break it ; my Chaplin's in the House, and passes for my valet de Chambre. Will you for ever make me Happy, Madam ?

Isab. I'll trust your honour, and I'll make my self so ; I throw my self upon you, use me nobly : now 'tis out.

Bell. Use yee, as I would use my Soul ; my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wish to be.

Isab. Take care, we shall be spied : The short time I have to resolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my modesty, than otherwise you would have occasion for.

Bell. Dearest, Sweetest of Creatures ! my Joy distracts me, I cannot speak to you.

Isab. For Heavens sake leave me, if you raise a Jealousy in the House I am ruin'd, we'll meet soon.

Bell. Adieu, my Life ! my Soul ! I am all obedience. *Exit* Belfort.

Enter *Theodosia*.

Isab. Oh my Dear, I am happy, all's out that pained me so ; my Lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have confessed to my Ghostly Father too, and my Conscience is at ease.

Isab. Mine received the news with more Joy, than he Could put in Words.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, Lady, and Sir *Timothy*.

Theo. And mine in rapture ; I am the happiest Woman living.

Isab. I'll not yield to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cause, I would not submit to you in, but this my Dear.

Isab. I will hold out in this cause while I have breath, I am happier in my Choyce than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the Handsomest, Wittiest, most accomplisht Gentleman——

Isab. Mine is the beautifullest, sweetest, well shap'd, well bred, wittiest Gentleman——

Sir Tim. That must be I, whom she means, for all my Quarrels with her.

La. Sha. Peace ; we shall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we shall be to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. What's that ? Listen.

Isab. (If no unlucky Accident should hinder us) we shall be far happier than they can imagine.

Theo. How we have Cheated them all this while !

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Isab. 'Slife they are behind us, stir not. We have hidden our Love from them all this while.

La. Sha. Have you so? but we shall find it now. *aside.*

Isab. Your Brother little thinks I Love him so; for I have been Cross and Coy to him on purpose. I shall be the happiest Woman in him I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wish your Brother lov'd me, as well as mine does you. For never Woman loved the man she was to Marry, as I do him, I am to have to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. That's my best Daughter, thou wert ever a good Child, nay blush not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir Tim. Ay, all is out, my pretty Dear dissembler; well I protest and vow, I am mightily obliged to you for your great love to me, and good opinion of me.

La. Sha. I hope to morrow will be a happy day for both our families.

Enter *Sir Edward, Bellfort and Doubty*, and Musicians.

Oh, *Sir Edward*, is not that strange I told you, I should not have believed it, if I had not seen it?

Sir Edw. And pray give me the same liberty: But now we'll have some Musick, that's good against enchantment; sing me the Song I Comanded you, and then wee'l have a dance before we go to Bed.

Song.

Enter *Priest.*

Priest. Hoh, 'tis a pretty Shong, but I vill shing a brave Cronan now, dat is better I tell you. *He Sings.*

Sir Edw. 'Tis very fine, but sing me one Song more in three parts, to sweeten our Ears, for all that. * Why, *They gape and strain, what's the matter? you gape and make faces, and do but cannot sing but not sing, what's the matter, are you mad? make an ugly noise.

Priest. Do you play, play, play I say, Oh they are bewitch'd, I vill shay no more.

Sir Edw. Play I say.

Music. I can't, my Arms are on the sudden stiff as marble, I cannot move them.

They hold up their bows, but cannot play. [Exit Priest.

Sir Edw. Sure this is Roguery, and Confederacy. *The Priest comes in with Holy-Water and flings it*
Priest. *Conjuro te, conjuro in nomine, &c.* *upon them So Long till*

Sir Edw. Hold, hold; prithee don't duck us all, *they run out roaring.*
we are not all bewitch'd.

Priest. I tell you it ish good for you an bee, and vill defend you upon occaasion.

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Sir *Jeff*. Now you see, Sir, with your own Eyes ; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-water ?

Priest. A Resheit, aboo, boo, boo ; by my Shoule he is a Foole. I have maade two Hogsheads gra, and I vill have you vash all de Rooms vid it, and de Devill vill not come upon de plaash by my Shalvaation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd ; but however, I shall not fly from my Belief, that every thing is done by Natural Causes, because I cannot presently assign those Causes.

Sir *Edw*. You are in the right, we know not the powers of matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we not see the cause, we call it unnatural and miraculous.

Priest. By my Shoule you do talke like Heretick-Dogs, and Aatheists.

Sir *Edw*. Let us enquire farther about these Musicians.

Priest. I vill maake shome Miracles, and I think I vill be after reconciling dem indeed, oh dou damn'd vitch.

Ex. all but Priest.

Now I doe shee dee, I vill beat upon dee vid my Beads and Crucifix, oh, oh, shee is a damn'd Protestant Heretick Vitch, daat is de reason she will not fly, oh, oh, oh.

Mother Dick. rises up, and boxes him, he strikes her with Beads, and she him with her Staff, and beats him out.

Ex. Priest.

Enter Tom Shacklehead, and Clod, in the Field.

Tom Sha. By'r Lady 'tis meeghty strong Ale, Ay am well neegh drunken, and my Nephew will be stark wood, his Hawks want their Pidgeons aw this neeght.

Clod. Why what wouden yeow bee a Angee ? Flesh, Ay ha gotten de Bridle by'r Lady, Ay'st ma some body carry mee, and be my Titt too.

Tom. Thou'rt a strange Fillee (Horse I should say ;) why didst thou think thou wa'st a Titt, when th' Bridle was on thee.

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am sure, I wot I was a Titt, a meere Titt.

Tom. Li'sten, ther's a noise of women in the Ayr, it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay by th' Mass, 'tis Witches.

Witches above. Here this way, no that way, make ha'st, follow the Dame, we shall be too late, 'tis time enough ; away, away, away.

Tom. Waunds and Flesh, it is a flock of Witches byr Lady, they come reeght ore head, I'st let fly at 'em, hah, be th' Mass I ha mamed one, here's one has a wing brocken at least. *He shoots, M. Spencer shrieks and falls down.*

Clod. *M. Spencer* by th' Mass.

M. Spen. O Rogues ! I'le be revenged on you, Dogs, Villains, you have broken my Arm.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Clod. I was made a Horse, a Titt by thee, by th' Mass I'st be revenged
o'thee. *He puts the Bridle upon her.*

*A Horse, a Horse, be thou to me,
And carry me where e'er I flee.*

He flies away upon her.

Tom. O'ds Flesh, what's this ; I cannot believe my Sences ; I mun
walk home alone, but I'll charge my piece again by'r Lady, and the Hagg
come agen I'st have t'other Shoot at 'em. *Ex. Tom. Shack.*

The Scene returns to Sir Edwards House.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. My Dear Friend, I am so transported with excess of Joy, it is
become a pain, I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear *Bellfort* ! I am in the same Case, but (if the hope transport
us so) what will Enjoyment do ?

Bell. My Blood is chill, and shivers when I think on't.

Doubt. One night with my Mistress would out weigh an Age of
Slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a nights Enjoyment of mine, I would be
hang'd next morning : I am Impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are Women of Honour, and will keep their Words ;
your Parson's ready, and three or four of our Servants for Witnesses.

Bell. He is so, 'twill be dispatch'd in half a quarter of an hour, all
are retired to bed.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. Go in, yonders my Lady-Mother-in-Law coming, I must
contrive a way to secure here : in, in.

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death, that this old Fellow should be asleep already ! she
comes now to discover, what I know too well already.

La. Sha. He is there I'le swear, a punctual Gentleman, and a Person of
much Honour ; Sir, I am come according to your appointment ; Sir
Jeffery is fast.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, Madam, I thought to have left *Belfort*
asleep, who is a Jealous Man, and believes there is an Intrigue betwixt
your Ladship and me.

La. Sha. I vow : Ha, ha, ha. Me ! no, no ; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. Retire for a short time, and when I have secured him, I'le
wait on you ; but let it be i'th' dark.

La. Sha. You speak like a Discreet and Worthy Person, remember
this Room, there's no body lies in it ; I will stay there in the dark for you.

Ex. Lady.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Doubt. Your most humble Servant. Well, I will go to the Ladies Chamber as if I mistook it for mine, and let them know this is the time.

Enter Tegue O Dively.

Priest. Dere is shometimes de pretty Wenches doe walke here in de dark at night, and by my Shoulvaation if I doe catch one, I vill be after enjoying her Body : And fait and trot I have a great need too, it is a venial Sin, and I do not care.

Doubt. Death, who is here? stay Ladies, here's the damn'd Priest in the way.

Enter Doubty with a Candle.

Isab. Go you, wee'l follow by and by in the dark. *The Ladies retire,*
Doubty goes to his Chamber.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. I hear one trampling, he is come already, sure *Bellfort* is asleep ; who is there.

Priest. By my Shoul it is a Woman's speech, 'tis I ; where are you ? by my fait I vill maak a Child upon her Body.

La. Sha. Mr. *Doubty.*

Priest. Ay, let me put a sweet Kish upon dy hand Joy, and now I vill Shalute dy Mout, and I vill embraash dy Body too indeed.

La. Sha. S'life, I am mistaken, this is the Irish Priest ; his understanding is sure to betray him.

Priest. I predee now Joy be not nische, I vill maak shome good sport vid dee indeed.

La. pulls her Hand away and flies.

Hoo now, phaare is dy hand now ? oh, *Enter Mother Dickenson and*
Here it is by my Shoule. *puts her Hand into the*
Priests.

I vill use dee braavely upon occaasion, I vill tell you, pridee kish me upon my Faash now, it is a brave kish indeed. *The Witch kisses him.*

By my Shoul dou art very handsome, I doe know it, dough I cannot shee dee. I predee now retire vid me, aboo, aboo, by my Shoule dis is a Gaalant occaasion, come Joy. *Ex. Priest and Witch.*

Enter Lady.

La. Sha. What's the meaning of this? he talked to some Woman, and kissed her too, and is retired into the Chamber I was in.

Isab. Every thing is quiet, I hear no noise. *Enter Isab. and Theo.*

Theo. Nor I, this is the happy time.

La. Sha. This must be he ; who's there?

Theo. 'Slife ! this is my Mother's voice, retire softly.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Isab. Oh Misfortune! What makes her here! we are undone if she discovers us.

La. Sha. Who's there I say? will you not answer? what can this mean? 'tis not a Wench I hope for *Doubty*, and then I care not.

Isab. and *Theo.* retire.

Enter Priest and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes; ha, whom have we here? I am sure this is not he, he does not come that way.

Priest. By my shoul Joy, dou art a Gaalant peece of Flesh, a braave Bedfollow, phoo art dou?

Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Priest. Phaet vill I doe to shee dy fash I wonder? Oh, here's a Light approaching unto us.

La. Sha. Who's this with a light? I must fly.

Ex. La. Sha.

Enter Susan with a Candle.

Priest. Now I vill shee dy faash.

Susan. O Sir, are you there? I am going to M. *Smerk* with this Caudle, poor Man.

Priest. O phaet have I done? Oh! de Vich! de Vich! *The Witch sinks, she lets fall the Cawdle and Candle, and runs away shrieking.*

Susan. Oh! the Witch! the Witch!

Priest. By my Shoule I have had communication and Copulaation too vid a Succubus; Oh! phaet vill I do! phaet vill I do! by my fait and trot, I did thought shee had been a braave and gallaant Lady, and bee, oh! oh! oh! *Ex. Priest.*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. What shriek was that? hah! here's nobody, sure all's clear now!

Enter Isabella, Theodosia.

Isab. I heard a shriek, this is the time to venture, they are frightened out of the Gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture; we shall have people stirring very early this morning to prepare for the Wedding else.

La. Sha. Ha! who's that? I am terribly afraid: Heaven! what's this! the Chamber door open'd, and I saw a woman or two go in, I am enraged, I'll disturb 'em. *Isab. and Theo. creep softly into Belfort and Doubty's Chamber.*

Isabella, Theodosia, Bellfort, Doubty disguis'd, Parson and Servants in the Chamber.

Isab. You see we are women of words, and women of courage too, that dare venture upon this dreadful business.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Bell. Welcom, more welcom than all the Treasures of the Sea and Land.

Doubt. More welcom than a Thousand Angels.

Theo. Death ! we are undone, one knocks.

La. Shack *knocks*.

Bell. Curse on 'em ; keep the door fast.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, open the door for Heaven's sake, quickly.

Isab. Open it, we are ruined else ; wee'l into the Bed, you know what you have to doe.

They cover themselves.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, the House is alarm'd with Witches, and I saw two come to this Chamber, and come to give you notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you see,

Doubt. They come invisibly then ; for we had our eyes on the door.

La. Sha. Are they not about the Bed some where ? Let's search.

Bell. There are no Witches there, I can assure you.

La. Sha. Look a little, I warrant you. *Sir Jeffery knocks without.*

Sir Jeff. Open the Door quickly, quickly, the Witches are there.

La. Sha. Oh ! my Husband ! I am ruin'd if he sees me here.

Doubt. Put out the Candles, lye down before the door. *He enters, and stumbles upon the Servant.*

Sir Jeff. Oh ! I have broken my knees, this is the Witches doing : I have lost my Wife too : lights, lights there.

La. Sha. I'll not stay here.

She creeps out softly.

Isab. Here's no staying for us.

Theo. Quickly, go by the Wall.

They steal on.

Sir Jeff. For Heaven's sake let's into the Gallery and call for lights.

Bell. A Curse upon this Fellow, and all ill luck.

Doubt. Hell take him, the Ladies are gone too.

ACT V.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. **W**Hat unfortunate disappointments have we met with.

Doubt. All ill luck has conspired against us this night.

Bell. We have been near being discover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this night to doe our Business in ; if we dispatch not this affair now, all will come out to morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't ; sure the surprise the Ladies were in before, has frightened 'em from attempting again.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with people in the Gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think so too ; for they seem to be very hearty in this matter. Once more go to their Chamber.

Doubt. Go you in then to ours.

Bell goes in.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Hold, Mr. *Doubty*.

Doubt. A Curse on all damn'd luck, Is she here ? *Aside.*
Sweet Madam, is it you ? I have been watching for *Bellfort's* sleeping ever since.

La. Sha. I ventur'd hard, since Sir *Jeffery* miss'd me out of Bed, I had much a-do to fasten an excuse upon him.

Doubt. I am so afraid of *Bellfort's* coming, Madam, he was here but even now : The hazard of your Honour puts me in an Agony.

La. Sha. O dear Sir, put out the Candle, and he can never discover any thing ; besides, we will retire into yon Room.

Doubt. Death ! What shall I do now ? *She puts out the Candle.*

La. Sha. And since it is dark, and you cannot see my Blushes, I must tell you, you are a very ill guesser ; for I myself was the person I described.

Doubt. Oh Madam ! you raille me, I will never believe it while I live ; it is impossible.

La. Sha. I'll swear 'tis true : Let us withdraw into that Room, or we shall be discover'd. Oh Heaven, I am undone, my Husband with a light run into your Chamber.

Doubt. 'Tis a happy deliverance. *Aside.*

Ex. Doubty.

La. Sha. I'll countefeit walking in my sleep.

Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.

Sir Jeff. Where is this Wife of mine ? She told me she fell fast asleep in the Closet at her Prayers, when I mist her before ; and I found her there at my coming back to my Chamber : But now she is not there, I am sure. Ha ! here she is. Ha ! what is she blind ? she takes no notice of me ; how gingerly she treads.

La. Sha. Oh ! stand of—who's that would kill my dear Sir *Jeffery* ? stand off, I say.

Sir Jeff. Oh Lord, kill me ! where ! ha ! here's nobody.

La. Sha. Oh ! the Witch, the Witch, oh she pulls the cloaths off me. Hold me, Sir *Jeffery*, hold me.

Sir Jeff. On my Conscience and Soul she walks in her sleep.

La. Sha. Oh, all the Cloaths are off, cover me ; oh I am so cold !

Sir Jeff. Good lack a day, is it so ! my Dear, my Lady.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

La. *Sha.* Hah, hah.

She opens her eyes and sbrieaks.

Sir *Jeff.* Wake I say, wake.

La. *Sha.* Ah.

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis I, my dear.

La. *Sha.* Oh Heav'n! Sir *Jeffery*, where am I?

Sir *Jeff.* Here in the Gallery.

La. *Sha.* Oh! how came I here?

Sir *Jeff.* Why, thou didst walk in thy sleep; good lack a day, I never saw the like.

La. *Sha.* In my sleep, say you? Oh Heav'n! I have catcht my death. Let's to Bed, and tell me the story there.

Sir *Jeff.* Come on. Ha, ha, ha, this is such a jest! walk in your sleep! gods niggs, I shall so laugh at this in the morning.

La. *Sha.* This is a happy come off.

Aside.

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. If we do not get into this Chamber suddenly, we are undone: They are up in the Offices already.

Theo. Never have adventures been so often disappointed, in so short a time.

Isab. There's no body in the Gallery now, we may go.

Theo. Hast then, and let us fly thither.

Isab. } Ah, what's this? { *Just as they are entring, Chaplain and*
Theo. } { *Susan enter with a Candle.*

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the witches.

Smerk. Oh mercy upon us, where is this Candle?

So let me tell you, 'Twas no Witch; they were the two young Ladies, that frighted my dear beautious love so; and I'll acquaint their Parents with it, I'll assure you.

Susan. This is strange, what could they have to do at this time o'th night?

Smerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to doe. I am inflam'd beyond all measure, with thy heavenly beauty.

Susan. Alas! my beauty is but moderate; yet none of the worst, I must needs say.

Smerk. 'Tis blasphemy to say so; your eyes are bright like two Twin Stars; your Face is an Ocean of beauty; and your Nose a Rock arising from it, on which my heart did split: Nothing but Ruby and Pearl is about thee; I must blazon thee by Jewels, thy beauty is of a Noble rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a Scholar.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Smerk. 'Tis a miracle I should not think her handsome before this day; she is an Angel! *Isabella* is a *Dowdy* to her. You have an unexhausted mine of beauty. Dear Mrs. *Susan* cast thy Smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy Quarry: Love makes me Eloquent and Allegorical.

Susan. Sweet Sir, you oblige me very much by your fine Language; but I vow I understand it not: yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my heart unto thee; let me approach thy lip. Oh fragrant! fragrant! *Arabia felix* is upon this lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my lip, what's that? I have nothing, I have no pimple, nor any thing upon my lip, not I.

Smerk. Sweet Innocence—I will be plain; I am inflam'd within, and would enjoy thy lovely Body in sweet dalliance.

Susan. How Sir! do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this sin! know, I will preserve my Honour and my Conscience.

Smerk. Conscience? why so you shall, as long as our minds are united. The Casuists will tell you, it is a Marriage in *foro Conscientiæ*; and besides, the Church of *Rome* allows Fornication: And truly it is much practis'd in our Church too. Let us retire, come, come.

Susan. Stand off, I defie you: your Casuits are Knaves, and you are a Papiſt, you are a foul voluptuous Swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewell.

Smerk. Hold, hold, Dear, Beautious Creature, I am at thy mercy: Muſt I marry then? speak. Prethee spare me that, and I'll do any thing.

Susan. Stand off, I scorn thy Love; thou art a pitious Fellow,

Smerk. Dear Mrs. *Susan* hear me; let us but do the thing, and then I'll marry thee.

Susan. I'll see thee hang'd 'ere I'll truſt thee, or e're a Whoremaster of you all. No, I have been serv'd that trick too often already, I thank you. *Aside.*

Smerk. Muſt I then marry?

Enter Isabella and Theodosia disguised, with Vizors like Witches.

Isab. Yonder's the Chaplin and *Susan*;
But this disguise will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on, we muſt venture.

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly.

Ex. Susan and Chaplain.

Enter Bellfort and Doubty.

Bell. What shriek was that?

Doubt. We have been several times alarm'd with these Noises.

Bell. Here's nothing but madness and confusion in this Family.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Isab. Heav'n! who are these whispering?

Doubt. Who's this I have hold on, heav'n grant it be not my Lady?

Theo. 'Tis I, 'tis *Theodosia*.

Doubt. 'Tis lucky——where is your fair Companion?

Theo. Here.

Doubt. And here's my Friend——

Bell. A thousand Blessings on you.

Priest. Phoo are dese?

Enter Priest with a Candle.

Bell. Heav'n what's this, the damn'd Priest? These disguises will serve our turn yet: oh, Sir we are haunted with Witches here, run in quickly for some Holy-water.

Priest. I vill; I vill, let me alone.

Ex. Priest.

Bell. Now in, in quickly.

Ex. Bell. Doubt. Isab. and Theo.

Enter Priest with Holy-water.

Priest. Phaar is dese Vitches? phaar are dey? hah, dey are Wanisht for feare of me, I vill put dish down in dis plaash for my defence; what vill I do now? I have maad Fornicaation vid dis Vitch or Succubus indeed; when I do go home, I vill be after being absolv'd for it, and den I vill be as Innocent as de child unborne by my Shoul. I have hang'd my self all round vid reliques indeed, and de Sprights and de Vitches cannot hurt me, fait and trot.——

Enter Mother Dickenson.

M. Dick. My Dear, I come to visit thee again.

Priest. Phaat is here, de Vitch agen does come to haunt me, *Benedicite*—out upon dee dou damn'd Vitch, vat dosht dou come upon me for? I defy dee, a plaague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. I am no Witch, I am a poor Innocent woman, and a Tenant of Sir *Edwards'*, and one that loves you dearly.

Priest. Dou plaagy Vitch, let me come unto my holy vater, and I vill pay dee off indeed; hoh, by my shalvaation 'tis all flown away——Oh dou damn'd Vitch! I vill hang dee indeed.

M. Dick. Pretdee be kinder, my Dear, and kiss me.

Priest. Out, out, kiss dee—a plaague taak dee, Joy; stand off upon me, by my shoulvaation, I vill kiss the dogs Arse shaving dy presence before I vill be after kishing dee:

M. Dick. Be not so unkind to thy own Dear, Thou didst promise me Marriage, thou knowe'st, and I come to claim thee for my Husband.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, Mariage! Vat vill I Marry vid a Vitch? by my shoul——*Conjuro te; fuge, fuge.*

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latine ; for do you hear Sir, you promised me Marriage, and I will have you.

Priest. Oh phaate vill I do ? Vat vill I do ?

M. Dick. This morning I will marry you, I'll stay no longer, you are mine.

Priest. By my shoul, Joy, I vill tell you, I am a Romish Priest, and I cannot Maarry, What would you have now ?

M. Dick. You shall turn Protestant then, for I will have you.

Priest. By St. *Paatrick*, phaate does she say ? Oh damn'd Protestant Vitch ! I vill speak shivilly, Madam, I vill tell dee now, if dou vill repair unto dine own House, by my shoulwaation I vill come unto dee to morow, and I vill give dee satisfaaaction indeed. *Aside.* As soon as shee does get home, fait and trot I vill bring de Constable, and hang her indeed.

M. Dick. I'll not be put off, I'll have you now. *She lays hold on him.*

Priest. By my Shoul I vill not go, I vill hang dee for a Vitch ; and now I do apprehend dee upon daat. Help, help.

Enter Tom Sha. and Clod.

I have taaken a Vitch indeed : Help, help.

M. Dick. I am your Wife.

Priest. Help, help, I have taaken a Vitch.

Tom Sha. Ha ! what's here ? one of the Witches by th' Mess.

Priest. Ay, by my Shouel, Joy ; I have taaken her.

Tom. Sha. Nay, by'r Lady, whoo has taken yeow by yeowr leave.

Clod. We han taken a Witch too ; lay hawd on her.

M. Dick. Deber, Deber, little Martin, little Martin, where art thou little Master ? where art thou, little Master ?

Priest. Doſt dou mutter ? By my shoule I vill hang dee, Joy ; a plaague taak dee, indeed.

M. Dick. Thou art a Popish Priest, and I will hang thee.

Priest. I am Innocent as the Child unborn, I vill taak de Oades, and bee——

M. Dick. *Marmot, Marmillion, Rouncy, Puckling*, little Maſter, have you left me all ?

Clod. We han got another Witch, who's ſtrongly guarded and Watched i'th ſtabo.

Tom. Sha. Come let's hale her thether : We cou'd not get into the hawse till naw, we came whoame so late at night.

Priest. Come let us taake de Vitch away : I vill hang dee, Joy—— a plaague taake dee fait.

M. Dick. Am I o'er-taken then ?——I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

Tom Sha. Let us carry her thether, come along.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Priest. Pull her away——we will be after hanging of you, Fait and Trot. *Ex.*

Enter Sir *Timothy*, and *Servant*, with a Candle.

Sir *Tim.* I could not rest to night for the Joy of being Married to day. 'Tis a pretty Rogue——she's some what Cross——but I warrant her she will love me, when she has tryed me once.

Serv. Why would you rise so soon? 'Tis not day yet.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis no matter, I cannot sleep man, I am to be Married, Sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you should have slept now, that you might watch the better at night: For 'twill be uncivil to sleep much upon your Wedding Night.

Sir *Tim.* Uncivil, ay that it will,——very uncivil: I wont sleep a wink. Call my new Brother-in-Law: Oh here he is, he can't sleep, neither.

Enter *Harfort*, and his Man with a Candle.

Yo. *Har.* Set down the Candle; and go bid the Groom get the Horses ready, I must away to the Powts.

Sir *Tim.* Oh brother, good morrow to you; what a Devil's this——what, booted! are you taking a Journey upon your wedding day.

Yo. *Har.* No, but I will not lose my Hawking this Morning; I will come back time enough to be Married, Brother.

Sir *Tim.* Well, breeding's a fine thing——this is a strange ill-bred Fellow! what, Hawk upon your wedding day! I have other game to fly at——Oh how I long for night——why my Sister will think you care not for her.

Yo. *Har.* *Aside*, No more——I don't very much! a pox on Marrying, I love a Hawk, and a Dog, and a Horse, better than all the Women in the World. [*To him.* Why I can Hawk and Marry too: She shall see I love her: For I will leave off Hawking before Ten a Clock.

Enter *Servant*.

Serv. Sir, I cannot come at the Horses, for the People have taken a brace of Witches, and they are in the stable under a strong guard, that will let no body come at 'em.

Yo. *Har.* Uds Flesh, I shall have my Horses bewitch'd, and lose 500 Pounds worth of Horse Flesh.

Sir *Tim.* No, no, they can do no hurt——when they are taken the Devil leaves 'em——Let's go see 'em——

*Their men taking up the Candles, two
Spirits fly away with 'em.*

Yo. *Har.* What shall we do?

Sir *Tim.* Let us stand up close against the Wall.

Yo. *Har.* Listen, here are the Witches, what will become of us?

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Enter *Isabella, Theodosia, Bellfort and Doubty.*

Bell. A Thousand blessings light on thee, my Dear Pretty Witch.

Sir Tim. O Lord! there's the Devil too Courting of a Witch.

Doubt. This is the first Night I ever liv'd, thou Dearest, Sweetest Creature.

Yo. Har. Oh! sweet quoth a, that's more than I can say of my self at this time.

Isab. We will go and be decently prepared for the Wedding that's Expected.

Theo. Not a word of discovery till the last; creep by the Wall. Ha—who's here!

Isab. Where?

Yo. Har. Oh good Devil don't hurt us, we are your humble servants.

Bell. In, in quickly——

Ex. Bellfort and Doubty.

Sir Tim. Lights, Lights, Help, Help, Murder, Murder, Oh good Devil don't hurt me; I am a Whoremaster.

Yo. Har. And I am a Drunkard; Help, Help, Murder. *Ex.* Ladies.

Enter *Tom Shacklehead* with a Candle, and *Tegue O Devilly.*

Tom. Sha. What's the Matter?

Thunder softly here.

Priest. Phaas is de matter, Joy?

Sir Tim. O Nuncle! here have been Devils and Witches: They are flown away with our Candles, and put us in fear of our lives.

Thunder and Lighten.

Tom Sha. Here's a great Storm Arising——what can be the matter! the Haggas are at Wark by'r Lady; and they come to me by th' mass, I ha gotten my brawd Sward: Ayst mow 'em down, ged faith will I.

Priest. Be not afraid, I vill taake a Caare, and I will conjure down this Tempest, fait an bee.

Thunders.

Tom Sha. Flesh, that Thunder-clap shook the Hawse, Candle burns blew too.

Sir Tim. Death, it goes out, what will become of us?

Tom. Sha. An the Witches come, by'r Lady Ayst mow 'em down with my brawd Sward I warrant o'.——I have shot one Witch flying to Neeght already.

Enter *M. Hargrave, M. Madge*, and two Witches more; they mew, and spit like Cats, and fly at 'em, and scratch 'em.

Yo. Har. What's this; we are set upon by Cats.

Sir Tim. They are Witches in the shape of Cats, what shall we do?

Priest. Phaas will I do? Cat, Cat, Cat, Oh, oh.

Conjuro vos; fugite, fugite, Cacodæmones; Cats, Cats. They Scratch all their Faces till the Bloud runs about 'em.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Tom. Sha. Have at ye, all, I ha' *He cuts at them.*
Mauld some of 'em by th' Mass, they { *The Witches screek and run away.*
are fled, but I am plaguily scratcht.

Priest. Dey were affraid of my Charmes, and de sign of de Cross did maake dem fly—but dey have scratcht a great deale upon my faash, for all dant.

Yo. Har. Mine is all of a gore blood.

Sir Tim. And mine too—that these damn'd Witches should disfigure my Countenance upon my Wedding Day?

Yo. Har. O Lord, what a Tempest's this? *Thunder.*

Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.

Sir Jeff. Heaven! What a Storm is this! The Witches and all their Imps are at Work. Who are these? Hah!—your Faces are all bloody.

Sir Tim. We have been frightened out of our Wits; we have been assaulted by Witches in the shape of Cats, and they have scratcht us most ruefully.

Priest. But I did fright dem away, by my Shoule.

Sir Jeff. Why you are as much mauld as any one; nay, they are at work.—I never remember such Thunder and Lightning; bid 'em ring out all the Bells at the Church.

Priest. I vill * Baptize all your Bells for you Joy, and then they vill stop the Tempest indeed, and not before, I tell you, oh, Baptized Bells are braave things, fait.

* *Wier. præst. Dæm. lib. 1. pag. 43* and 44, shows, that it is the opinion of the Papists, that Baptized Bells will drive away Tempests, see also *Guacc. compend. maleficarum. lib. 3. cap. 6.*

Tom Sha. Flesh, Christen Bells!

Sir Tim. Yes, I believe the great Bell at Oxford was Christen'd Tom.

Yo. Har. And that at Lincoln has a Christen name too.

Priest. I tell de Joy, I vill caarry de hosht and shome reliques abroad, and we vill get a black Chicken, and maak one of de Vitches throw it into de Aire, and it vill maak stop upon de Tempest.

Sir Jeff. Why, all the Authors say, * *Nider in formicario* cites this from a Judge, who had it from the confession of a Witch, cap. 4.
* sacrificing a black Chicken so will raise a Tempest.

Tom. Sha. What's here a haund! uds Flesh, you see I have cut off a haund of one of the Haggs.

Sir Jeff. Let's see, this is a lucky evidence; keep it and see what Witch it will fit, and 'tis enough to hang her.

Priest. The Storm begins to stay; I did shay shome Aves, and part of de Gospel of St. John, and in fine, *fugiat Tempestas*, and it does go away upon it indeed.

Tom. Sha. We may trace her by her Blood.

Sir Tim. But hark you, What's the reason my Hawks wanted their

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Pidgeon's? uds bud I shall remember you for it; you think to live like a Lubber here and do nothing.

Tom. Sha. Peace, I was drunken, peace, good Sir *Timothy*, Ayst do no more so.

Sir Jeff. Methinks all on a sudden the Storm is laid.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Constable and the rest of us have taken the whole flock of Witches: but they fell upon us like Cats first; but we have beaten 'em into Witches, and now we have 'em fast.

Sir Jeff. So now, their Power's gone when they are taken, let's go see 'em.

Yo. Har. I'll wash my face and away a Hawking, now the Storm's over, 'tis broad day.

Sir Tim. I will call up Sir *Edward's* Musick, and wake the two Brides with a Serenade this Morning.

Ex. Omnes.

Enter Sir Edward and his man with a Light.

Sir Edw. It has been a dreadful Storm, and strangely laid o'th' suddain, this is a Joyfull day to me: I am now in hopes to strengthen and preserve my Family——my poor Daughter has the worst on't, but she is discreet; and will mould Sir *Timothy* to what she pleases: she is good natur'd, and he loves her, and his Estate's beyond Exception——Go call my Son to me, bid him rise, 'tis day, put out the Candle now.

Ex. Servant.

This Son, I out of Duty must provide for; for there's a Duty from a Father to make what he begets as happy as he can; and yet this Fool makes me as unhappy as he can; but that I call Philosophy to my aid, I could not bear him.

Enter Young Harfort and Servant.

How now your Face scratcht! what were you drunk last night, and have been at Cuffs?

Yo. Har. No, Sir *Timothy*, I, and *Tegue O Divelly*, and *Tom Shacklehead* were assaulted by Witches in the Shape of Cats; and *Tom Shacklehead* has cut off one of the Cats hands; and all the Witches are taken, and are in the stable under a strong Guard.

Sir Edw. What foolish wild story is this? you have been drunk in Ale, that makes such foggy Dreams.

Yo. Har. 'S bud, Sir, the story is true, you'll find it so.

Sir Edw. How now! what makes you booted upon your Wedding-day?

Yo. Har. Why, I am going a Hawking this morning; and I'll come home time enough to be marry'd.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Sir *Edw.* Thou most incorrigible Ass, whom no precept or example can teach common sence to, that would have made thee full of Joy at thy approaching happiness ; it would have fill'd thy mind, there could have been no room for any other object ; to have a good Estate settled upon thee, and to be married to a woman of that Beauty, and that Wit and Wisdom, I have not known her equal, would have transported any one but such a clod of Earth as thou art ; thou art an excrement broken from me, not my Son.

Yo. *Har.* Why Sir, I am transported ; but can't one be transported with Hawking too ? I love it, as I love my life, would you have a Gentleman neglect his Sports ?

Sir *Edw.* None but the vilest men will make their sports their business ; their books, their friends, their kindred and their country should concern 'em : such drones serve not the ends of their Creation, and should be lopt of from the rest of men.

Yo. *Har.* A Man had better dye than leave his sport ; tell me of books ? I think there's nothing in 'em for my Part ; and for Musick I had as live sit in the stocks, as here your fine songs ; I love a Bagpipe well enough, but there's no Musick like a deep Mouth'd Hound.

Sir *Edw.* Thou most excessive block-head, thou art enough to im-bitter all my sweets ; thou art a Wen belonging to me, and I shall do well to cut thee off ; but do you hear Fool, go and dress your self, and wait upon your Bride, or by Heaven I will disinherit you. This is the Critical day, on which your happiness or misery depends ; think on that.

Ex. Sir Edward.

Yo. *Har.* Was ever so devilish a Father to make one neglect one's sport, because he's no sport's-man himself ; A Pox on Marrying, could not I Hawk and Marry too ? well I am resolv'd I'll steal out after I am Marry'd.

Enter Sir *Timothy* and Musick.

Sir *Tim.* Come on. Place your selves just by her Chamber, and play—and sing that Song I love so well.

Song.

My Dear, my Sweet, and most delicious Bride,
Awake, and see thine own Dear waiting at the Door ;
Surely she cannot sleep for thinking of me, poor Rogue.

Isabella above. { Who's this disturbs my rest ! is it thou ? I thought
'twas some Impertinent Coxcomb or other ; dost
thou hear, carry away that scurvy Face from me, as
soon as possibly thou canst.

Sir *Tim.* Well, you have a pleasant way with you, you'll never leave your pretty humours, I see that.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Isab. Ha! Thou haßt been scratcing with Wenches, was not thy face ugly enough but thou mußt disfigure it more than Nature has done? one would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir Tim. Faith thou art a pretty wag, Thou'lt never leave thy Roguery; Wenches, why 'twas done by Witches, who in the shape of Cats, had like to have kill'd us: Your Brother, my Uncle, and the Irish Man, are all as bad as I.

Isab. Prithee begon, and mend thy Face; I cannot bear it.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, it's no matter, I'll come into thy Chamber, I must be familiar with you——

Isab. And I will be very free with you; you are a Nauseous Fool, and you shall never come into my Chamber. S'life, would you begin your Reign before you are Mary'd? no, I'll dominere now——begon.

Ex. Isabella.

Sir Tim. Nay, faith; I'll not leave you so, you little cross Rogue you; open the dore there, let me in, let me in, I say.

Theodosia comes out in a Witches habit and a Vizor.

Theo. Who's that? Thou art my Love, come into my arms.

Sir Tim. Oh the Witch! the Witch! help, help.

He runs out, Theodosia retires.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, Teague O Divelly, Tom. Shacklehead, Clod and Sir Jeffery's Clerk.

Sir Jeff. So, now thou art come, my Dear, I'll dispatch the Witches, they are all taken and Guarded in the Stable: *Clod*, bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. Sha. That's well, are they caught? let' em come before us, we will order 'em.

Sir Jeff. I would do nothing without thee my Dear.

Priest. Here *Lady*, Taake some 1. Conjur'd shalt and put upon dee and palme, and shome Holy-Wax daat I did bring for dish occasion, and de Witches will not hurt dy Laadyship.

La. Sha. Thank you Sir.

Priest. I did give dy Husband shome before Joy, but I will speak a word unto you all, let every one 2 spit three times upon deir boshomes, and Cross demselves, it is braave upon dis occaasion.

Sir Jeff. It shall be done.

They all do it.

Priest. Daat is very well now.

Let no Vitch 3. touch no part about you, and let 'em come vid deir Arshes before deir Faashes, phen dey come to Confession or Examinaation. We have eye-biting Witches in *Eerland*, that kill vid deir Countenance.

Sir Jeff. This is a very Learned and Wise Man.

La. Sha. He is a great Man indeed, we are nothing to him.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

Priest. You vill shee now, now I will speak unto dem, here dey come ; I shay bring their Arshes before deir Faashes.

They enter with the Witches.

Tom. Sha. Bring 'em backward, thus.

Sir Jeff. You *Clod*, and you *Tom Shacklehead* have sworn sufficiently against the Witch *Spencer*, and so has that Country Fellow.

M. Spencer. I am an Innocent Woman, and they have broken my arm with a shot, Rogues, Villains, Murderers.

Priest. Dey are angry, daat is a certain sign of a Vitch ; and dey cannot cry, daat is another shine ; look to 'em dey do not put spittle upon deir Faashes to maake believe daat dey do weep : Yet *Bodin* dosh shay, daat a Vitch can cry three drops vid her right Eye, I tell you.

Sir Jeff. Have you searcht 'em all as I bid you Woman ?

Woman. Yes, an't please your Worship, and they have all great Biggs and Teates in many parts, except Mother *Madge*, and hers are but small ones.

La. Sha. It is enough, make their *Mittimus*, and send 'em all to Gaol.

Witches. { I am innocent, I am innocent.
Save my life, I am no Witch.
I am innocent, save my life.

Priest. Ven dey do shey dey are innocent, and desire to shave deir lives, 'tis a shertain shigne of a Vitch, fait and trot.

Woman. Besides, this Woman, *Margaret Demdike* by name, threatn'd to be revenged on me, and my Cow has been suckt dry ever since, and my Child has had fits.

M. Demd. She lies, she lies, I am innocent.

Tom. Sha. This is she that had a haund cut off, it fits her to a hair.

Sir Jeff. 'Tis enough : 'Tis enough.

M. Harg. Must I be hang'd for having my Hand cut off ? I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

1. *Mall. Malef. Institor Springer*, Part. 3. Quæst. 15. A caution to the Judges, *Secum deferant sal exorcizatum in Dominica die palmarum & herbas benedictas : Hæ enim res insimul cum cera benedicta involuta & in collo deportata, &c. miram habent efficaciam, &c.* [I have made my Irish Man translate the Latin false on purpose.] 2. For spitting in their Bosomes, see *Tibullus*, *Eleg.* 2. *Ter Cano, ter dictis despuc carminibus.* And in *Eleg.* 1. *Despuit in molles & sibi quisque sinus.* This *Theocritus* mentions ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ τρὶς ἐς ἐμόν ἔπτυσσά κόλπον, And several other Authors, particularly *Theophrastus libro de characterismis*, speaking of superstitious Persons, μαινόμενόν τε ἰδὼν καὶ ἐπίληπτον φρίξας εἰς κόλπον πτύσας for they thought they that were mad or had the Falling-sickness, were possessed with Devils. 3. *Mall. Malef.* part. 3. quest. 15. *Non permittant se ab ea tangi corporaliter. Id. Ibid. Et si commode fieri potest, ipsa a tergo deorsum vertendo ad Judices & assessores introducatur.* 4. *Bodin* and several Authors mention this ;

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but *Mal. Malef.* particularly, Part 3. Quæst. 15. pag. 557. *Hoc enim pro certissimo signo, &c. quod etiamsi ad Lacrimandum conjurationibus hortetur aliqua & compellatur*, (and the Inquisitors have an Office for this, as you will see in the *Flagellum dæmonum per Fr. Ieron. Menguem.* in the 2. Tome of *Mal. Malef.*) *sed si Malefica existit, Lachrymas emittere non potest, dabit quidem flebiles & ex spūto genas & oculos linire, &c.* Having of Biggs and Teats all modern Witchmongers in England affirm. The cutting off the hand is an old story.

Constab. Did not you say to my Wife, you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with pain in her rump-bone ever since? and did not my Sow cast her farrow last Night.

Harg. You should send your Brother to Gaol for cutting my hand off.

Tom Sha. What for cutting a Cat's hand off? you were a Cat when I cut it off.

Tho. o Georges. An't please your Worship, this Woman, *Gamer Dickinson*, who threped and threped, and aw to becaw'd me last Night i'th' Lone, and who said she would be reveng'd on me; and this Morning at four a Clock Butter would not come, nor the Ale warck a bit, who has bewicht it.

Sir Jeff. I have heard enough, send 'em all to the Gaol.

La. Sha. You must never give a Witch any Milk, Butter, Cheese, or any thing that comes from the Cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd Vitch, I vill be after sheeing dee hang'd indeed, I did taake her by my shoule——

Dick. I am a poor innocent Woman, I am abused and I am his wife, an't please your worship: He had knowledge of me in a Room in the Gallery, and did promise me Marriage.

Sir Jeff. Ha! What's this?

Priest. By my Shalvaation I am innocent as de Child unborn, I speak it before Heav'n, I did never make fornication in my Life.

Aside. Vid my Nostrills; dere is a mental reservaation. I am too subtil for dem indeed gra. *To them.* It is malice upon me.

La. Sha. There is something in this story, but I dare not speak of it.

Sir Jeff. I do believe you, Mr. O *Devilly*.

Dicken. Besides, he is a Popish Priest.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a *Priest*, I vill taak de Oades Fait and trot; I did never taake Holy Orders since I was bore.

Aside. In *Jamaica*. Dere is another Mentall reservation too; and it is Lawfull.

Constab. Indeed Sir, I have been told he is a Popish Priest, and has been at Rome.

Priest. I speak it in de presence of all de Saints, daat I did never see Rome, in all my life. *Aside.* Vid de eyes of a Lyon. Dere was another by my shoule.

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Sir Jeff. Take away the Witches, there is their Mittimus, carry 'em all to *Lancaster*.

Witches. I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

Constab. Come on, you Haggs ; now your Master the Devil has left you. *Ex. Const. and Witches.*

Sir Jeff. Sir you must excuse me, I must give you the Oathes upon this Information.

Priest. And by my shoule, Joy, I vill taak dem, and *twenty* or *thirty* more Oades if dou dosht please indeed, I vill take 'em all to serve dee, Fait and Trot.

Sir Jeff. Come into the Hall, there's the Statute Book.

La. Sha. I will go in and see if the Brides be ready.

Enter Sir *Edward, Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, this day I am to do the great Duty of a Father in providing for the Settlement of my Children ; this day we will dedicate to Mirth, I hope you will partake with me in my Joy.

Bell. I should have had a greater share in any Joy that could affect so worthy a Man, had not your Daughter been the only Person, I ever saw, whom I could have fixt my love upon : but I am unhappy that I had not the honour to know you till it was too late.

Sir Edw. This had been a great honour to me, and my Daughter, and I am sorry I did not know it sooner, and assure you it is some trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a Gentleman he takes it ! but I have an Ass, Nay, two to deal with.

Enter *Lady Shacklehead*, and *Isabella*, and *Theodosia*.

La. Sha. Good morrow Brother, our brace of Brides are ready, where are the lusty Bridegrooms ?

Sir Edw. Heav'n grant this may prove a happy day.

La. Sha. Mr. *Doubty*, was ever such an unlucky Night as we have had ?

Doubt. 'Tis happy to me, who was assur'd of the love of one I love much more than all the Joys on Earth.

La. Sha. Now you make me blush, I swear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wish you much joy of this day.

Doubt. Much Happiness to you.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, and *Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir Jeff. Brother, good morrow to you ; this is a happy day, our Families will soon be one : I have sent all the Witches to the Goal.

Sir Edw. Had you Evidence enough ?

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Sir *Jeff*. Ay, too much ; this Gentleman was accused for being a Papiſt, and a Prieſt, and I have given him the Oaths, and my Certificate, and on my Conſcience he is a very good Proteſtant.

Prieſt. It is no matter, I did taak de Oades, and I am a very good Proteſtant upon occaasion, Fait.

Sir *Edw*. Say you ſo ? *between you and I, how many Sacraments are there ?*

Prieſt. *How many ? by my ſhoule dere are ſheven ; how many would dere be tink you Huh ? by my ſhoule I have a dispensaation, indeed I am too cunning for 'em, fait I am.* Aside.

Sir *Edw*. So here are the Bridegrooms.

Enter Sir *Timothy*, and Yo. *Hartfort*, *Servant*.

Sir *Tim*. Oh my Dear pretty Bride, let me kiss thy hand, how joyful am I, that I shall have my Dear within these armes ! ah ! now the little Rogue can smile upon me.

Yo. *Har*. Cousin, good morrow to you, I am glad to see you, how do you do this Morning ?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. *Har*. God be thanked, I am very glad on't.

Sir *Edw*. Is not the Parson come yet ?

Serv. Yes Sir, he is very busy at his Breakfast in the buttery : And as soon as he has finisht his Pipe and his Tankard—he will wait on you : he has Marry'd one Cupple already, The *Chaplin* and Mrs. *Susan*.

Sir *Edw*. How.

Serv. 'Tis true.

Sir *Edw*. I am sorry for't, that *Chaplin* is a Rascal—I have found him out, and will turn him away——

Enter another *Servant*.

Serv. Sir, here are some of your Tenants and Countrymen come to be merry with you, and have brought their Piper and desire to daunce before you.

Enter several *Tennants*, and *Country Fellows*.

Tenants. We are come to wish your Worship, my Young Maſter and Lady Joy of this happy day.

Sir *Edw*. You are kindly welcom, Neighbours ; this is happiness indeed, to see my Friends, and all my loving Neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens bless your good Worship.

Sir *Edw*. These honeſt men are the strength and sinnews of our Country ; such men as these are uncorrupted, and while they stand to us we fear no Papiſts, nor *French* invasion ; this day we will be merry together.

Clod. Ayſt make bold to Daunce for joy.

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Sir *Edw.* Prethee do—— *Clod dances.*
Go bid the Parson come in, we will dispatch this business here before you all.

Isab. Hold, there needs no Parson.

Sir *Edw.* What say you ?

Sir *Jeff.* How !

Isab. We are Marry'd already, and desire your blessing.

Sir *Edw.* It is impossible. *Bell. Doubt. Isab and Theo. kneel.*

La. Sha. Heav'n ! what's this I see ?

Sir *Jeff.* Thieves ! Robbers ! Murderers of my honour, I'll hang that Fellow.

Sir *Edw.* What pageantry is this ? explain your self.

Sir *Tim.* What a Devil do they mean now ?

Bell. The truth is Sir, we are Marry'd ; we found you Fathers were too far ingag'd to break off : Love forced us to this way, and nothing else can be a fit excuse.

Doubt. We have desired this ever since last Summer, and any other but a private way, had certainly prevented it. Let excess of love excuse our fault. Sir *Jeffery*, I will exceed what settlement was made upon your Daughter.

Bell. And I will, sir, do the same Right to yours.

Sir *Jeff.* Flesh and Heart—I'll Murder her.

Doubt. Hold Sir ; she is mine now ; I beseech you moderate your passion.

La. Sha. Oh vile Creature ; I'll tear her Eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear, good Madam : What cannot be redrest must be past by——

La. Sha. Thou worst of Thieves, thou knowest I can ne're pass it by.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir *Edward*, you may do what you will, but I'll go in and meditate revenge.

La. Sha. And I——

Ex. Sir Jeffery and Lady.

Sir *Tim.* Hold, hold me, I am bloody minded, and shall commit Murder else ; my honour, my honour, I must kill him ; hold me fast, or I shall kill him.

Yo. Har. For my part Cousin, I wish you Joy, for I am resolved to hunt and hawk, and course as long as I live——

Sir *Tim.* Cruel Woman, I did not think you would have serv'd me so ; I shall run mad, and hang my self, and walk.

Priest. Now phaasht is de soleedity of all dish——phy all ish paasht, and what vil you say now ? You must taak shome Consolaation unto you——Dou must Fornicaate vid dy Moders Maidsharvants ; and daat is all one by my shoule.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, Gentleman, who Marry'd you ?

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Bell. This Gentleman, who is under his gray Coat, my Parson.

Sir Edw. 'Tis something inhospitable.

Bell. I hope Sir, you'll not have cause to repent it; had there been any other way for me to have escap't perpetual misery, I had not taken this.

Sir Edw. But you Sir have most Injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a thousand pardons, Tho' I must have perisht if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no injury Sir, I never could have lov'd your Son; we must have been unhappy.

Isab. And I had been miserable with Sir *Timothy*.

Yo. Har. To say truth, I did not much care for her neither, I had rather not marry.

Sir Edw. Eternal Blockhead! I will have other means to preserve my Name: Gentlemen, you are men of ample Fortunes and worthy Families——Sir, I wish you happiness with my Daughter, take her.

Bell. You have given me more than my own Father did, then life and fortune.

Isab. You are the best of Fathers, and of men.

Sir Edw. I will endeavour to appease Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady*.

Doubty. You are Generous beyond expression, Sir.

Enter Chaplain and Susan.

Chaplain. Sir, I hope your Worship will pardon me, I am Marry'd to Mrs. *Susan*.

Sir Edw. You are a Villain, that has made love to my Daughter, and corrupted my Son.

Chap. Have they told all, I am ruin'd? good Sir, continue me your Chaplin, and I will Do and Preach whatever you command me.

Sir Edw. I'll not have a Divine with so flexible a Conscience, there shall be no such Vipers in my Family; I will take care you never shall have Orders. But she has serv'd me well, and I will give her a Farm of 40. *l per annum* to Plow: Go Sir, it was an Office you were born to.

Priest. Did I not bid de Fornicaate? and dou didst Marry Joy; if dou hadst not maade Marriage, I would have maad dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to Saint *Omers*, *Dey should have bred dee for one of deir Witnesses, fait.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. I must beg your pardon Sir, I have a warrant against this *Kelly*, *Alias Tegue O Divelly*——he is accus'd for being in the Plot.

Sir Edw. My house is no refuge for Traytors, Sir.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo! by my shalvaation dere is no Plot, and I

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vill not go vid you. Dou art a damn'd Fanaatick, if dou dosht shay dere is a Plot. Dou art a Presbiterian Dogg.

Mess. No striving, come a long with me.

Priest. Phaart vill I do : I am Innocent as de Child dat it is to be Born ; and if they vill hang me, I vill be a shaint indeed. *My hanging Speech was made for me long a go by de Jesuits, and I have it ready, and I vill live and dy by it, by my shoule.*

Mess. Gentlemen, I charge you in the King's Name assist me.

Sir Edw. Come Gentlemen, I wish you both the happiness you deserve.

How shallow is our foresight and our prudence !
Be ne're so wise, design what e'er we will,
There is a Fate that over-rules us still.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

By Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry. A *Skilful Mistress uses wondrous Art,
To keep a peevish crazy Lover's Heart.
His awkward Limbs forgetful of Delights,*

Must be urged on by Tricks and Painful Nights.

Which the poor Creature is content to bear,

Fine Manteau's and new Petticoats to wear.

And Sirs, your sickly Appetites to raise,

The starving Players try a thousand ways,

You had a Spanish Fryer of Intrigue,

And now we have presented you a Tegue ;

Which with much cost from Ireland we have got,

If he be dull, e'en hang him for the Plot.

Tegue. *Now have a care, for by my Shoul Shalwaation,
Dish will offend a Party in de Naation.*

Mrs. Barry. *They that are angry must be very Beasts,
For all Religions laugh at foolish Priests.*

Tegue. *By Creesh, I swear, de Poet has undone me,
Some simple Tory vill maak beat upon me.*

Mrs. Barry. *Good Protestants, I hope you will not see,
A Martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.*

Our Popes and Fryers on one side offend,

And yet alas the City's not our Friend :

The City neither like us nor our Wit,

*They say their Wives learn * ogling in the Pit.*

They'r from the Boxes taught to make advances,

To answers stolen Sighs and naughty Glances.

We Vertuous Ladys some new ways must seek,

For all conspire our playing Trade to break.

If the bold Poet freely shows his Vein,

In every place the snarling Fops complain ;

Of your gross follies, if you will not hear,

With inoffensive Nonsense you must bear.

You, like the Husband, never shall receive

Half the delight the sportful Wife can give

A Poet dares not whip this foolish Age,

You cannot bear the Physick of the Stage.

{ *A foolish Word
among the Canters
for glancing.

THE END.

THE
Squire of Alsatia.
A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted by Their
Majesties Servants,

Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.*

Hor. Ep. ad Aug. 1. lib. 2.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Queens-Head* in
St. Paul's Church-yard, 1688.

Source.

THE main theme of *The Squire of Alsatia*, the two brothers of differing education and character, is derived from the *Adelphi* of Terence, where we have Demea and Micio, the aged Athenians, and Aeschinus, the elder son of the former, who is brought up by his indulgent uncle Micio. Ctesipho, the younger son, lives in the country with his father, being held under great restraint. Aeschinus has debauched Pamphila, the daughter of a widow Sostrata. However he promises to marry the lass, and the amour is kept secret. Meanwhile Ctesipho has fallen in love with a pretty lutanist, a girl who belongs to the leno Sannio. In order to oblige his brother, Aeschinus takes the report of this piece of gallantry upon himself and even succeeds in carrying off the inamorata. Demea getting wind of the affair blames Micio for the loose conduct of Aeschinus, and at the same time vaunts the steadiness and frugality of Ctesipho. The story also reaches Sostrata's ears, and as Pamphila is just in labour, she imagines they have been deserted by a fickle seducer. However she is presently consoled by Micio, who assures her that the boy's affections are steady, and that he will marry her daughter.

Various cross intrigues follow, and in the course of the play Demea rushing into Micio's house finds Ctesipho carousing there, exactly as Sir William Belford discovers Timothy. He cries :

Hei mihi, quid faciam ? quid agam ? quid clamem, aut querar ?
O Coelum, o Terra, o Maria Neptuni !

Eventually he is brought round, and expresses his determination to become kind and considerate for the future. Aeschinus who weds Pamphila asks : " Sed de fratre quid fiet ? " " Sino, Habeat, in istac finem faciat," says the urbane old father, and so Ctesipho is made happy with his fair leman.

The *Adelphi*, which was performed at the funeral games of Lucius Aemilius Paulus (Macedonicus), in the consulship of L. Anicius Gallus and M. Cornelius Cethegus, B.C. 161, is itself taken from Menander's 'Αδελφοί.

The idea of two philosophies of education, the one Spartan and the other generous, is as old as the world. The story of the two brothers, again, infinitely varied and modified maybe, but yet traceable, is to be met with in every age and every clime. That domestic tyranny will baulk its own ends whilst a wise liberty will bear good fruit seems to be a human truth.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

For the two brothers we might almost cite Cain and Abel ; the germ of the idea is there. Oriental parallels of course abound ; and in the realm of fairy we have the famous *Fatal et Fortuné* of Madame Leprince de Beaumont, whilst a feminine analogy is to be found in the same lady's *La Veuve et ses Deux Filles*, which was dramatized by Florian under the title *Blanche et Vermilion* and produced at Paris in March, 1781. Nor as we return to the stage must we forget our own Charles and Joseph Surface, although they are sometimes held to be reflection of Tom Jones and Bilfil, yet 'tis a cognate characterization.

It may be that Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper used a hint from *The Squire of Alsatia* in her comedy *The Rival Widows ; or, Fair Libertine*, produced at Covent Garden in February, 1734-5. Here we have Sir William Freelove, who makes his son a small allowance, and Modern, who indulges his son in every way.

Richard Cumberland's *The Cholerick Man*, which is not a particularly good play, even for its date, produced at Drury Lane, 19 December, 1774, was largely founded upon the *Adelphi*. The Cholerick Man, Old Andrew Nightshade (King), and Manlove (J. Aikin) are brothers by the mother's side. Manlove has adopted Charles (Reddish), Nightshade's eldest son, and causing the lad to take his name gives him a liberal education. Jack (Weston), Nightshade's younger son, has been brought up servilely in the country. He follows his father to London, very secretly ; obtains money from his brother ; and much confusion ensues. Jack is soon on the point of matrimony with Lucy (Miss Pope) a waiting-woman who pretends to be her own mistress. We also have Gregory (Moody), Andrew Nightshade's bumpkinly servant. Thomas Weston, a great low comedian, played brilliantly as young Nightshade, but he died in 1776, and *The Cholerick Man* died with him. However, it was popular in America. (Seilhamer, *History of the American Theatre*, 1774-1792, 267.) The English critics not only at once turned to Cumberland's avowed source the *Adelphi* but also to *The Squire of Alsatia*. *The Universal Magazine*, December, 1774, says that the author's acknowledgment of his "acquaintance with Terence in his Prologue, will not conceal him from a detection of other connections. We fancy he is more indebted to Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia* than to the former, though he has forgotten to make his acknowledgements to the humbler poet of the two." This is kindly done. The *St. James Chronicle*, 22 December, has a long comparison of Terence, Molière, Shadwell, and Cumberland in respect to their various treatments of "The different effects of a harsh and severe, and a mild and gentle Education." It is, in fact, almost impossible to believe that Cumberland has not borrowed largely from Shadwell, especially since the country squire in both comedies is nearly choused into marriage with a pretended lady of quality, an incident which does not occur in the *Adelphi*.

SOURCE

Moreover, Cumberland's vapid *Summer's Tale* was acted at Covent Garden on 11 and 13 December, 1765, and *The Squire of Alsatia* on 12 December. Yet when *The Cholerick Man* was printed 8vo, 1775, in his lengthy Dedication "To Detraction" he flatly declares with intensest exacerbation: "How ridiculous should I have made myself, if, following the false lights of popular applause, I had presented this *heterogeneous* piece (as you are pleased to call it) to one, whose genius might have merited the original from whence it pretends to be derived; not the *Squire of Alsatia* I mean, but the *Adelphi of Terence*: With respect to the above-mentioned 'Squire, which I understand is the offspring of Mr. Shadwell, if I have ignorantly robb'd him of any part of his patrimony, I hope it will not be imputed to me; for I do seriously declare that to my knowledge I never saw him, or ever had any commerce or acquaintance with him, or knew 'till you informed me, that he had so respectable a father: It is to you therefore, *ingenious Sir*, I am indebted for the discovery that I have lost sight of an original which I pretended to have copied, and copied one which I really never saw." Credat Iudaeus Apella!

The excellent and extensive use which Scott made of *The Squire of Alsatia* for *The Fortunes of Nigel* hardly calls for comment. It is, perhaps, worth remarking how much of Shadwell's material is eminently adaptable to the novel.

A play, derived from Scott, *Nigel, or, The Crown Jewels*, produced at Covent Garden, 28 January, 1823, has a scene, II, 2, in Whitefriars, "The Tap-Room of the Bull Dog Tavern," where Hildebrod (Taylor), Captain Peppercole (Farley), and other Alsatians are carousing. Among the characters are Skourlie, "a Scrivener, an exceeding knave" (Farren), and Skelter "a broken down Lawyer of Whitefriars" (Norris). This was brought out in a hurry by Charles Kemble to forestall a dramatization of Scott by Terry which Elliston intended to produce at Drury Lane. The Covent Garden adaptation is very poor, it was disliked, and only endured a few nights for the sake of the scenery. Terry's play never appeared.

The Fortunes of Nigel, a drama by Ball, came out at the Surrey Theatre, 25 June, 1822, and was received with great favour. Burroughs acted Nigel, and Gomery Heriot.

It was said that in Colman's capital comedy *The Jealous Wife*, produced at Drury Lane 12 February, 1761, the hysterical fits of Mrs. Oakley (Mrs. Pritchard) bore too close a resemblance to the violent frenzies of Mrs. Termagant. But this seems entirely fanciful, and I can detect no borrowing here. Mrs. Oakley although emotional, high-wrought, and excited, is never blazing with such mad rage and rancour as the demoniacal Mrs. Termagant, who raves like one possessed. I think it more probable that when Congreve drew wanton Lady Touchwood in *The Double-Dealer* he had not forgotten Shadwell's horrid virago.

Theatrical History.

THE *Squire of Alsatia*, which originally was to have been called *The Alsatia Bully*, was produced at Drury Lane in May, 1688, and as Shadwell himself tells us in the Dedication to the Earl of Dorset, from the first proved so extraordinarily successful that it thronged the theatre for thirteen days together, no usual run, but a triumph that passed into a tradition, for in a dialogic pasquil *Wit for Money*, 1691, Poet Stutter (D'Urfey) proudly boasts : "As for *Plot*, Sir, I'll not yield it to any Poet or Politician ; and there's my *Plotting Sisters* for one, which I'll match, with any Play in *Europe* : Either *She wou'd if she cou'd*, *Squire of Alsatia*, *Soldiers Fortune* ; or any other."

Downes in the *Roscius Anglicanus* tells us : "The Squire of *Alsatia*, a Comedy wrote by Mr. *Shadwell* ; *Sir William Belfond* done by Mr. *Leigh* ; *Sir Edward*, Mr. *Griffin* ; the *Squire* by Mr. *Nokes*, afterwards by Mr. *Jevon* ; *Belfond Junior* Mr. *Mountfort* ; *Termagant*, Mrs. *Boutel* ; *Lucia*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. This Play by its excellent acting being often honour'd with the presence of Chancellour *Jefferies*, and other great persons ; had an uninterrupted run of 13 days together.

Note, Mr. *Leigh* was eminent in this part of *Sir William*, and *Scapin*, *Old Fumble*, *Sir Jolly Jumble*, *Mercury* in *Amphitrion*, *Sir Formal*, *Spanish Fryar*, *Pandarus* in *Troilus and Cressida*.

Note, The Poet receiv'd for his third day in the House in Drury-Lane at single Prices 130£. which is the greatest receipt they ever had at that house at single prices."

Immediately before Downes has praised Griffin in *Sir Edward*. "Note. Mr. *Griffin* so excell'd in *Surly* [Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice*], *Sir Edward Belfond*, *The Plain Dealer*, none succeeding in the 2 former have equall'd him, except his predecessor Mr. *Hart* in the latter."

Colley Cibber also, whose *Apology* has been quoted in the Introduction, singles out Antony Leigh for particular praise as *Sir William Belfond*. In this rôle he roundly declares "Leigh showed a more spirited variety than ever I saw any actor, in any one character, come up to : the poet, it is true, had here exactly chalked for him the outlines of nature ; but the high colouring, the strong lights and shades of humour that enlivened the whole, and struck our admiration with surprise and delight, were wholly owing to the actor. The easy reader might, perhaps, have been pleased with the author without discomposing a feature ; but the spectator must have heartily held his sides, or the actor would have heartily made them ache for it."

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Underhill, also, made a great hit in the "boobily heaviness" of Lolpoop. "He seemed the immovable log he stood for," says Cibber.

Of a play which kept the stage for eighty years it is, of course, possible to chronicle only a very few of the more important performances. 14 November, 1705, we find Estcourt appearing as Sir William Belfond. 26 April, 1708, at the same house, "For the benefit of a young orphan child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Verbruggen," *The Squire of Alsatia* is given with Pinkethman as Sir William; Bullock Belfond Senior; Wilks young Belfond; Keen Sir Edward; Mrs. Knight Mrs. Termagant; Mrs. Oldfield Teresia; and Mrs. Powell Ruth.

The Spectator, (lxxi), Tuesday 22 May, 1711, advertises: "Not Acted these Three Years. At the Desire of several Persons of Quality. For the Benefit of Mrs. Powell and Mr. Cross. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Tuesday the 22nd of May, will be presented a Comedy, called The Squire of Alsatia: Written by the late Ingenious Mr. Shadwell. The Part of the Squire to be perform'd by Mr. Bullock, Sir William Belfond by Mr. Penkethman, Young Belfond by Mr. Wilks, Sir Edward Belfond by Mr. Keene, Trueman by Mr. Mills, Cheatly by Mr. Bickerstaff, Shamwell by Mr. Bullock, Jun., Lolpoop by Mr. Cross, Scrapeall by Mr. Norris, Isabella by Mrs. Rogers, Teresa [sic] by Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Termagant by Mrs. Knight, Lucy by Miss Sherburn, Ruth by Mrs. Powell; with Dancing by Mrs. Bicknell."

On Friday, 23 November, 1711, *The Spectator* (ccxxx) advertises a performance of *The Squire of Alsatia* for that evening at Drury Lane, with the same cast except that Bickerstaff is Cheatly, and Leigh Lolpoop.

Monday, 20 October, 1712, *The Spectator* (dxiv) announces *The Squire* at Drury Lane that evening. Mrs. Porter plays Isabella; Mrs. Mountford Teresia; whilst the others were unchanged.

A performance at Drury Lane 29 November, 1714, seems to have been the last at that theatre for some years.

At Lincoln's Inn Fields, however, 24 November, 1719, Quin is playing Sir Edward Belfond.

At Drury Lane 20 October, 1720, *The Squire of Alsatia* is announced as "Not acted 6 years." Pinkethman is Sir William; Thurmond Sir Edward; Joe Miller Belfond Senior; Wilks young Belfond; Mills Trueman; Dicky Norris Scrapeall; Mrs. Garnet Mrs. Termagant; Mrs. Younger Teresia; Christiana Horton Isabella.

21 December, 1722, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Hippisley, a boon farceur, appeared in Lolpoop; Walker Cheatly; Mrs. Eggleton Mrs. Termagant; Mrs. Seymour Teresia; Mrs. Bullock Isabella.

At Drury Lane 20 January, 1725, Harper was much applauded as Sir William Belfond.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

29 November, 1725, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Spiller was Sir William; Quin Sir Edward, said to be an admirable study; Bullock the elder, and Walker the younger, brother; Mrs. Eggleton the virago mistress; and Mrs. Younger Teresia.

Eleven years later, 23 October, 1736, Quin acted Sir Edward at Drury Lane with Theophilus Cibber as Belfond senior; Milward Belfond junior; and Joe Miller Sir William.

13 March, 1738, at the same house, these actors repeated their favourite characters in Shadwell's comedy, when Harper supported them as Lolpoop; Macklin Cheatly; Mrs. Pritchard Mrs. Termagant; Kitty Clive Isabella; Mrs. Mills Teresia; and Mrs. Grace the old gouvernante.

At Drury Lane, again, 10 December, 1739, Macklin played Sir William (Miller had retired); Chapman the Squire; Turbutt Lolpoop; Woodward Cheatly; Mrs. Macklin, Ruth.

28 February, 1744, Covent Garden announced *The Squire of Alsatia*, as "Not acted 10 years" (at that house). Chapman acted the Squire; Philips (from Dublin) Sir William; Hippisley Lolpoop; Mrs. Pritchard Mrs. Termagant; Miss Hippisley Lucia; and Stoppelear Mrs. Hackum. The rest of the cast is not recorded. No doubt they were the same as on 11 October that year when Hale played Belfond junior; Bridgewater Sir Edward; Cashell Truman. But Dunstall replaces Philips in the rôle of Sir William. Stoppelear, who was an excellent impersonator of robustious females and bawds, acted Mother Midnight in Farquhar's *Twin-Rivals* with good applause, although generally he did not rise above the Second Gravedigger in *Hamlet*.

On 17 May following Woodward, "who, for various abilities to delight an audience in comic characters, had scarcely an equal," acted the Squire with Mrs. Chetwood, her first appearance on any stage, Lucy. A burlesque on *The Rival Queens* followed when Macklin and Turbutt in petticoats spouting Roxana and Statira evoked great laughter.

28 December, 1748, we find *The Squire of Alsatia* at Drury Lane, "not Acted 10 years." Woodward was the Squire; Yates, in whose especial line were all "species of fathers and guardians characterized by humour and caprice," Sir William; Bridges Sir Edward; King Truman; Neale Cheatly; Blakes Shamwell; Mrs. Pritchard Mrs. Termagant; and Kitty Clive Isabella.

Shadwell's comedy is announced at Drury Lane 2 May, 1758, as "Not acted 10 years." Woodward was Belfond senior; Yates Sir William; Havard Belfond junior; Miss Barton Mrs. Termagant; Kitty Clive Isabella; Mrs. Macklin Ruth; and Mrs. Bradshaw Mrs. Hackum. A ridiculous jingoistic operetta *Britannia* followed.

The Squire of Alsatia appears at Covent Garden on 18 November, 1763, "Not acted 15 years." Woodward repeats his rôle of the Squire; Ned

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Shuter, whom Garrick pronounced the greatest comic genius he had ever seen, played Sir William ; Smith Belfond junior ; Gibson Sir Edward ; Dunstall Lolpoop ; Hull Truman ; Mrs. Vincent Mrs. Termagant ; Mrs. Pitt Ruth ; and Miss Hallam Teresia. The piece was given seven times that season with such success that a new edition of the play was printed 8vo, 1764.

It was again acted at Covent Garden 12 December, 1765, and on 23 October, 1766, since which time it does not appear to have been revived upon the English stage.

In Ireland *The Squire of Alsatia* was a great favourite. The following was the stock Dublin cast of 1735 : Sir William, Morgan ; Sir Edward, Philips ; Belfond senior, Robert Wetherilt “ in several Parts of Comedy having not yet been outdone ” ; Belfond junior, Luke Sparks ; Truman, Este ; Cheatly, Beamsly “ ever very Perfect, a Voice strong and intelligible ” ; Shamwell, Cashel ; Captain Hackum, John Barrington, “ an excellent Comic Actor, of infinite Humour ” ; Scrapeall, Bowen ; Attorney, Benjamin Husband ; Lolpoop, Charles Morgan, who although only one-and-twenty was admirable in low comedy, but he died in May, 1745, his twenty-eighth year ; Termagant, John Morris, who was at his best in old men ; Mrs. Termagant, Mrs. Reynolds, “ well esteem’d for a very good Performer ” ; Teresia, Mrs. Ravenscroft ; Isabella, Mrs. Morgan ; Lucia, Mrs. Martin, whose Diana Trapes in *The Beggar’s Opera* was much admired ; Mrs. Hackum, Fitzpatrick ; Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Hind ; and Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Stepney.

An Explanation of the Cant.

- A** *Lsatia*. White-fryers.
Prig, Prigster. Pert Coxcombs.
Bubble, Caravan. The Cheated.
Sealer. One that give Bonds and Judgments for Goods and Money.
A Put. One who is easily wheadled and cheated.
Coale, Ready, Rhino, Darby. Ready money.
Rhinocercical. Full of money.
Megs. Guineas.
Smelts. Half-Guineas.
Decus. A Crown piece.
George. A Half-Crown.
Hog. A Shilling.
Sice. Six-pence.
Scout. A Watch.
Tattler. An Alarm, or Striking Watch.
Famble. A Ring.
Porker, Tilter. A Sword.
A Rumm Nab. A good Beaver.
Rigging. Cloathes.
Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest pure. Several Names for a Mistress, or rather a Whore.
To Equip. To furnish one.
A Bolter of White-fryers. One that does but peep out of *White-fryers*, and retire again like a Rabbit out of his hole.
To lugg out. To draw a Sword.
To Scamper, to rub, to scowre. To run away.
Bowsy. Drunk.
Clear. Very Drunk.
Smoaky. Jealous.
Sharp. Subtle.
A Sharper. A Cheat.
A Tattmonger. A Cheat at Dice.
Tatts. False Dice.
The Doctor. A particular false Die, which will run but two or three Chances.
Prog. Meat.

To the Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, &c.

My Lord,

I Having had the Honour to have liv'd so many years in Your Lordships favour, and to have been always exceedingly oblig'd by Your Lordship, ought to be glad of any opportunity of Publishing my Gratitude. And the offering this Comedy to Your Lordship may not perhaps be thought an improper occasion of doing it; for the first Act of it was written at Copt-Hall; and Your Lordships Approbation of it (whose Wit and Judgment have ever been unquestioned) encourag'd and inspir'd me to go on: When I had finished it, which was in a Months time, Your Lordship, upon the perusal of the whole, was pleas'd to say that you thought it a true, and diverting Comedy.

This, I must confess, made me hope for success upon the Stage, which it met with, but so great, as was above my expectation (in this Age which has run mad after Farces) no Comedy, for these many years, having fill'd the Theatre so long together: And I had the great Honour to find so many Friends, that the House was never so full since it was built, as upon the third day of this Play; and vast numbers went away, that could not be admitted.

This extraordinary success the more emboldens me to lay the Play at Your Lordships Feet; in whose service, I should be glad to employ my whole Life.

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a long Panegyrick to Your Lordship, 'tis superfluous and impertinent, to praise him whom all men speak well of, and of whom I never heard any man speak ill: Your Lordship is the Favourite of Mankind; and You deserve to be so, for You are ever obliging, and seeking out occasions of doing good, and exerting Your Charity and Generosity, in which you never lose a day.

I must acknowledge my self infinitely oblig'd to Your Lordship every way; but particularly that I have the freedom of being receiv'd as one of Your Family at Copt-hall; where not only the excellence of the Air, and regularity of Living contribute to my Health, but I have the Honour of enjoying the conversation which in all the World I would chuse.

It is to me, and it must needs be to all who wish Your Lordship well, an extraordinary satisfaction to observe that You have laid so certain a foundation of solid happiness, for all the remaining part of Your life; in retiring from all the unsatisfying pleasures, and noisie troubles of the Town to so sweet a place, with so admirable a Lady, who in Beauty is exceeded by none, and has all those qualities of mind besides, which serve to make an excellent Lady, an extraordinary Governess

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

of a Family, and an incomparable Wife ; whose fruitfulness is like to bless your Lordship with a Beauteous, Noble, and Numerous Issue. And may Your Lordship and She long enjoy one another, and all the Blessings You Your selves can imagine or desire.

I am

My Lord,

Your Lordships Most Humble Servant.

THO. SHADWELL.

PROLOGUE,

To the *Squire of Alsatia*. Spoken by Mr. Mountfort.

HOW have we in the space of one poor Age,
Beheld the Rise and Downfal of the Stage !
When, with our King restor'd, it first arose,
They did each day some good old Play expose ;
And then it flourish'd : Till, with Manna tir'd,
For wholesome Food ye nauseous Trash desir'd.
Then rose the whiffling Scribblers of those days,
Who since have liv'd to bury all their Plays ;
And had their issue full as num'rous been
As Priams, they the Fate of all had seen.

With what prodigious scarcity of Wit
Did the new Authors starve the hungry Pit ?
Infected by the French, you must have Rhime,
Which long, to please the Ladies ears, did chime.
Soon after this came Ranting Fustian in,
And none but Plays upon the fret were seen :
Such Roaring Bombast stuff, which Fops would praise,
Tore our best Actors Lungs, cut short their days.
Some in small time did this distemper kill,
And had the savage Authors gone on still, }
Fustian had been a new Disease i'th' Bill, }
When Time, which all things tries, had laid Rhime dead,
The vile Usurper Farce reign'd in its stead.
Then came Machines, brought from a Neighbour Nation,
Oh how we suffer'd under Decoration !
If all this stuff has not quite spoyl'd your taste,
Pray let a Comedy once more be grac'd :
Which does not Monsters represent, but men,
Conforming to the Rules of Master Ben.
Our Author, ever having him in view,
At humble distance would his steps pursue.
He to correct, and to inform did write :
If Poets aim at nought but to delight, }
Fidlers have to the Bays an equal right. }

PROLOGUE

*Our Poet found your gentle Fathers kind,
And now some of his works your favour find.
He'll treat you still with somewhat that is new,
But whether good or bad, he leaves to you
Baudy the nicest Ladies need not fear,
The quickest fancy shall extract none here.
We will not make 'em blush, by which is shown
How much their bought Red differs from their own.
No Fop, no Beau shall just exceptions make,
None but abandon'd Knaves offence shall take :
Such Knaves as he industriously offends,
And should be very loth to have his Friends.
For you who bring good humour to the Play,
We'll do our best to make you laugh to day.*

Dramatis Personæ.

- Sir William Belfond.* A Gentleman of above 3000*l. per annum*, who in his Youth had been a Spark of the Town ; but married and retired into the Country, where he turned to the other extreme, rigid, morose, most sordidly covetous, clownish, obstinate, positive and forward.
Mr. Leigh.
- Sir Edward Belfond.* His Brother a Merchant, who by lucky hits had gotten a great Estate, lives single with ease and pleasure, reasonably and virtuously. A man of great humanity and gentleness and compassion towards mankind ; well read in good Books, possessed with all Gentlemanlike qualities.
Mr. Griffin.
- Belfond Senior.* Eldest Son to *Sir William*, bred after his Fathers Rustick, swinish manner, with great rigour and severity ; upon whom his Fathers Estate is entayled ; the confidence of which makes him break out into open Rebellion to his Father, and become leud, abominably vicious, stubborn and obstinate.
Mr. Jevon
- Belfond Junior.* Second Son to *Sir William*, adopted by *Sir Edw.* and bred from his Childhood by him, with all the tenderness, and familiarity, and bounty, and liberty that can be ; instructed in all the Liberal Sciences, and in all Gentlemanlike Education : Somewhat given to Women, and now and then to good fellowship ; but an ingenious, well-accomplish'd Gentleman ; a man of Honour and of excellent disposition and temper.
Mr. Mountfort.
- Truman.* His Friend, a man of Honour and Fortune.
Mr. Bowman.
Cheatly. A Rascal who by reason of Debts dares not stir out of *White-fryers*, but there inveigles young heirs in tail ; and helps 'em to Goods and Money upon great disadvantages ; is bound for them, and shares with them, till he undoes them. A leud, impudent debauch'd fellow, very expert in the *Cant* about the Town.
Mr. Samford.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ

<i>Shamwell.</i> Mr. <i>Powel Jun.</i>	Cousin to the <i>Belfonds</i> , an heir, who being ruin'd by <i>Cheatly</i> , is made a Decoy-Duck for others ; not daring to stir out of <i>Alsatia</i> , where he lives ; is bound with <i>Cheatly</i> for heirs, and lives upon them, a dissolute debauch'd life.
Captain <i>Hackum.</i> Mr. <i>Bright.</i>	A Block-headed Bully of <i>Alsatia</i> ; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow ; formerly a Serjeant in <i>Flanders</i> , run from his Colours, retreating into <i>White-fryers</i> for a very small debt ; where, by the <i>Alsations</i> he is dubb'd a Captain ; marries one that lets Lodgings, sells Cherry-brandy, and is a Bawd.
<i>Scrapeall.</i> Mr. <i>Freeman.</i>	A hypocritical, repeating, praying, Psalm-singing, precise fellow, pretending to great piety, a godly Knave, who joyns with <i>Cheatly</i> , and supplys young heirs with goods and money.
Attorney. Mr. <i>Powell Sen.</i>	To Sir <i>William Belfond</i> , who solicits his business, and receives all his Packets.
<i>Lolpoop.</i> Mr. <i>Underhill.</i>	A North Country fellow, servant to <i>Belfond Senior</i> , much displeas'd at his Masters proceedings.
<i>Termagant.</i> Mr. <i>Alexander.</i>	A Sharper, Brother to Mrs. <i>Termagant</i> .
<i>La Mar.</i>	<i>French Valet de Chambre.</i>
Parson.	An Indebted <i>Alsatian</i> Divine.
<i>Ruth.</i>	A precise Governess to <i>Teresia</i> and <i>Isabella</i> .
Mrs. <i>Cory.</i>	
<i>Teresia.</i>	Daughter to <i>Scrapeall</i> , in love with, and beloved by
Mrs. <i>Knight.</i>	<i>Truman.</i>
<i>Isabella.</i>	His Neece, in Love with, and beloved by <i>Belfond</i>
Mrs. <i>Mountford.</i>	Junior.
<i>Lucia.</i>	The Attorneys Daughter, a young, beautiful Girl,
Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle.</i>	of a mild and tender disposition ; debauch'd by <i>Belfond Junior</i> .
Mrs. <i>Termagant.</i>	A Neglected Mistress of <i>Belfond Junior</i> , by whom he
Mrs. <i>Bowtell.</i>	has had a Child : A furious, malicious, and revengeful Woman ; perpetually plaguing him, and crossing him in all his designs ; pursuing him continually with her malice, even to the attempting of his Life.
Mrs. <i>Hackum.</i>	Wife to Captain <i>Hackum</i> .
Mrs. <i>Betty.</i>	<i>Lolpoops</i> Whore.
Mrs. <i>Margaret.</i>	His Masters Whore.

Fidlers, Constables, Tipstaff, Watch, Sergeant, &c. Musketeers, Rabble, &c.

THE Squire of Alsatia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Senior, meeting Shamwell.

Belf. Sen. **C**ousin *Shamwell* well met ; Good morrow to you.

Sham. Cousin *Belfond* your humble Servant : What makes you abroad so early ? 'Tis not much past seven.

Belf. Sen. You know we were Bowsy last night ; I am a little hot-headed this morning, and come to take the fresh Air here in the Temple-walks.

Sham. Well : And what do you think of our way of living here ? Is not rich generous Wine better than your poor Hedg-wine stum'd, or dull *March-Beer* ? Are not delicate well-bred, well-dress'd Women better than Dairy-Maids, Tenants Daughters, or Barefoot Strumpets ? Streets full of fine Coaches, better than a yard full of Dung-Carts ? A Magnificent Tavern, than a Thatcht Alehouse ? Or the Society of brave honest, witty, merry Fellows, than the Conversation of unthinking Hunting, Hawking Block-heads, or High-shoo'd Peasants and their wiser Cattle ?

Belf. Sen. O yes, a world adad. Ne're stir, I could never have thought there had been such a gallant place as *London* : Here I can be drunk over night, and well next morning : Can ride in a Coach for a Shilling as good as a Deputy Lieutenants, and such merry Waggs, and ingenious Companions—Well, I vow and swear, I am mightily beholding to you, Dear Cousin *Shamwell*. Then for the Women ! Mercy upon us, so civil and well bred. And I'll swear upon a Bible, finer all of them than Knight Baronets Wives with us.

Sham. And so kind and pleasant !

Belf. Sen. Ay, I vow, pretty Rogues ! No pride in them in the World ; but so courteous and familiar, as I am an honest man they'll do whatever one would have them presently. Ah sweet Rogues ; While in the Country,

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

a pies take them, there's such a stir with pish, fy, nay Mr. *Timothy*, what do you do? I vow I'll squeak, never stir I'll call out, ah hah——

Sham. And if one of them happen to be with Child, there's strait an uproar in the Country, as if the Hundred were su'd for a Robbery.

Belf. Sen. Ay so there is; And I am in that fear of my Father besides adad, he'd knock me i'th Head, if he should hear of such a thing; To say truth, he's so terrible to me, I can never enjoy my self for him. Lord! What will he say when he comes to know I am at *London*? Which he in all his life-time would never suffer me to see, for fear I should be debauch'd forsooth; and allows me little or no money at home neither.

Sham. What matter what he says? Is not every Foot of the Estate entail'd upon you?

Belf. Sen. Well, I'll endur't no longer! If I can but raise Money; I'll teach him to use his Son like a Dog, I'll warrant him.

Sham. You can ne're want that; Take up on the Reversion; 'Tis a lusty one; And *Cheatly* will help you to the *Ready*; And thou shalt shine and be as gay as any *Spruce Prigg*, that ever walk'd the street.

Belf. Sen. Well; adad, you are pleasant men; and have the neatest sayings with you: *Ready*, and *Spruce Prigg*, and abundance of the prettiest witty words.—But sure that Mr. *Cheatly* is as fine a Gentleman as any wears a Head; And as ingenious, ne'r stir I believe he would run down the best Scholar in *Oxford*, and put em in a Mouse-hole with his Wit.

Sham. In *Oxford*! Ay, and in *London* too.

Belf. Sen. Goodsookers Cousin! I always thought they had been wittiest in the Universities.

Sham. O fy Cousin; A Company of *Putts*, meer *Putts*.

Belf. Sen. *Putts*, meer *Putts*; very good I'll swear, ha ha ha.

Sham. They are all Scholar Boys, and nothing else, as long as they live there: And yet they are as confident as if they knew every thing; when they understand no more beyond *Magdalen Bridge* than meer *Indians*. But *Cheatly* is a rare fellow: I'll speak a bold word, He shall *Cut a Sham or Banter* with the best Wit or Poet of em all.

Belf. Sen. Good agen; *Cut a Sham or Banter*! I shall remember all these quaint words in time; but Mr. *Cheatly*'s a prodigy that's certain.

Sham. He is so; and a worthy brave fellow, and the best friend where he takes, and the most sincere of any man breathing.

Belf. Sen. Nay, I must needs say, I have found him very frank, and very much a Gentleman, and am most extremely obliged to him and you for your great kindness.

Sham. This morning your Clothes and Liveries will come home, and thou shalt appear rich and splendid like thy self, and the *Mobile* shall worship thee.

Belf. Sen. The *Mobile*! That's pretty.

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Enter Cheatly.

Sweet Mr. *Cheatly*, my best friend, let me embrace thee.

Cheat. My sprightly Son of Timber and of Acres; My noble Heir I salute thee: The *Cole* is coming, and shall be brought in this morning.

Belf. Sen. Cole? Why 'tis Summer, I need no firing now. Besides I intend to burn Billets.

Cheat. My lusty Rustick, learn and be instructed. *Cole* is in the language of the Witty, Money. The *Ready*, the *Rhino*; thou shalt be *Rhinocercical*, my Lad thou shalt.

Belf. Sen. Admirable I swear! *Cole*, *Ready*, *Rhino*, *Rhinocercical*, Lord, how long may a man live in Ignorance in the Country!

Sham. Ay: But what Asses you'll make of the Country Gentlemen when you go amongst them. 'Tis a Providence your are faln into so good hands.

Belf. Sen. 'Tis a mercy indeed. How much *Cole*, *Ready*, and *Rhino* shall I have?

Cheat. Enough to set thee up to Spark it in thy Brothers face: And e're thou shalt want the *Ready*, the *Darby*, thou shalt make thy fruitful Acres in Reversion to fly, And all thy sturdy Oaks to bend like Switches! But thou must squeeze my Lad: Squeeze hard, and Seal my *Bully*. *Shamwell* and I are to be bound with thee.

Belf. Sen. I am mightily beholding to you both I vow and swear; my Uncle Sir *Edward* took my Brother when he was a Child, and Adopted him: Would it had been my Lot.

Sham. He is a Noble Gentleman, and maintains him in Coach and Equipage fit for him.

Cheat. Thou shalt not see the *Prigg* thy Brother till thou shalt out-jingle him in *Ready*, out-shine him in thy Ornaments of Body, out-spark him in thy Coach and Liveries; and shalt be so *Equipt*, that thou shalt dazle the whole Town with thy Outragious Splendor.

Belf. Sen. I vow his Tongue is rarely hung!

Cheat. Thy Brothers heart shall break with Envy at thy Gallantry: The Fops and Beaux shall be astonisht at thy brightness. What *Ogling* there will be between thee and the *Blowings*: Old staring at thy *Equipage*. And every *Buttock* shall fall down before thee.

Belf. Sen. Ha ha ha! I vow you are the pleasant'st man I ever met with, and I'll swear the best friend I ever had in my life; that I must needs say. I was resolved not to let my Brother see me till I was in Circumstances dee see. And for my Father he is in *Holland*. My Mothers Brother dy'd and left him sole Executor. He'll not be here these six Weeks.

Sham. Well, when you see your Brother he'll envy you, and rail at those who made you flourish so. We shall be cast off.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Belf. Sen. Gudsookers Cousin ! I take it very unkindly that you should say so. I'll cast off all the Relations in the World before I'll part with such true, such loving Friends, adad.

Enter Captain Hackum.

O noble Captain *Hackum*, your Servant ; Servant Captain.

Hack. Your humble *Trout*, good noble Squire, you were brave and *bowzy* last night ; I'faith you were.

Belf. Sen. Yes really, I was *Clear* : For I do not remember what I did, or where I was : *Clear, Clear* ; is not that right ?

Sham. Ay ay : Why, you broke Windows ; *scour'd*, broke open a House in *Dorset* Court, and took a pretty Wench, a Gentlemans *Natural* away by force.

Cheat. Very true : And this Magnanimous Spark, This Thunder-bolt of War Captain *Hackum*, laid about him like a Hero, as did some other of your friends, or else the Watch had maul'd us : But we made them *scoure*.

Belf. Sen. Nay o'my Conscience, the Captain's mighty valiant ; there's Terror in that Countenance and Whiskers : He's a very *Scanderberg* incarnate. And now you put me in mind, I recollect somewhat of this matter : My Shoulders are plaguy sore, and my Arms back and blue ; but where's the Wench, the *Natural*, ha Captain ?

Hack. Ah Squire, I led her off. I have her safe for you.

Belf. Sen. But does not the Gallant thunder and roar for her.

Hack. The Scoundrel dares not : He knows me, who never knew fear in my life ; For my part I love Magnanimity and Honour, and those things ; and fighting is one of my Recreations.

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.

Belf. Sen. O brave Captain.

Cheat. The *Prigster* lugg'd out in defence of his *Natural* ; the Captain whipt his *Porker* out, and away rubb'd *Prigster* and call'd the Watch.

Belf. Sen. *Prigster*, lugg'd out, *Natural*, *Porker*, rubb'd, admirable ! This is very ingenious Conversation : Y'are the purest Company ; Who would not keep Company with the Wits ; Pox o' the Country I say.

Hack. But Squire I had damn'd ill luck afterwards : I went up to the Gaming-Ordinary, and lost all my *Ready* ; they left me not a *Rag* or *Sock* : Pox o' the *Tatts* for me : I believe they put the *Doctor* upon me.

Belf. Sen. *Tatts*, and *Doctor* ! what's that ?

Sham. The Tools of *Sharpers*, false Dice.

Hack. Hark you, prithee Noble Squire, *Equipp* me with a Couple of *Meggs*, or two Couple of *Smelts*.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Belf. Sen. Smelts! What shall we bespeak another Dish of Fish for our Dinner?

Sham. No, no, *Meggs* are Guineas, *Smelts* are Half Guineas: He would borrow a Couple of Guineas.

Belf. Sen. Meggs, Smelts! Ha ha ha. Very pretty by my troth. And so thou shalt, Dear Captain: There are two *Meggs!* and I vow and swear I am glad I have 'em to pleasure you, adad I am.

Hack. You are so honest a Gentleman, Quarrel every day and I'll be your Second; once a day at least: And I'll say this for you, There's not a finer Gentleman this day walks the *Fryars*; no dispraise to any man let him be what he will.

Belf. Sen. Adad you make me proud Sir.

Enter Lolpoop.

O *Lolpoop*, where have you been all this Morning, Sirrah?

Lolp. Why, 'tis but rear marry, 'tis meet a bit past Eight: By'r Lady yeow were so sow drunken last neeght I had thoughten yeow wouden ha leen a Bed aw th' morn: Well, mine eyne ake a gaizing up and down on aw the fine sights; but for aw that send me *North* to my own *Caunty* again.

Belf. Sen. Oh silly Rogue: You are only fit for Cattle. Gentleman, you must excuse him, he knows no better.

Lolp. Marry, better, quoth a! By th'Mess, this is a life for the Deel: To be drunken each night, breake Windows, Roar, Sing and Swear i'th Streets; go to Loggerheads with the Constable and the Watch, han Harlots in Gold and Silver Lace: Hea'n bless us, and send me a whome again.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you sawcy Scoundrel, or I'll Cudgel you to Pap: Sirrah do not provoke me, I say do not.

Lolp. Ods-flesh, where's Money for aw this? Yeowst be run agraunt soon and you takken this caurse, Ise tell a that.

Belf. Sen. Take that Sirrah: I'll teach you to mutter: What my Man become my Master?

Lolp. Waunds! Give me ten times more, and send me a whome agen at after. What will awd Maafter say to this? I mun ne'r see the Face of him I wot.

Sham. Hang him Rogue. Toss him in a Blanket.

Cheat. Let me talk with him a little. Come on Fellow.

Lolp. Talk! Well, what sen you?

Cheatly bantering. Your Master being in this matter, to deport his Count'nance somewhat obliquely, to some principles, which others but out of a Mature Gravity may have weigh'd, and think too heavy to be undertaken; what does it avail you if you shall precipitate or plunge

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your self into affairs, as unsuitable to your Physnomy as they are to your Complexion.

Lolp. Hah, what sen yeow? Yeow mistaken me: I am not Book-learn'd. I understand a not.

Cheat. No, 'tis the strangest thing: Why, put the Case you are indebted to me 20 *l.* upon a *Scire facias*: I extend this up to an Outlawry, upon Affidavit upon the *Nisi Prius*: I plead to all this matter *Non est inventus* upon the Pannel; what is there to be done more in this Case, as it lies before the Bench, but to award out Execution upon the *Posse Comitatus*, who are presently to issue out, a *Certiorari*.

Lolp. I understand a little of Sizes, Nisi prizes, Affidavi, Sussurari! But by the Mess I cannot tell what to mack of aw this together not I.

Belf. Sen. Ha ha. Puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O silly Country Put! Here's a *Prigg* indeed: He'll ne're find out what 'tis to *Cut a Sham* or *Banter*: Well, I swear Sir, you do it the best of any man in the World.

Cheat. No, no, I swear not I.

Belf. Sen. I protest you do it Incomparably.

Cheat. Nay, now you Complement. Faith you make me blush.

Lolp. *Sham* and *Banter* are Heathen Greek to me: But yeow have cut out, fine wark for your sel last Neeght; I went to see the Hause yeow had Brocken, aw the Windows are pood dawne. I askt what was the matter, and by the Mass they haw learnt you Nam too; they saiden Squire *Belfond* had done it, and Ravish'd a Wench: and that they hadden gotten the Lord Chief Justice Warren for you, and wooden bring a pawr of Actions against yeow.

Belf. Sen. Is this true?

Lolp. Ay by th' Mass.

Cheat. No matter; we'll bring you off with a wet finger; trust me for that.

Belf. Sen. Dear Friend, I rely upon you for every thing.

Sham. We value not twenty such things of a rush.

Hack. If any of their officers dare invade our Priviledges, we'll send 'em to Hell without *Bail* or *Mainprize*.

Lolp. But I can tell a wor news than aw this; I ne'r saw flesh alive, and I saw not your Fathers man *Roger* come out oth *Temple-yate* e'en now. Your Father's in 'Town that's certain.

Belf. Sen. How! my Father say you? 'Tis impossible.

Cheat. Courage my Heir in Tail: Thy Father's a poor sneaking Tenant for Life; thou shalt live better than he can: And if we do contract a Debt upon the dirty Acres in the North, I have design'd for you a fine young Lady with a swinging Fortune to redeem all; And 'tis impossible my Lad to miss her.

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Belf. Sen. Sir, let me embrace you, and love you : Never Man embrac'd a better Friend ! *Amicus Certus in re incerta Cernitur*, as the saying is.

Lolp. Sir, Sir, let me speak one word with yeow ; Ods-flesh, I'll dye the Death of a Dog, and aw these yeow seen here, be not Rogues, Cheats and Pickpockets.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you Rascal ; Adad I would not have any of 'em hear for five hundred pounds ; you were a dead man.

Lolp. What is the reason they dare not stir out of this priviledg'd place, but on Sabbath-days.

Belf. Sen. You Blockhead, Mr. *Cheatly* had an Aldermans young Wife run away with him, is sued for't, and is in fear of a substantial Jury of City Cuckolds. *Shamwell's* unnatural Father lays wait for him, to apprehend him and run him into the Country. The Brave and Valiant Gentleman, Captain *Hackum*, who is as stout as a Lyon, beat a Judges Son t'other day. And now your questions are fully answer'd, you *Put* you.

Cheat. Honest *Shamwell*, thou art a rare fellow : Thy Cozen here is the wealthiest *Caravan* we have met with a long time ; the hopefulest *Sealer* that ever yet toucht Wax among us : But we must take off that evil Counsellor of his.

Enter Tailor with a Bundle, a Perriwig-maker, Hatter, Shooe-maker.

Sham. I warrant you. Oh Cozen, here's your Tailor, with your Clothes and Liveries, Hatter, Shooe-maker, Perriwig-maker.

Cheat. All your moveables together ; go into your Lodging and fit them : Your new Footmen, and your *French Valet de Chambre* are there, I'll wait on you there presently.

Lolp. Ods-flesh, here's whaint wark : By'r Lady this is fine ! whaw, whaw !

Belf. Sen. Get you, in you Rogue : An you mutter one word more, adad I'll mince you, Sirrah : Well, go in all of you. Gentlemen, I shall see you presently. *Exit.*

Cheat. Immediately : Let us hugg our selves, my dear Rascal, in this adventure, you have done very well to engage him last night in an Out-rage ; and we must take care to put him upon all the expence we can : We must reduce him to have as much need of us as possible.

Sham. Thou art i'th right : But Captain, where's the *Convenient*, the *Natural* ?

Hack. Why at my House : my Wife has wrought her into a good humour : She is very pretty : and is now pleas'd to think the Squire will be a better Keeper than her former : for he was but a *Sharper*, a *Tatmonger*, and when he wante Money would kick and beat her most immoderately.

Sham. Well : I'll say that for the Captains Wife, she's as good an able

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discreet Woman to carry on an Intrigue, as e're a Woman in the *Fryers* ! Nay, better.

Hack. Your Servant good Mr. *Shamwell* ; she's a very good Woman thanks be to Heaven, I have great comfort in her ; she has a Cup of the best Cherry-brandy in the *Friers*.

Sham. aside. And commonly a good Whore to boot : But prethee Captain, go home, and let her and the young Girl prepare to Dine with us ; we must have a great Dinner, and Fidlers at the *George*, to season the Squire in his new Equipage.

Hack. Well, well, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Sham. You'll find this Fellow a necessary Tool in consort with his Wife, who is, indeed, a Bawd of parts : He is a good Ruffian enough : For tho he be not stout, he's impudent, and will roar and keep a filthy pother, which is enough to make fools believe he's stout.

Cheat. Let him, and the small Fry pick up the Squires loose Crums, While we share in the lusty Summs.

Enter Scrapeall.

Oh here comes Mr. *Scrapeall* with all his Zeal ; our godly Accomplish in all designs ; leave him to me. *Ex. Sham.*

Oh Mr. *Scrapeall* ! Have you brought the Money for the Squire ?

Scrap. I come to tell you that my man approacheth with the Money and the Goods for your Squire.

Cheat. I hope you have not burden'd him with to many Goods at first ?

Scrap. No : But a fourth part ; 'Tis true, the Goods are somewhat stale, but I will take them off at small under rates : You know I am not seen in furnishing of the Goods and Money, but only in the buying of the Goods. My Lawyer accompanieth my Man to testifie the Writings.

Cheat. 'Tis as it should be : He is a fat Squire ; the Estate in Tail, is full 3000 *l.* a year. He will yield well.

Scrap. aside. This Squire is to take to Wife a Niece I have in Charge : His Father is to give me 5000 *l.* out of her Fortune, and the Squires Leudness and Prodigality will soon let me deep into his Reversion. Besides, his lighting into these hands, will make his Father, when he finds it, haſten to agree with me for his Redemption ; I like the business well. I am going to the Man you call *Crump*, who helpeth Solicitors to Affidavit-men, and Swearers, and Bail.

Cheat. His Office is next door ; his Wardrobe for Bail and Witnesses. Here he comes ; let's meet him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Belfond, and an Attorney.

Sir Will. Sure I should know the Face of that Fellow, that's going there into *White Friers*.

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Att. 'Tis a most Notorious one; you have seen him often, this that most audacious Rogue, *Cheatly*; who has drawn in so many young Heirs, and undone so many *Sealers*: He is a *Bolter* of *White Fryers*.

Sir Will. It is that Villain!

Att. I am very glad Sir, you have dispatcht your business so soon in *Holland*.

Sir Will. I had great success, and finished all six Weeks at least e're I expected; and had time to come by the way of *Flanders*, and see that Country which I desired: And from *Newport* I came to *Dover*; and riding Post from thence. I took a Boat at *Southwark*, and landed just now here at the Temple: But I am troubled you had sent my Packet to *Holland* e're I came.

Att. I receiv'd none from you of late: No Packet has arriv'd this Fortnight from *Holland*.

Sir Will. Have you heard no News from my Son, nor my Steward in the Country?

Att. None this ten or twelve days.

Sir Will. That Son is all the joy of my Life; for him I hurry up and down, take pains, spare, and live hard to raise his Fortune.

Att. Indeed, I hear he's a fine Gentleman, and understands his Country affairs as well as e're a Farmer of them all.

Sir Will. I must confess he proves after my own Heart: He's a solid Young man, a Dutiful Child as ever man had, and I think I have done well for him in providing him a Wife with such a Fortune, which he yet knows nothing of. But will not this Godly Man, this Mr. *Scrapeall*, take a Farthing less say you for his Niece?

Att. Not a sowce: I have higgled with him as if I were to buy of a Horse-courser, and he will not take a Farthing less than 5000 *l.* for his Neece.

Sir Will. He's a strange Mixture, a perpetual Sermon-hunter, repeats and sings Psalms continually, and prays so loud and vehemently, that he is a Disturbance to his Neighbours; he is so Heavenward Pious, and seems a very Saint of a Scrivener.

Att. He finds the sweet of that, it gets him many a good Trust and Executorship.

Sir Will. Pox on him for a Damned godly Knave, forsooth, cannot he be contented to sell her, whom his own Brother committed to his Charge; but he must extort so much for her? well I must agree with him: I know she has full 20000 *l.* left her: And has been brought up as strictly as my Son: Get Writings ready: I'll send Post for my Son *Timothy* to day.

Att. They are ready; you may Seal in the Afternoon if you please.

Sir Will. And I will then. I'll detain you no longer: Get my Writings

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ready : I am resolv'd to settle my other Boy well ; But my Town Son afflicts me when e'er I hear him nam'd.

Attor. You humble Servant Sir *Will. Belfond.*

Ex. Attorn.

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, I have been at your brother's House, and they say he is come to some Lawyers Chamber in the *Kings-Bench buildings.*

Sir Will. That's lucky enough : I'll walk here then, and do you watch.

Enter Hackum, and another Bully.

Who are these ? Some Inhabitants of *White-Fryers* ; some *Bullies* of *Alsatia.*

Hack. I was plaguy *Bowsy* last Night with Squire *Belfond* ; We had Fiddles, Whores, *Scour'd*, broke Windows, beat Watches, and roar'd like Thunder.

Bully. Ah, I heard you ?

aside.

Sir Will. What says he ?

Hack. He Drinks, Whores, Swears, Sings, Roars, Rants, and Scours with the best of us.

Sir Will. Sir, with your favour, are you acquainted with young *Belfond* ?

Hack. Yes, that I am. What Country *Put's* this ?

aside.

Sir Will. What Country-man is he Sir ?

Hack. Prithee, old *Prigster*, why dost ask ? He is a Northern Man : He has a damn'd Rustick, miserable Rascal to his Father, who lives a nasty brutal life in the Country like a Swine : But the Squire will be even with him, I warrant him.

Sir Will. I have something to say to him if I could see him.

Hack. You, you old *Prigg*, you damn'd Country *Put* ; You have something to say to him ! I am ready to give you satisfaction : *Lugg out* ; come you *Put* : I'll make you *Scamper.*

Sir Will. Dee hear *Bully Rascal*, put up and walk your way, or by Heaven I'll beat you as long as your are able to be beaten.

Bully. I'll stand by you : You may easily beat this old Fellow.

Hack. No man e're gave me such words but forfeited his life ; I could whip thee through the Lungs immediately ; but I'll desist at present. Who the Devil would have thought this *Putt* durst have drawn a Sword ? Well Sir, we shall take a time Sir, another time Sir.

Sir Will. You lye, you Rascal ; you will take no time. Here's a fine Companion of my Sons.

Exit Bully.

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir Edw. Who's this I see ? my Brother ! Sir *William Belfond* ! Your humble Servant. You are welcome into *England.* I look'd not for you these six weeks.

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Sir Will. I landed at the *Temple-stairs* even now : My man has been at your House, and he heard there you were here.

Sir Edw. I hope you have done your business.

Sir Will. Beyond my Expectation.

Sir Edw. Has your Wives Brother done by you in his Will, as you would have had him.

Sir Will. Truly yes : He has made me sole Executor, and left my two Sons 5000 *l.* a piece, to be paid at each of their day of Marriage, or at my Death.

Sir Edw. Well Brother, you are a happy man ; for Wealth flows in upon you on every side, and Riches you account the greatest happiness.

Sir Will. I find that Wealth alone will not make happy. Ah Brother, I must confess it was a kindness in you, when Heaven had blest you with a great Estate by Merchandize, to adopt my Younger Son, and take him and breed him from his Childhood : But you have been so gentle to him, he is run into all manner of Vice and Riot ; no bounds can hold him ; no shame can stop him ; no Laws nor Customs can restrain him.

Sir Edw. I am confident you are mistaken ; He has as fair a Reputation as any Gentleman about *London* : 'Tis true, he's a good fellow, but no Sot ; he loves mirth and society, without Drunkenness : He is, as all young Fellows I believe are, given to Women, but it is in private ; and he is particular : no Common Whore-master : and in short, keeps as good Company as any man in *England*.

Sir Will. Your over-weening makes you look through a false Glass upon him. Company ! why he keeps Company for the Devil : Had you come a minute sooner, you might have seen two of his Companions ; they were praising him for Roaring, Swearing, Ranting, Scouring, Whoring, beating Watches, breaking Windows : I but ask'd one of 'em if he knew him, and said I had somewhat to say to him ; the Rogue, the most seeming terrible of the two, told me, if I had anything to say to Squire *Belfond*, he would give me satisfaction.

Sir Edw. What kind of fellow ?

Sir Will. He came out of *White-Friers* : He's some *Alsatian Bully*.

Sir Edw. 'Tis impossible ; he never keeps such Company.

Sir Will. The Rogue drew upon me : bid me *Lugg out*, called me *Old Prigg*, *Country Putt* ; and spoke a particular Language which such Rogues have made to themselves, called Canting, as Beggars, Gipsies, Thieves and Jayl-Birds do ; but I made his Bullies go away very tamely at the sight of my drawn Sword.

Sir Edw. I am sure he keeps no such Company ; it must be some other of his Name.

Sir Will. You make me mad to excuse him thus, the Town rings of

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him; You have ruined him by your Indulgence; besides, he throws away Money like dirt: his Infamy is notorious.

Sir Edw. Infamy: Nay there you wrong him; he does no ungentleman-like things: Prithee consider Youth a little: What if he does Wench a little; and now and then is somewhat extravagant in Wine? Where is the great Crime: All young fellows that have mettle in them will do the first; and if they have wit and good humour in them, in this drinking Country, they will sometimes be forc'd upon the latter; and he must be a very dull phlematick Lump, whom Wine will not elevate to some Extravagance now and then.

Sir Will. Will you distract me? What are Drinking and Whoring no faults? His courses will break my heart; they bring Tears into my Eyes so often.

Sir Edw. One would think you had been Drinking and were maudling; think what we our selves did when we were young fellows; You were a Spark, would Drink, Scour and Wench with the best o'th' Town.

Sir Will. Ay, but I soon repented, married and settled.

Sir Edw. And turn'd as much to the other extreme; and now perhaps I mislike these faults, caus'd by his heat of Youth. But how do you know he may not be reclaim'd suddenly.

Sir Will. Reclaim'd? How can he be reclaim'd without severity? You should. Cudgel him, and allow him no Mony; make him not dare to offend you thus. Well, I have a Son whom by my strictness I have form'd according to my heart; He never puts on his Hat in my presence; Rises at second Course, takes away his Plate, says Grace, and saves me the Charge of a Chaplain. When ever he committed a fault, I maul'd him with Correction; I'd fain see him once dare to be extravagant; No, he's a good Youth, the Comfort of my Age; I weep for joy to think of him. Good Sir, learn to be a Father of him that is one; I have a Natural Care of him you have Adopted.

Sir Edw. You are his Father by Nature, I by Choice; I took him when he was a Child, and bred him with gentleness, and that kind of Conversation that has made him my friend; He conceals nothing from me, or denies nothing to me. Rigour makes nothing but Hypocrites.

Sir Will. Perhaps when you begin late; but you should have been severe to him in his Childhood; abridg'd him of Liberty and Money; and have had him soundly whipp'd often; he would have blest you for it afterwards.

Sir Edw. Too much streightness to the minds of Youths, like too much lacing to the Body, will make them grow Crooked.

Sir Will. But no lacing at all, will make them swell and grow Monsters.

Sir Edw. I must govern by Love. I had as leive govern a Dog as a

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Man if it must be by fear ; this I take to be the difference between a good Father to Children, and a harsh Master over Slaves.

Sir Will. Yes, and see what your government is come to ; his Vice and Prodigality will distract me.

Sir Edw. Why should you be so concern'd ? He is mine, is he not ?

Sir Will. Yes, by Adoption, but he is mine by Nature.

Sir Edw. 'Tis all but Custom.

Sir Will. Mine is a tender Care.

Sir Edw. Your passion blinds you : I have as tender care as you can have ; I have been ever delighted with him from his Childhood ; he is endear'd to me by long custom and familiarity. I have had all the pleasure of a Father, without the drudgery of getting a Son upon a damn'd Wife, whom perhaps I should wish hang'd.

Sir Will. And will you let him run on in his Lewdness and Prodigality ?

Sir Edw. He is mine ; if he offends, 'tis me ; if he squanders away Money, 'tis mine ; and what need you care ? Pray take care of your own ; if you will take care of this too, what do you do but take him from me ?

Sir Will. This you come to always ! I take him from you ; no, I'd not be troubled with him. Well, let him run on, and be ruin'd, hang'd and damn'd. I'll never speak word more about him. Let him go on.

Sir Edw. This heat of youth will be allay'd ere long I warrant you.

Sir Will. No, no, let him go on, let him go on ; I'll take care of my own at home ; and happy were this Rake-hell if he would take Example by his Brother ; but I say no more ; I have done ; let him go on.

Sir Edw. Now you are angry, your passion runs away with you.

Sir Will. No no, I have done ; what would you have more ?

Sir Edw. Let us go and see him : I'll lay my life you'll find him perusing some good Author ; he ever spends his whole morning in study.

Sir Will. I must into the City, the first thing I do, and get my Bills accepted and then if you will we'll see him : and no doubt but we shall find him perusing of some Whore or other, instead of a Book.

Sir Edw. I am not of your Opinion : but I'll carry you in my Coach into the City, and then bring you back to him : He is of so good a disposition : So much a Gentleman : And has such worth and honour, that if you knew him as well as I, you'd love him as well as I do.

Sir Will. Well, well, I hear you Sir : I must send for my Son Post : I'll shew you a Son. Well, Heaven bless him, I should be weary of this wicked world, but for the Comforts I find in him : Come along, I'll shew you a Son.

Ex. ambo

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, and Lucia.

Belf. Jun. WHY dost thou sigh? and show such sadness in thy Looks? My pretty Miss.
Luc. Have I not reason?

Belf. Jun. Dost thou mislike thy entertainment?

Lucia. Ah Cruel *Belfond* thou hast undone me.

Belf. Jun. My pretty little Rogue, I sooner wou'd undo my self a thousand times.

Luc. How I tremble to think what I ha done! I have made my self for ever miserable.

Belf. Jun. Oh say not so, dear Child: I'll kiss those tears from off thy Beauteous Eyes. But I shall wrong thy Cheeks, on which they fall like precious drops of dew on flowers.

Luc. Heaven! What have I done?

Belf. Jun. No more than what thy Mother did before thee: No more than thy whole Sex is born to do.

Luc. Oh had I thought you would have been so Cruel, I never would have seen your Face; I swear I would not.

Belf. Jun. I swear thou would'st, I know thou would'st: Cruel! no Billing Turtle e're was kinder to his tender Mate; in Billing, Cooing, and in gentle Murmurs, we exprest our kindness; and Coo'd and Murmur'd and Lov'd on.

Luc. The more unhappy Fool was I: go, go, I hate you now.

Belf. Jun. Oh my sweet little one; thou canst not sure be so unkind: Those pretty Tell-tales of thy Heart, thy Eyes, say better things.

Luc. Do they so? I'll be reveng'd on em for't: For they shall never see you more.

Belf. Jun. Ah say not so; I had rather much the Sun should never shine on me, than thou be hidden from my sight: thou art not sure in earnest?

Luc. Yes sure, I think I am.

Belf. Jun. No, my sweet Love, I think thou art not.

Luc. Oh Lord, how shall I look! How shall I bear my self! if any of my Friends shall fix their Eyes upon me, I shall look down and blush, and think they know all.

Belf. Jun. How many fair ones daily do the same, and look demurely as any Saints?

Luc. They are Confident things I warrant em.

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Belf. Jun. Let Love be made familiar to thee, and thou wilt bear it better : Thou must see me every day. Canst thou be so hard-hearted to forbear the sight of me ?

Luc. Perhaps *I* may desire now and then a look, a sight of thee at some distance : But *I* will never venture to come near thee more, *I* vow.

Belf. Jun. Let me kiss that Vow from off thy Lips, while 'tis warm there. *I* have it here : 'Tis gone. Thou wilt not kill me sure ? Didst thou not say thou lov'dst me ?

Luc. Yes, *I* lov'd too much ; or this had never happen'd : *I* could not else have been undone.

Belf. Jun. Undone ; thou art made : Woman is but half a Creature, till she be joyn'd to Man ; now thou art whole and perfect.

Luc. Wicked man ! Can *I* be so confident once to come near thee more ?

Belf. Jun. Shouldst thou but fail one day, *I* never should survive it ; and then my Ghost will haunt thee. Canst thou look on me, pretty Creature, and talk thus ?

Luc. Well, go thy ways, that Flattering Tongue, and those Bewitching Eyes were made to ruine womankind.

Belf. Jun. Could *I* but think thou wert in earnest, these Arms should clasp thee ever here : *I*'d never part with thee.

Luc. No, no, now *I* must gone ; *I* shall be mist : How shall *I* get home and not be known ? Sure every body will discover me ?

Belf. Jun. Thy Mask will cover all : There is a Chair below in the Entry to carry thee, and set thee down where thou wilt.

Luc. Farewel, Dear Cruel man ! And must *I* come to morrow morning say you ? No, no.

Belf. Jun. Yes, yes ; to morrow and to morrow, and every morning of our Lives ; *I* dye else.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot. Sir, your Singing Master is coming.

Belf. Jun. My Singing-Master, Mr. *Solfa* is coming.

Luc. O Lord hide me ! He is my Master, he'll know me ! *I* shall not be able to go by him for trembling.

Belf. Jun. Pretty Miss into the Closet : *I*'ll dispatch him soon. *Goes in.*

Enter Singing-Master, and his Daughter.

Come Master, let your Daughter sing the Song you promis'd me.

Solfa. Come *Betty*. Please to put in a Flute, Sir.

Belf. Jun. Come on.

Song with two Flutes, and a thorough Bass.

The Expostulation.

*Still wilt thou sigh, and still in vain
A cold neglectful Nymph adore ;
No longer fruitlessly complain,
But to thy self thy self restore.
In Youth thou caught'st this found disease,
And shouldst abandon it in age ;
Some other Nymph as well may please,
Absence or bus'ness disingage.*

*On tender hearts the wounds of Love,
Like those imprinted on young Trees,
Or kill at first, or else they prove
Larger b' insensible degrees.
Business I try'd, she fill'd my mind ;
On other Lips my Dear I kist ;
But never solid Joy could find,
Where I my charming Sylvia mist.*

*Long Absence, like a Greenland night,
Made me but wish for Sun the more ;
And that inimitable light,
She, none but she, could e're restore.
She never once regards thy Fire,
Nor ever vents one sigh for thee.
I must the Glorious Sun admire,
Though he can never look on me.*

*Look well, you'll find she's not so rare,
Much of her former Beauty's gone ;
My Love her Shadow larger far
Is made by her declining Sun.
What if her Glories faded be,
My former wounds I must indure :
For should the Bow unbended be,
Yet that can never help the Cure.*

Belf. Jun. 'Tis very easie and natural : Your Daughter sings delicately.

Enter Truman.

Tru. Belfond, good morrow to thee ; I see thou still tak'st care to melt away thy hours in soft delights.

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Belfond Jun. Honest *Truman* ! All the pleasures and diversions we can invent, are little enough to make the Farce of Life go down.

Tru. And yet what a Coil they keep : How busie and industrious are those who are reckon'd grave and wise, about this Life, as if there were something in it.

Belf. Jun. Those Fools are in earnest, and very solid ; they think there's something in't, while Wise men know there's nothing to be done here but to make the best of a bad Market.

Tru. You are mighty Philosophical this morning. But shall I not hear one Song as well as you ?

Belf. Jun. Have you set that Ode in *Horace* ?

Solfa. I have.

Belf. Jun. Then I hope you will be encourag'd to set more of them ; we then shall be sure of Wit and Musick together ; while you great Musicians do often take most pains about the silliest words. Prithee *Truman* sing it.

Tru. sings, Integer vitæ Scelerisque purus, &c. Hor. Ode 22. l. 1.

Belf. Jun. Very well ; you have oblig'd me : Please to accept of this. And Madam, you shall give me leave to shew my gratitude by a small Present.

Solfa and Daugh. Your Servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Tru. You are so immoderately given to Music, methinks it should jumble Love out of your thoughts.

Belf. Jun. Oh no ! Remember *Shakespear* ; If Musick be the Food of Love, Play on——There's nothing nourishes that soft passion like it, it imparts his Wings, and makes him fly a higher pitch. But prithee tell me what news of our dear Mistresses ? I was never yet so sincerely in Love as with my pretty Hypocrite ; There is a fire in those Eyes that strikes like Lightning : What a constant Church-man she has made of me.

Tru. And mine has made an entire Conquest of me : 'Tis the most charming pretty Creature, that e'er my Eyes beheld.

Belf. Jun. Let us not fall out, like the Heroes in the Rehearsal, for not being in Love with the same woman.

Tru. Nothing could be so fortunate as our difference in this case ; The only one we disagree in.

Belf. Jun. Thou art in the right : Mine hath so charm'd me, I am content to abandon all other pleasures, and live alone for her ; she has subdu'd me even to Marriage.

Tru. Mine has no less vanquish'd me ; I'll render upon discretion. Ah Rogue *Belfond*, I see by your bed, for all your Constant Love, you have had a Wench this night.

Belf. Jun. Peace peace, man : 'Tis dangerous to fast too long for fear of losing an appetite quite.

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Tru. You are a sincere honest Lover indeed.

Belf. Jun. Faith *Truman*, we may talk of mighty matters ; of our Honesty and Morality ; but a young Fellow carries that about him that will make him a Knave now and then in spite of his Teeth. Besides, I am afraid 'tis impossible for us prophane fellows to succeed into that Sanctify'd Family.

Tru. You will not say so, when you know what progress I have made in our affairs already.

Belf. Jun. Thou reviv'st my drooping hopes : Tell me, are we like to succeed ? Oh if I can but prevail upon my little pretty Churchwoman, I am resolv'd to conform to her for ever.

Tru. Look under my Coat ! Am I not well habited ? with a plain Band, Bob Peruke, and no Cuffs.

Belf. Jun. Verily, like one of the pure ones.

Tru. Yea ; and our frequenting of Sermons and Lectures, (which Heaven knows we did out of no good, but for the sake of the little ones) has us'd me to their stile : Thus qualify'd, I got access into the House, having found that their Governante is Sister to a Weaver in the west, whom I know, I pretended to be her Cousin, and to bring a Token sent to her by her Brother, and was very welcome to her.

Belf. Jun. Most fortunate : Why does he keep 'em so strictly ? Never to see the face of Man ?

Tru. Be not troubled at that, 'twill forward our design ; they'll be the more earnest to be deliver'd. But no *Italian* women are so closely confin'd ; the pure Knave intends to sell them ; Even his Daughter, who has a good Fortune left her by a Widow, that was her Aunt : And for his Neece, he has as good as agreed already with your Father for 5000 *l.* to marry her to your Brother in the Country : Her Uncle gave her 20000 *l.* and this is the reason of confining 'em, for fear of losing the Money.

Belf. Jun. With my Father say you ?

Tru. Most certain : This I learnt out of Madam Governante, at the first interview.

Belf. Jun. This is a very odd Accident : 'Twill make my difficulty greater.

Tru. Not at all ; As Lyers are always readiest to believe Lyes, I never knew an Hypocrite but might easily be cozen'd by another Hypocrite. I have made my way, and I warrant thee a good event. I intend to grow great with the Father.

Belf. Jun. Thy Sanguine temper makes thee always hope in every Enterprize.

Tru. You might observe, whenever he star'd upon them, they would steal a look at us ; and by stealth have often twisted Eye-beams with us.

Belf. Jun. The sowre and devout look indeed seems but put on ; There

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is a pretty warmth and tenderness in their Eyes, that now and then glides o're the godly look ; like the Suns light, when breaking through a Cloud, it swiftly glides upon a Field of Corn.

Tru. The Air of their Faces plainly show they have Wit, that must despise those trifling forms ; their precise looks most surely are constrain'd.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Belf. Jun. How, Madam *Termagant* here ! then we shall have fine work. What wind blows you hither.

Term. How dare you think that I of all womenkind should be us'd thus ?

Belf. Jun. You mean not us'd ; that's your Grievance.

Term. Good Mr. Disdain ; I shall spoyl your scoffing ; Has my Love deserv'd to be thus slighted ? I that have refus'd Princes for your sake ? Did not all the Town court me ? And must I choose such an ungrateful Wretch.

Belf. Jun. When you were first in season, you were a little courted by some of Quality : Mistresses, like Green Pease, at first coming are only had by the Rich, but afterwards they come to every body.

Term. Curse on your sawcy similies : Was not I yours, and only yours.

Belf. Jun. I had not faith enough for that ; but if you were, I never had any that was mine and only mine, but I made 'em all mankinds before I had done.

Term. Ah Traytor ! And you must pick me out to make this base Example of : Must I be left ?

Belf. Jun. Left ! Yes sure, Left ! Why you were not marry'd to me : I took no Lease of your frail Tenement : I was but Tenant at my own will.

Term. Insolent ! How dare you thus provoke my fury ? Was ever Womans Love like mine to thee ? Perfidious man ! [Weeps.

Belf. Jun. So : after the Thunder, thus the heat-drops fall.

Term. No ; I scorn that thou shouldst bring Tears into my Eyes.

Belf. Jun. Why do you come to trouble me ?

Term. Since I can please no longer, I'll come to plague thee, and if I dye before thee, my Ghost shall haunt thee.

Belf. Jun. Indeed your Love was most particular with spitting and scratching, like Caterwauling : And in the best of humours you were ever murmuring and complaining : Oh my Head akes, I am so sick : And Jealous to madness too.

Term. Oh Devil incarnate.

Tru. Belfond, thou art the most ungentle Knight alive.

Term. Methinks the pretty Child I have had by you should make you less inhumane.

Belf. Jun. Let me have it ; I'll breed it up.

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Term. No, thou shalt never have it while thou livest. I'll pull it Limb from Limb e're thou shalt have it.

Belf. Jun. This is so unnatural, that you will make me so far from thinking it mine, that I shall not believe it yours : But that you have put a false Child upon me.

Term. Unworthy Wretch.

Belf. Jun. When thou art old enough, thy malice and ill humour will qualifie thee for a Witch ; but thou hadst never Douceurs enough in thy Youth to fit thee for a Mistress.

Term. How dare you provoke me thus ? For what little Dirty Wench am I thus us'd ? If she be above ground I'll find her, and tear her Eyes out. Hah—By the Bed I see the Devil has been here to night—Oh oh, I cannot bear it. *Falls into a Fit !*

Tru. Belfond, help the Lady for shame ; lay hold on her.

Belf. Jun. No no, let her alone ; she will not hurt her self I warrant thee : She is a rare Actor : She acts a fit of the Mother the best of any one in *England*. Ha ha ha.

True. How canst thou be so cruel ?

Belf. Jun. What a Devil should I do ? if a man lies once with a Woman is he bound to do it for ever ?

Term. Oh oh.

Belf. Jun. Very well faith : Admirably well acted.

Term. Is it so ? Devil, Devil : I'll spoil your *Point de Venice* for you. *Flies at him.*

Belf. Jun. Will you force me to make my Footman turn you out ?

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, Your Father and your Unkle are coming hither.

Belf. Jun. Sdeath my Father ! 'Tis impossible.

Foot. By Heaven 'tis true ; they are coming up by this time.

Belf. Jun. Look you Madam, you may if you will ruine me ; and put me out of all means of doing for you or your Child : Try me once more, and get into the Bed and cover your self with the Quilt, or I am undone.

Term. Villain, you deserve to be ruin'd : But I love my Child too well.

Tru. For Heavens sake hide your self in the Bed quickly.

Term. No no, I'll run into the Closet.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell ! I am ruin'd : There's a young Girl there ; she'll make yet a worse uproar.

Tru. Peace, let me alone. Madam, whatever happens, ruine not your self and Child inevitably.

Enter Sir William Belfond, Sir Edward, and Servants.

Sir Edw. Ned, good morrow to thee.

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Belf. Jun. Your Blessing Sir.

Sir Edw. Heaven bless thee. Here's one unexpected.

Belf. Jun. My Father! I beg your Blessing Sir.

Sir Will. Heaven mend you; it can never bless you in the leud course you are in.

Belf. Jun. You are misinform'd Sir, my courses are not so leud as you imagine.

Sir Will. Do you see; I am misinform'd: He'll give me the lye.

Belf. Jun. I would first bite my Tongue in pieces, and spit it at you: Whatever little heats of Youth I have been guilty of, I doubt not but in a short time to please you fully.

Sir Edw. Well said *Ned*; I dare swear thou wilt.

Sir Will. Good Brother Credulous: I thank Heaven I am not so. You were not drunk last night with Bullies, and roar'd and ranted, scour'd, broke Windows, beat the Watch, broke open a House, and forc'd away a Wench in *Salisbury-Court*. This is a fine life. This he calls heats of Youth.

Belf. Jun. I was at home by Eight a Clock last night, and supp'd at home; and never keep such Company.

Sir Will. No, no; you are not call'd Squire *Belfond* by the Scoundrels your Companions? 'Twas not you: No no.

Belf. Jun. Not I upon my faith; I never keep such Company, or do such actions: If any one should call me Squire I'd break his head: Some Rascal has usurp'd my Name.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, what would you have? This must be some mistake.

Sir Will. What a Devil! You believe this too? Ounds! you make me mad! Is there any of our Name in *England* but our selves? Does he think to flam me with a Lye?

Belf. Jun. I scorn a Lye, 'tis the basest thing a Gentleman can be guilty of. All my Servants can testifie I stirred not out last night:

Trum. I assure you Sir he was not abroad last night.

Sir Will. You assure me! Who are you one of his hopeful Companions? No your Clothes are not good enough, you may be his Pimp.

Tru. You are the Father of my Friend, an Old Gentleman, and a little mad.

Sir Will. Old! Walk down; I'll try your youth; I'll fight with the bravest Ruffian he keeps Company with.

Sir Edw. Brother are you mad? Has the Country robbed you of all good manners, and common sense?

Sir Will. I had a bout with two of your Bullies in the *Temple-walks*.

Belf. Jun. Whom does he mean? This is a Gentleman of Estate and Quality, he has above 2000 *l.* a year.

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Sir Edw. You are a mad man, I am ashamed of you. Sir, I beseech you pardon my Brothers Passion, which transports him beyond Civility.

Belf. Jun. I know you will for my sake.

Tru. He is the Father of my dearest Friend ; I shall be glad to serve him.

Sir Edw. Will you never be of age of Discretion ? For shame use me, your Son, and every Body better.

Sir Will. Well, I must be run down like a tame Puppy.

Lucia within. Murder, murder ; Help, help ; ah, ah !

Belf. Jun. Oh this damned She Devil. *Termagant pulls Lucia out by the hair ; they part them.*

Term. I'll make you an Example : Will you see him whether I will or no, you young Whore !

Sir Will. Here's a Son ! Here's a fine Son ! Here's your breeding ! Here's a pretty Son ! Here's a delicate Son ! Here's a dainty Son !

Sir Edw. If he be mad, will you be madder.

Belf. Jun. Turn out this she Bear ; turn her out to the Rabble.

Term. Revenge, you Villain, Revenge. *Exit Term. and Foot.*

Belf. Jun. Dear Friend, prithee see this innocent Girl safe in the Chair, from that outrageous Strumpets fury. *Exit Tru. and Lucy.*

Sir Will. Here's a Son, here's a Son ! Very well ; make much of him. Here's the effect of Whoring.

Belf. Jun. No Sir, 'tis the effect of not Whoring : This Rage is because I have cast her off.

Sir Will. Yes, yes, for a younger ; a sweet Reformation ! Let me not see your Face, nor hear you speak ; you will break my heart.

Belf. Jun. Sir, the young Girl was never here before ; she brought me Linnen from the *Exchange*.

Sir Will. A fine Bawd her Mistress in the mean time.

Belf. Jun. This furious Wench coming in to rail at me for my leaving her, I was forc'd to put the other into that Closet ; and at your coming up, against my will, this run into the same Closet.

Sir Will. Sirrah, most audacious Rogue, do you sham me ? Do you think you have your Unkle to deal with ? Avoid my presence Sirrah. Get you out Sirrah.

Belf. Jun. I am sorry I offended : I obey. *Exit Belf. Jun.*

Sir Will. I could have found in my heart to have Cudgell'd him.

Sir Edw. Shame of our Family ; you behave your self so like a Mad-man and a Fool, you will be begg'd : These fits are more extravagant than any thing he can be guilty of. Do you give your Son the words of Command you use to Dogs ?

Sir Will. Justifie him, do : He's an excellent Son ! a very pretty Son ! a delicate Son ! a virtuous Son ! a discreet Son ! he is.

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Sir Edw. Pray use me better, or I'll assure you, we must never see one another : Besides, I shall entail my Estate for want of Issue by this Son here, upon another Family, if you will treat me thus.

Sir Will. What says he ? *aside.* Well Brother I ha done : His lewdness distracted me ! Oh my poor Boy in the Country ; I long to see him, the great support of my declining Age.

Sir Edw. Let us calmly reason : What has your breeding made of him (with your Patience) but a Blockhead ?

Sir Will. A Blockhead ! When he comes the World shall judge which of us has been the wiser in the Education of a Son : A Blockhead ? Why he knows a sample of any Grain as well as e're a fellow in the North : Can handle a Sheep or Bullock as well as any one : Knows his seasons of Plowing, Sowing, Harrowing, laying fallow : Understands all sorts of Manure : And ne're a one that wears a Head can wrong him in a Bargain.

Sir Edw. A very pretty fellow, for a Gentlemans Baily.

Sir Will. For his own Baily, and to be a rich——

Sir Edw. Swine, and live as nastily ; and keep worse Company than Beasts in a Forest.

Sir Will. He knows no Vice, poor Boy.

Sir Edw. He will have his turn to know it then ; as sure as he will have the Small Pox ; and then he'll be fond on't, when his Brother has left it.

Sir Will. I defy the Omen : he never Whores, nor Drinks hard, but upon design, as driving a Bargain, or so ; and that I allow him.

Sir Edw. So : Knavish and designing Drunkenness you allow ; but not good fellowship for mirth and conversation.

Sir Will. Now Brother, pray what you have made your Son good for, with your breeding you so much boast of ? Let's hear that now : Come on, let's hear.

Sir Edw. First, I bred him at *Westminster-School*, till he was Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues ; then I kept him at the University, where I instructed him to read the Noble *Greek* and *Roman* Authors.

Sir Will. Well, and what use can he make of the Noble *Greek* and *Latin*, but to prate like a Pedant, and shew his Parts over a Bottle ?

Sir Edw. To make a man fit for the Conversation of Learned Gentlemen is one noble end of Study : But those Authors make him wiser and honeſter, Sir, to boot.

Sir Will. Wiser ! Will he ever get Six-pence, or improve or keep his Estate by 'em ?

Sir Edw. Mean Notions : I made him well vers'd in History.

Sir Will. That's a pretty study indeed : How can there be a true History, when we see no man living is able to write truly the History of the last week ?

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Sir Edw. He by the way read Natural Philosophy, and had insight enough in the Mathematicks.

Sir Will. Natural Philosophy! knows nothing: Nor would I give a fart for any Mathematician, but a Carpenter, Bricklayer, or Measurer of Land, or Sailor.

Sir Edw. Some moderate skill in it will use a man to reason closely.

Sir Will. Very pretty: Reason! Can he Reason himself into six Shillings by all this?

Sir Edw. He needs it not: But to go on; after three years I remov'd him from the University (lest he should have too strong a tincture of it) to the *Temple*; there I got a modest learned Lawyer, of little practice, for want of Impudence; and there are several such that want, while empty impudent fellows thrive and swagger at the Bar: This man I got to instruct my Son in some old Common Law Books, the Statutes, and the best Pleas of the Crown, and the Constitution of the old true *English* Government.

Sir Will. Does he get a Shilling by all this? But what a Devil made you send him into *France*, to make an arrant vain Coxcomb of him?

Sir Edw. There he did all his manly Exercises; saw two Campaigns; studied History; Civil Laws, and Laws of Commerce; the Language he spoke well e're he went. He made the Tour of *Italy*, and saw *Germany*, and the Low Countries, and return'd well skill'd in Foreign Affairs, and a Compleat accomplish'd *English* Gentleman.

Sir Will. And to know nothing of his own Estate, but how to spend it: my poor Boy has travell'd to better purpose: for he has travell'd all about my Lands, and knows every Acre and Nook, and the value of it: There's travel for you! Poor Boy.

Sir Edw. And he enjoys so little of that Estate he sees, as to be impatient for your Death: I dare sware mine wishes my Life, next to his own. I have made him a Compleat Gentleman, fit to serve his Country in any Capacity.

Sir Will. Serve his Country! Pox on his Country: 'Tis a Country of such Knaves, 'tis not worth the serving: All those who pretend to serve it, mean nothing but themselves. But among all things, how came you to make him a Fidler, always Fluting or Scraping? I had as leive hear a Jews-Harp.

Sir Edw. I love Musick: Besides I would have young Gentlemen have as many helps to spend their time alone as can be; most of our Youth are ruin'd by having Time lye heavy on their hands, which makes them run into any base Company to shun themselves.

Sir Will. And all this Gentlemans Education is come to Drinking, Whoring, and Debauchery.

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Enter Servant to Sir Wiliam.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Scrapeall* is at your Attorneys Chamber in the *Temple*, and desires to discourse you.

Sir Will. Brother, I must go : I shall tell you when I see you next, what is my Business with him.

Sir Edw. Be sure to Dine with me.

Sir Will. I will——

Exeunt.

Enter Belfond Senior, Shamwel, Cheatly, Hackum, Lolpoop, French Valet, two Footmen, at the George, in White-Friers.

Cheat. Now thou look'st like an Heir indeed, my Lad : when thou cam'st up thou had'st the Scurvy Phiz of a meer *Country putt*—He did thee a kindness that took thee for a Chief Constable.

Sham. Now thou shine'st, Cousin, like a true *Belfond* ! What 3000 *l.* a year ; entailed, and live like a Butcher, or Grazier, in the Country ?

Hack. Give you joy, noble Sir, now you look like a true gallant Squire.

Lolp. Like a Squire, like a Puppy by th' Mass : Ods-flesh, what will the awd man say ; he'll be stark wood.

Belf. Sen. Well, I was the fortunat'st man to light upon such true, such real Friends : I had never known any Breeding or Gentility without you.

Sham. You buried all your good parts in a sordid Swinish life in the North.

Belf. Sen. My Father kept me in ignorance, and would have made a very silly Blockheadly *Put* of me : Why, I never heard a Gentleman Banter, or cut a Sham in my life before I saw you, nor ever heard such ingenious Discourse.

Hack. Nay, the world knows Mr. *Cheatly*, and Mr. *Shamwell*, are as Compleat Gentlemen as ever came within the *Fryers* : And yet we have as fine Gentlemen as any in *England* ; we have those here who have broke for 100000 *l.*

Belf. Sen. Well, I protest and vow, I am so very fine, I do not know where to look upon my self first : I don't think my Lord Mayor's Son is finer.

Cheat. He is a Scoundrel compar'd to thee : There's ne'r a *Prigg* at Court out-shines thee. Thou shalt strut in the *Park*, where Countesses shall be enamour'd on thee.

Belf. Sen. I am overjoy'd : I can stand no ground : My dear friend *Cheatly* : My sweet Cousin *Shamwell* ! Let me embrace such dear, such loving friends ! I could grow to you, methinks, and stick here for ever.

They Embrace.

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Lolp. Ah! Dear loving Dogs! They love him by'r Lady, as a Cat loves a Mause.

Belf. Sen. What's that you mutter, Sirra? come hither Sirra! you are finer than any Squire in the Country.

Lolp. Pox of finery, I say; yeow maken a meer Ass, an Owl o' mee: Here are Sleeves fit for nought but a Miller to steale with when he takes Tole: and damn'd Cuffs here, one cannot dip ones Meat ith' Sawce for them: Odsflesh, give me my awd Cloths againe; would I were a whome in my Frock, dressing of my Geldings; poor *Titts*, they wanten me dearly, I warrant a.

Belf. Sen. Well, there's no making a Whistle of a Pigs Tail; This Puppy will never learn any breeding. Sirrah, behold me: here's Rigging for you; Here's a *Nabb*: you never saw such a one in your life.

Cheat. A *rum Nab*: it is a Beaver of 5 *l*.

Belf. Sen. Look you there Blockhead.

Lolp. Look yeow there Blockhead I say.

aside.

Hack. Let me see your *Porker*: Here's a *Porker*; hers's a *Tilter*: Ha ha. Oh how I could *whip a Prigster through the Lungs*! Ha ha.

Thrusts at Lolpoop.

Cheat. It cost sixteen Louydors in *Paris*.

Hack. Ha ha.

He pushes towards Lolpoop.

Lolp. Hawd you, hawd you: And I take kibbo, I'st raddle the Bones o' thee; Ise tell a that: for aw th'art a Captain mun.

Belf. Sen. Look Sirrah, here's a show you Rogue; Here's a sight of *Cole*, *Darby*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*, you Rascal, you understand me not! you *Loggerhead*, you silly *Put*, you understand me not; Here are *Meggs* and *Smelts*; I ne're had such a sight of my own in my life. Here are more *Meggs* and *Smelts*, you Rogue; you understand me not.

Lolp. By'r Lady not I; I understand not this South-Country speech not I.

Belf. Sen. Ah methinks I could tumble in em. But dee hear *Putt*, *Putt*, *Putt*, Sirrah. Here's a *Scout*: what's a Clock? what's a Clock Sirrah. Here's a *Tatler*; Gold, all Gold, you Rogue. Look on my finger Sirrah, look here; Here's a *Famble*, *Putt*, *Putt*; You don't know what a *Famble*, a *Scout* or a *Tatler* is, you *Putt*.

Lolp. Fine sights for my awd Master! Marry would I were sent from Constable to Constable, and whipt home again by'r Lady.

Belf. Sen. Let's whett; bring some Wine. Come on; I love a Whett; Pray let's huzza; I love huzzaing mightily; but where's your Lady, Captain, and the *Blowing*, that is to be my *Natural*, my *Convenient*, my *Pure*.

Enter Servants with Bottles.

Hack. They'r just coming in. Come *Betty*.

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Enter Mrs. Hackum and Mrs. Margaret.

Mrs. Hack. Come in *Mrs. Margaret*, come.

Marg. I am so asham'd.

Belf. Sen. Madam, your Servant; I am very much oblig'd to your favours.

Mrs. Hack. I shall be proud to do a Gentleman, like you, any service that lies in my power, as a Gentlewoman.

Belf. Sen. O Lord, Madam, your most humble Servant to Command: My pretty *Blowing* let me kiss thee: Thou shalt be my *Natural*: I must mannage thee. She is a *Pure Blowing*. My pretty Rogue—how happy shall I be? Pox o' the Country I say. Madam *Hackum*, to testifie my gratitude, I make bold to *Equip* you with some *Meggs*, *Smelts*, *Decus's* and *Georges*.

Mrs. Hack. I am your Faithful Servant, and I shall be glad of any occasion whereby to express how ready I am to serve any Gentleman, or person of Quality, as becomes a Gentlewoman; and upon honour Sir, you shall never find me tardy.

Cheat. Come on Sirra, fill up all the Glasses; a Health to this pretty Lady.

Belf. Sen. Ay, and i'faith I'll drink it, pretty Rogue.

Sham. Let them be *Facers*.

Belf. Sen. *Facers*! What are those? Nay, give the Lady and the Captains Lady too.

Marg. No, I cannot drink, I am not dry.

Mrs. Hack. Give it me.

Sham. There's a *Facer* for you. *Drinks the Glass clear off, and puts it to*

Belf. Sen. Excellent adad! Come to our *Facers*. *his Face. All do the like.*
It is the prettiest way of Drinking: Fill again, we'll have more
Facers. *Fiddles flourish without.*

Ha Boys! the Musicians are come. Ha Boys, we'll sing, dance, roar, fling the House out of the Windows; and I will mannage my pretty *Natural*, my *pure Blowing* here. Huzza: My dear Friends, *Shamwel* and *Cheatly*, I am transported! My pretty *Natural*: Kiss me, kiss me. Huzza.

Marg. Nay puh, you do so ruffle ones things.

Belf. Sen. I'll ruffle the more, my little Rogue, before I have done with thee. Well, I shall never make you amends, my dear Friends. Sirrah, *Lolpoop*, is not this better than the Country, Sirrah? Give the Rogue a *Facer* to my Mistris. Come, fill about the *Facers*. Come on, my Lads, stand to't. Huzza. I vow 'tis the prettiest way of Drinking, never, stir.

Enter four Servants with four Dishes of Meat, who cross the Stage.

Cheat. So here's the *Prog*, here's the Dinner coming up; the Cloath's laid in the next room. Here's a noble Dinner.

Belf. Sen. Ha Boys, we'll sing and roar, and Huzza, like Devils.

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Enter Sir William Belfond at the Door.

Ounds ! Who's here ? my Father ? *Lolpoop, Lolpoop*, hide me : give me my *Joseph*. Let's sneak into the next Room.

Sham. Death : what shall we do ? This is the Bully's Father.

Cheat. Let me alone ; I warrant you.

Hack. This is the old Fellow I had like to have had a Rubbers with in the morning.

Sir Will. Is he fall into these hands ? Nay, then he's utterly lost : His Estate is spent before he has it.

Cheat. How now *Prigg*, what makes you come into our Room ?

Sir Will. I would speak with Squire *Belfond*.

Cheat. Here's no such man.

Sir Will. Oh *Bully*, are you there ; and my ungracious Kinsman too ? would you bring my Son to the Gallows ! you most notorious seducer of young heirs, I know you too. I warrant you I'll keep my dear Boy in the Country far enough from your Clutches. In short, I would speak with my Rebellious Town-Son, who is here, and bespoke this great Dinner.

Cheat. bantering. Why look you Sir, according to your assertion of things doubtful in themselves ; you must be forc'd to grant that whatsoever may be, may also as well not be, in their own essential differences and degrees.

Sir Will. What stuff's this ? Where's my Son ?

Cheat. Your Question consists of two terms : the one *ubi*, where : but of that I shall say nothing, because here is no Son nor any thing belonging to you, to be the subject matter of debate, at this time ; forasmuch as—

Sir Will. Do you hear me Sir, let me see my Son ; and offer to Banter me, or Sham me once more, and I will cut your Throat, and Cudgel your brace of Cowards.

Cheat. Nay then 'tis time to take a course with you. Help, help ; an Arrest, an Arrest ; a Baily, a Baily.

Hack. & Sham. An Arrest, an Arrest.

Sir Will. You Dogs ? Am I a Baily ?

Cheat. You shall be us'd like one, you old *Prigg*. An Arrest.

Sir Will. Impudent Dogs ! I must run, or I shall be pull'd in pieces. Help, help, an Arrest, an Arrest.

Cheat, Sham. Hack. in the street. Stop, stop, a Baily, a Baily.

Sir William runs, the Rabble pursue him cross the Stage.

All cry out an Arrest : Drawers and some of the Rabble come in and join with the Cry, which gets into the street ; there they cry out too : He joins the Cry, and runs away : Cheat. Sham. Hack. Drawers follow him, and cry out, stop, stop a Baily.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. **A** I told you, I have had a Child by him ; he is my Husband by Contract ; and casts me off : Has dishonour'd me, and made me infamous. Shall you think to Game and Bully about the Town, and not vindicate the honour of your Family ?

Brother. No man shall dare to dishonour our Family.

Enter Belfond Junior.

Term. If you do not cut his Throat, you'll be kickt up and down for a Damn'd Coward : And besides you shall never see a penny of mine more.

Brother. I'll fight him an he be above ground.

Term. There, there's the Traytor, walking before his Unkles door : be sure dispatch him : on, I'll withdraw. *Exit.*

Brother. Do you hear Sir, do you know Mrs. *Termagant* ?

Belf. Jun. What makes you ask such a familiar question Sir ?

Brother. I am her Brother.

Belf. Jun. Perhaps so : Well, I do ? What then Sir ?

Brother. Ours is an ancient Family as any in *England*, tho perhaps unfortunate at present : The *Termagants* came in with the Conqueror.

Belf. Jun. It may be so : I am no Herald.

Brother. And do you think you shall dishonour this Family, and debauch my Sister unchastiz'd ? you are contracted to her, and have lain with her.

Belf. Jun. Look you Sir, I see what you would be at : She's mad, and puts you upon this : Let me advise you, 'tis a foolish quarrel.

Brother. You debauch'd her, and have ruin'd her.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis false ; the silliest Coxcomby Beau in Town had the first of her.

Brother. You have had a Child by her.

Belf. Jun. Then I have added one to your Ancient Family that came in with the *Normans* : Prithee do not provoke me to take away one from it.

Brother. You are contracted to her ; and if you will marry her I will save your life.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Lye ; I am not contracted to her : Be gone, urge me no more.

Brother. Draw.

Belf. Jun. Have at you.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir Edw. Hold, hold : Oh my Son, my Son ! What's the matter ? *Belf. strikes up his heels and disarms him.* my dear Son, art thou not hurt ? let me see.

Belf. Jun. No Sir, not at all, dear Sir. Here take your Sword, and be gone : Next time you come to trouble me, I'll cut your throat. *Exit Brother.*

Sir Edw. What's the matter, dear *Ned* ? This is about some Wench I warrant.

Belf. Sen. 'Tis a Brother of that furious Wench you saw Sir ; her violent Love is converted into hatred.

Sir Edw. You young fellows will never get knowledge but at your own cost, the Precepts of the old weigh nothing with you.

Belf. Jun. Your precepts have been ever sacred to me ; and so shall your example be henceforward : You are the best of men ; the best of Fathers ; I have as much honour for you as I can have for humane Nature : And I love you ten thousand times above my life.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, thou art the greatest joy I have : And believe thy Father, and thy Friend, there's nothing but Anxiety in Vice : I am not straight Lac'd ; but when I was Young, I ne'r knew any thing gotten by Wenching, but Duels, Claps, and Bastards : And every drunken fit is a short madness, that cuts off a good part of Life.

Belf. Jun. You have Reason Sir, and shall ever be my Oracle hereafter.

Sir Edw. 'Tis time now to take up, and think of being something in the World : See then, my Son, tho thou shouldst not be over busie, to side with Parties and with Factions, yet that thou takest a care to make some figure in the World, and to sustain that part thy Fortune, Nature and Education fit thee for.

Belf. Jun. Your wise advice I'll strive to follow : But I must confess, I am most passionately in Love, and am with your consent, resolv'd to Marry : Tho I will perish e'er I do't without it.

Sir Edw. Be sure to know the humour of the Woman ; you run a mighty hazard : But if you be valiant enough to venture, (which, I must confess, I never was) I'll leave it to your own choice : I know you have so much honour, you will do nothing below your self.

Belf. Jun. I doubt not of your Approbation ; but till I can be sure of obtaining her : Pardon me if I conceal her Name.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Edw. Your Father comes, retire a little within hearing, till I soften him somewhat ; He is much mov'd, as he always is, I think. *He retires.*

Sir Will. Now Brother, as I was saying, I can convince you, your Son,

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

your Darling, whom you long have foster'd in his Wickedness, is become the most profligate of all Rascals.

Sir Edw. Still upon this subject.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well ; my Mouth must be stopt, and your Ears : 'Tis wondrous well. But I have had much ado to escape with life, from him, and his Notorious fellow Rogues : As I told you when I had found that the Rogue was with his Wicked Associates, at the *George in White-Fryers* ; when they saw I was resolved to see my Son, and was rough with 'em, *Cheatly* and his Rogues set up a Cry against me. An Arrest ! a Baily : An Arrest : The Mobile, and all the Rakehells in the House, and thereabout the Streets assembled : I run, and they had a fair Course after me into *Fleetstreet*, thanks to the Vigour I have left, my Heels have sav'd my Life : Your Infamous Rogue would have suffered me to have been Sacrificed to the Rabble.

Sir Edw. Ha ha ha, very pretty i'faith ; it runs very well : Can you tell it over again think you ?

Sir Will. Ounds ! Am I become your Scorn ? Your Laughter ?

Sir Edw. Ned, You hear all this ?

Belf. Jun. appears.

Belf. Jun. Yes ; and am distracted to know the meaning of it.

Sir Will. Vile Parricide ! Are you gotten here before me ? You are monstrous nimble Sir.

Belf. Jun. By all the Powers of Heaven ! I never was at the *George* in my Life.

Sir Will. Oh then they stay for you, you have not yet been there ; you'll lose your Dinner, 'tis served up——Vile Wretch.

Belf. Jun. All this is Cross-purposes to me : I came to my Unkle's House from my own Lodgings immediately ; when you were pleas'd to banish me your presence, and here have been ever since.

Sir Will. Nay, he that will be a through Villain, must be a compleat Lyar : Were not you even now with your Associates Rascals at the *George* ?

Belf. Jun. No, by Heaven ! Nor was I ever in the Company of any of that Gang : I know their Infamy too well, to be acquainted with their Persons.

Sir Will. I am not Drunk, nor Mad : but you will make me one of them.

Belf. Jun. These Rascals have gotten some body to personate me ; and are undoubtedly carrying on some Cheat in my Name.

Sir Edw. Brother it must be.

Sir Will. Yes, yes, no doubt it must be so : And I must be in a Dream all this while, I must.

Sir Edw. You say your self, you did not see my Son there.

Sir Will. No, he was too nimble for me, and got out some back way, to be here before me ; so to face down the truth.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Belf. Jun. I'll instantly go thither, and discover this Imposture, that I may suffer no longer for the faults of others.

Sir Edw. Dine first : My Dinners ready.

Belf. Jun. Your pardon Sir, I will go instantly : I cannot rest till I have done my self right.

Sir Edw. Let's in, and discourse of this matter : Brother, I must say this, I never took him in a Lye since he could speak.

Sir Will. Took him : No, nor never will take him in any thing.

Sir Edw. Lets in——and send your own Man with him.

Sir Will. It shall be so, tho' I am convinc'd already. Is there any of thy Name but you, and I, and my two Sons in *England*?

Belf. Jun. Be pleas'd to send my Footmen out to me, Sir.

Sir Edw. Have a care of a Quarrel, and bringing the *Alsations* about your Ears. Come Brother. *Ex. Sir Edw. and Sir Will.*

Enter Lucia running, Termagant pursuing her.

Luc. Help, help, help.

Term. Now I have found you, you little Whore—I'll make you an example.

Luc. Oh Lord ! are you here ! Save me, Save me, this Barbarous Woman threatens to murder me for your sake.

Belf. Jun. Save thee, Dear Miss : That I would at the peril of my Life : No danger shou'd make me quit thee, Cannons, nor Bombs.

Term. Damn'd false fellow : I'll take a time to slit her Nose.

Luc. Oh Heaven ! She'll kill me.

Belf. Jun. Thou Devil : In thy properest shape of Furious, and Malicious Woman : Resolve to leave off this Course this moment, or by Heaven I'll lay thee fast in *Bedlam* : Had'st thou fifty Brothers, I'd fight with them all, in defence of this dear pretty Miss.

Luc. Dear kind Creature ! This sweet Love of thine, methinks does make me valiant, and I fear her not so much.

Enter Roger and his two Footmen.

Belf. Jun. Dear pretty Miss, I'll be thy safeguard.

Term. Thou Falsest, Basest of thy Sex ; look to see thy Child sent thee in pieces, Bak'd in a Pye, for so I will.

Belf. Jun. Though thou hat'st every thing living besides thy self ; yet thou hast too much tenderness for thy own Person to bring it to the Gallows ; Offer to follow us one step, and I'll set the Rabble upon thee ; come my dear Child. *Exeunt.*

Term. Thou shalt be dogg'd ; and I'll know who she is ; Oh Revenge, Revenge ; if thou dost not exceed, thou equall'st all the Extasies of Love. *Ex. Term.*

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Enter Cheatly, and Shamwell.

Cheat. Thus far our Matters go swimmingly ; our Squire is as Debauch'd, and Prodigal, as we can wish.

Sham. I told you, all *England* could not afford an Heir like this for our purpose, but we must keep him always hot.

Cheat. That will be easie ; we made him so Devilish Drunk the first two or three days, the least Bumper will warm his addle Head afresh at any time ; He paid a great Fine ; and may sit at a little Rent ; I must be gone for a moment ; our *Suffolk* Heir is Nabb'd, for a small business ; and I must find him some Sham-Bail ; see the Captain performs his Charge.
Exit.

Enter Hackum.

Sham. Here he comes. See, Captain, you make that Blockhead Drunk, and do as we directed.

Hack. He's almost Drunk, and we are in readiness for him ; the Squire is retir'd with his Natural, so fond.

Sham. 'Tis well ; about your business ; I'll be with you soon.

Ex. Shamwell.

Enter Lolpoop.

Hack. Come on, Mr. *Lolpoop* : You and I'll be merry by our selves.

Lolpoop. I must needs say Captain, yeow are a Civil Gentleman, but yeow han given me so many Bumpers : I am meet Drunken already.

Hack. Come on, I warrant you : Here's a Bumper to the Squire's Lady.

Lolp. With all my Heart.

Enter Betty.

Hack. Oh Mrs. *Betty*, art thou come ? I sent for this pretty Rogue to keep you Company : She's as pretty a Company-keeper as any in the *Friers*.

Lolp. Ods-flesh, what shou'd I do in Company with Gentlewomen ; 'Tis not for such Fellee's as I.

Hack. Have Courage Man ; You shall have her ; and never want such a one while I am your Friend.

Lolp. O Lord I ! Do yeow know what yeow saen.

Bett. A Proper, Handsome Gentleman, I swear.

Lolp. Who I, no, no ; What done yeow mean forsooth ?

Bett. I vow, I have not seen a handsomer ; So proper, so well shap'd !

Lolp. Oh Lord, I ! I ! Yeow jeern me naw.

Hack. Why dont you salute her, Man ?

Lolp. Who I ? By the Mass, I dare not be so bold ; What I kiss such a fine Gentlewoman ?

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Hack. Kiss, Kiss her Man ; This Town affords us such every where ?
You'll hate the Country when you see a little more ; Kiss her I say.

Lolp. I am so hala ; I am asham'd.

Bett. What must I do it to you then ?

Lolp. Oh rare ! By th' Mass ! Whoo Kisses daintily ; And Whoo
has a breath like a Caw.

Hack. Come, tother Bumper ; To her health let this be, Here's to you.

Lolp. Thanka forsooth and yeow pleasen.

Drinks to her.

Bett. Yes, any thing that you do, will please me.

Lolp. Capt. Capt. What done yeow leave me ?

Hack. steals out and

Bett. What are you affraid of me ?

leaves them together.

Lolp. Nay, By'r Lady : I am ashamd, who's farinely a pratty Lass !
Marry.

Bett. A handsome Man, and asham'd !

She edges nearer to him.

Lolp. Who I, a Handsom Mon ! Nay, Nay.

Bett. A Lovely Man, I vow : I cannot forbear Kissing you.

Lolp. O dear ; 'tis your goodness ; Ods-flesh, whoo Loves me ! who'll
make me stark wood e'en naw ; and yeow kissen me, By'r Lady, I's kiss
yeow.

Bett. What care I ?

Lolp. Looka there naw ; Waunds, whoo's a dainty Lass, pure white
and red ; And most of the *London* Lasses are pure white and red ; Welly
aw like ; and I had her in some Nook. Ods-flesh, I say no more.

Bett. I'll stay no longer, farewell.

She retires.

Lolp. Nay, I's not leave a soo ; Marry whoo's a Gallant Lass.

Ex. following her.

Enter Hackum.

Hack. So he's caught : This will take him off from teasing his Master
with his damn'd good Counsel.

Enter Cheatly, and Shamwell.

Cheat. I have sent our *Alsatian* Attorney, and as Substantial Bail as
can be wish'd for the Redemption of our *Suffolk* Caravan ; he's ripe for
another Judgment, he begins to want the Ready much.

Sham. *Scrapeal* is provided for him : How now Captain, what's become
of your Blockhead ?

Hack. He's nibling at the Bait : He'll swallow presently.

Cheat. But hark you, *Shamwell* ! I have chosen the subtlest and hand-
somest Wench about this Town for the great Fortune I intend to bestow
this hopeful Kinsman of yours upon : 'Tis Mrs. *Termagant*, his Brothers
Cast Mistress, who resents her being left to that degree, that tho' she
meditates all the revenge, besides, that Womans Nature is capable of

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against him : Yet her Heart leapt for joy at this design of Marrying his Elder Brother : If it were for nothing but to plague the younger, and take place of his Wife.

Sham. I have seen her : She will personate a Town Lady of Quality admirably, and be as Haughty and Impertinent as the best of 'em : Is the Lodging, and Plate, and things ready for her ?

Cheat. It is, she comes there this Afternoon ; she has set her Hand to a good swinging Judgment ; and thou and I will divide my Lad : And now, all we have to do, is to preserve him to our selves from any other Correspondence, and at down-right Enmity with his Father and Brother ; And we must keep him continually hot, as they do a Glass-House, or our work will go backward.

Enter Belfond Senior, Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Hackum, and his Servants.

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear Friend and Cousin ; tread upon my Neck : Make me your Footstool, you have made me a happy Man to know Plenty and Pleasure, good Company, good Wine, Music, Fine Women ; *Mrs. Hackum* and I have been at Bumpers hand to fist ; Here's my pretty Natural, my dear pretty Rogue ; Adad, she's a Rare Creature, a Delicious Creature ! And between you and I, dear Friend, she has all her Goings as well as e'er a Blowing in *Christendom* ; Dear Madam *Hackum*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs. Hack. I am glad, Sir, she gives your Worship content, Sir.

Belf. Sen. Content ; Ah my pretty Rogue ! Pox o' the Country, I say, *Capt.* *Capt.* here ; Let me Equip you with a Quid.

Hack. Noble Squire ; I am your Spaniel-Dog.

Belf. Sen. Pox o' the Country, I say ; The best Team of Horses my Father has, shall not draw me thither agen.

Sham. Be firm to your Resolution, and thou'lt be happy.

Cheat. If you meet either your Father, or Brother, or any from those Prigsters, stick up thy Countenance, or thou art ruin'd, my Son of Promise, my brisk Lad in remainder, when one of 'em approaches thee, we'll all pull down our Hats, and cry bow wow.

Belf. Sen. I warrant you ; I am hardened, I knew my Brother in the Country, but they shant sham me, they shall find me a smoaky Thief ; I vow twill be a very pretty way ; Bow wow, I warrant thee I'll do it.

Enter Belfond Junior, two Footmen, and Roger.

Sham. Who the Devil's here ! Your Brother, Courage.

Cheat. Courage, be rough and haughty my Bumpkin.

Belf. Sen. Hey, where are all my Servants ; call 'em in. *Capt. calls them.*

Belf. Jun. Who is that in this House here, who usurps my Name, and is called Squire *Belfond* ?

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Belf. Sen. One who is called so without usurping. Bow wow.

Belf. Jun. Brother, Death do *I* dream! Can *I* trust my Senses! Is this my Brother?

Belf. Sen. Ay, ay, *I* know *I* am Transmography'd; but *I* am your very Brother, Ned.

Belf. Jun. Could you be so unkind, to come to Town, and not see your nearest Kindred, your Unkle, and my self?

Belf. Sen. *I* would not come to disgrace you, till my Equipage was all ready. Hey, *La Mar*, is my Coach at the Gate next to the Green-Dragon?

Valet. *Ouy Monsieur.*

Belf. Sen. But *I* was resolved to give you a Visit to Morrow Morning.

Belf. Jun. *I* should have been glad to have seen you any where but here.

Belf. Sen. But here! Why 'tis as good a Tavern, as any's in Town. Sirrah fill some Bumpers: Here Brother, here's a *Facer* to you; We'll Huzza, call in the Fidlers.

Belf. Jun. *I* am struck with Astonishment: Not all *Ovid's Metamorphosis* can shew such a one as this.

Belf. Sen. *I* see you wonder at my change: what would you never have a Man learn breeding Adad? Should *I* always be kept a Country *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, a *Meer Putt*: *I* am brave and bowsy.

Belf. Jun. S'life! He has gotten the Cant too.

Belf. Sen. *I* shall be *Clear* by and by: T'other Bumper, brother.

Belf. Jun. No: *I*'ll drink no more; *I* hate drinking between meals.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! hate drinking between meals! What Company do you keep? But 'tis all one. Here Brother, pray salute this pretty Rogue: *I* *mannage* her, she is my *Natural*, my pure *Blowing*; *I* am resolv'd to be like a Gentleman and keep, Brother.

Belf. Jun. A thorough-pac'd *White-Friers* man! *aside.*
I never refuse to kiss a pretty woman. *Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. This is Mrs. *Hackum*; *I* am much oblig'd to her: Pray salute her.

Belf. Jun. What a Pox! will he make me kiss the Bawd too.

Belf. Sen. Brother, now pray know these Gentlemen here; they are the prettiest Wits that are in the Town: And between you and *I* brother, brave gallant fellows, and the best friends *I* ever had in my life: This is Mr. *Cheatly*, and this is my Cousin *Shamwell*.

Belf. Jun. *I* know em, and am acquainted with their worth.

Cheat. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

Sham. Your Servant Cousin.

Belf. Sen. And this is my dear Friend Captain *Hackum*; There is not a braver fellow under the Sun.

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, a downright Alsatian.

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Belf. Sen. Come Musicians, strike up ; and sing the Catch the Captain gave you, and we'll all join i'faith. We can be merry brother, and we can roar !

Hack. 'Tis a very pretty magnanimous military business upon the Victory in Hungary.

*Hark, how the Duke of Lorrain comes,
The brave Victorious Soul of War ;
With Trumpets and with Kettle Drums,
Like Thunder rolling from afar.*

*On the Left Wing the conquering Horse
The brave Bavarian Duke does lead ;
These Heroes with united force,
Fill all the Turkish Host with dread.*

*Their bright Caparisons behold ;
Rich Habits, Streamers, Shining Arms,
The glittering Steel and burnisht Gold,
The pomp of War with all its Charms.*

*With solemn March, and fatal pace,
They bravely on the Foe press on ;
The Cannons roar, the Shot takes place,
Whilst Smoak and Dust obscure the Sun.*

*The Horses Neigh, the Soldiers shout,
And now the furious Bodies joyn,
The slaughter rages all about,
And men in groans their Blood resign.*

*The Weapons Clash, the Roaring Drum,
With Clanger of the Trumpets sound,
The howls and yells of men o'ecome,
And from the Neighbouring Hills rebound.*

*Now, now the Infidels give place,
Then all in Routs they headlong fly,
Heroes in Dust pursue the Chase,
While deafning Clamors rend the Sky.*

Belf. Sen. You see Brother, what Company I keep : What's the matter you are melancholly.

Belf. Jun. I am not a little troubled brother, to find you in such cursed Company.

Belf. Sen. Hold Brother, if you love your life : They are all stout ; but that same Captain has kill'd his five men.

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Belf. Jun. Stout say you? This fellow *Cheatly* is the most notorious Rascal and Cheat that ever was out of a Dungeon: This Kinsman a most silly Bubble first, and afterwards a betrayer of young Heirs, of which they have not ruin'd less than two hundred, and made them run out their Estates before they came to them.

Belf. Sen. Brother, Do you love your life? the Captain's a Lyon!

Belf. Jun. An Ass, is he not? He is a Ruffian, and Cock-bawd to that Hen.

Cheat. If you were not the Brother to my dearest Friend, I know what my honour would prompt me to. *Walks in a huff.*

Sham. My dear Cousin, thou shalt now find how intirely I am thine: My Honour will not let me strike thy Brother.

Hack. But that the punctilio's of Honour are sacred to me; which tell me nothing can provoke me against the brother of my noble friend, I had *whipt him through the Lungs* e're this.

Belf. Sen. Well, never man met with such true, such loving Friends.

Belf. Jun. Look you brother, will this convince you, that you are fallen into the hands of Fools, Knaves, Scoundrels and Cowards.

Belf. Sen. Fools! nay there I am sure you are out: They are all deep, they are very deep and sharp; sharp as Needles, adad; the wittiest men in *England*. Here's Mr. *Cheatly* in the first place shall Sham and Banter with you, or any one you shall bring for 500 *l.* of my Money.

Belf. Jun. Rascally stuff; fit for no places but *Ram-alley*, or *Pye-corner*.

Belf. Sen. Persuade me to that: They are the merriest Companions, and the truest Friends to me: 'Tis well for you adad, that they are so; for they are all of them as stout as *Hector*.

Belf. Jun. This is most amazing.

Sham. Did I not tell you he would envy your condition; and be very angry with us that put you into't.

Cheat. He must needs be a kind Brother: we prove our selves your true Friends; and have that respect for your Blood, that we will let none of it out, where-e're we meet it upon any cause.

Belf. Sen. You see Brother, how their Love prevails over their Valour.

Belf. Jun. Their Valour! Look you Brother, here's *Kicks Cheatly*
Valour. *and Shamw.*

Cheat. I understand Honour and Breeding, besides I have been let blood to day.

Sham. Nothing shall make me transgress the rules of Honour I say.

Belf. Jun. Here! Where are you? Sirrah; Kill- *Takes Hackum by*
Cow. *the Nose, and leads him.*

Hack. 'Tis no matter; I know Honour; I know punctilio's to a hair. You owe your life to your brother, besides, I am to be second to a dear

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Friend, and preserve my vigour for his service ; but for all that, were he not your brother——

Belf. Jun. Will not this convince you, brother, of their Cowardice ?

Belf. Sen. No, I think not ; for I am sure they are Valiant ; this convinces me of their respect and friendship to me : My best friends, let me embrace you : A thousand thanks to you.

Belf. Jun. I will redeem him yet from these Rascals if I can : You are upon the brink of ruine, if you go not off with me, and reconcile your self to my Father ; I'll undertake it upon good terms.

Belf. Sen. No, I thank you : I'll see no Father ; he shall use me no more like a Dog ; he shall put upon me no longer. Look you Sir, I have *Ready, Rhino, Cole, Darby* ; look here Sir !

Belf. Jun. Dear Brother, let me perswade you to go along with me.

Belf. Sen. You love me ! and use my best Friends thus ? ne'r stir, I desire none of your Company : I'll stick to my friends : I look upon what you have done as an affront to me.

Hack. No doubt it is so.

Sham. Thats most certain ; you are in the right, Cousin.

Cheat. We love you but too well, that angers him.

Belf. Jun. Well, I shall take my leave : You are in your Cups : You will wish you had heard me. Rogues, I shall take a course with you.

Belf. Sen. Rogues ! They scorn your words.

Belf. Jun. Fare you well.

Belf. Sen. Fare you well Sir, and you be at that sport.

Belf. Jun. Roger, do not discover him to my Father yet ; I'll talk with him cool in a morning first ; perhaps I may redeem him.

Roger. I'll do it as you would have me.

Ex. Belfond Junior, Roger & 2 Foot.

Belf. Sen. So now we are free. Dear Friends, I never can be grateful enough : But 'tis late, I must shew my new Coach ; come Ladies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Attorney and Lucia.

Attor. How now, Daughter *Lucia* ! where hast thou been ?

Luc. I have been at Evening Prayers at St. *Brides*, and am going home through the *Temple*.

Attor. Thou art my good Girl.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Luc. Oh Heaven ! Who's here !

Attor. What's the matter ?

Luc. I am taken ill on a sudden : I'll run home.

Term. Stay, stay ; thou wicked Author of my misfortune.

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Attor. How's this? Stay *Lucia*! What mean you Madam? The Girl's strangely disorder'd.

Luc. Oh Heaven! I am utterly ruin'd, beyond redemption.

Term. Is she your Daughter Sir.

Attor. She is.

Term. Then hear my story: I am contracted with all the solemnity that can be to Mr. *Belfond*, the Merchants Son; and for this wicked Girl he has lately cast me off: And this morning I went to his Lodging, to enquire a reason of his late Carriage to me, I found there in his Closet this young shameless Creature, who has been in Bed with him.

Attor. Oh Heaven and Earth! Is this true, Huswife?

Luc. Oh Lord I: I never saw the Gentleman nor her in my life: Oh she's a Confident thing!

Term. May all the Judgments due to Perjury fall on me, if this be not true: I tore her by the hair, and pomell'd her to some tune; till that inhumane Wretch *Belfond* turn'd me out of doors, and sent her away in a Chair.

Luc. O wicked Creature! Are you not affraid the Earth should open, and swallow you up? As I hope to be sav'd I never saw her?

Term. Tho young in years, yet old in Impudence; did I not pursue thee since in the street, till you run into *Belfonds* Arms just before his Fathers House? Or I had mark'd thee for a young Whore.

Luc. As I hope to live Sir, 'tis all false: Every Word and Tittle of it: I know not what she means.

Attor. Have I bestow'd so much, and taken so much care in thy Education, to have no other Fruit but this?

Luc. Oh Lord Sir! Why will you believe this wicked woman?

Attor. No, young Impudence! I believe you: What made you ready to Swoon at the sight of this Lady, but your Guilt.

Luc. She mistakes me for some other, as she did to day when she pursu'd me to have kill'd me; which made me tremble at the sight of her now.

Attor. And yet you never saw her before! I am convinced. Go, wicked Wretch, go home; This News will kill thy Mother, I'll to my Chamber, and follow thee.

Luc. But if I ever see her, or you either, to be lock'd from my dear *Belfond*, I shall deserve whatever you can do to me. *Exit.*

Attor. Madam, I beseech you make as few words as you can of this.

Term. I had much rather for my own honour have conceal'd it. But I shall say no more, provided you will keep her from him.

Attor. I warrant you Madam, I'll take a Course with her. Your Servant. *Exit.*

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Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Madam, your most humble Servant: You see I am punctual to my Word.

Term. You are Sir.

Cheat. Come Madam, your Lodging, Furniture, and every thing are ready, lets loose no time: I'll wait on you thither, where we will consult about our Affairs.

Term. Come on: It is a rare design; and if it succeeds, I shall sufficiently be reveng'd on my Ungrateful Devil.

Cheat. I warrant the Success.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella, and Teresia.

Isab. We must be very careful of this Book: My Unkle, or our Dame Governante will burn it if they find it.

Teres. We cannot have a pleasant, or a witty book, but they serve it so: My Father loads us with books, such as the Tryal of Man, in the Isle of *Man*, or *Manshire*: A Treatise on Sabbath-breakers: And Health out-drinking, or Life out-healthing Wretches: A Caustick, or Corrosive, for a Sear'd Conscience.

Isab. A Sovereign Oyntment for a Wounded Soul: A Cordial for a sick Sinner. The Nothingness of good Works: Waxed Boot Grace, for the *Sussex* ways of Affliction; and deal of such stuff: But all Novels, Romances, or Poetry, except *Quarles* and *Withers*, are an Abomination. Well, this is a Jewel, if we can keep it.

Enter Ruth behind them.

*Anger in hasty Words or Blows,
It self discharges on our Foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears which wait upon our grief:
Thus every Passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redress does move.*

Teres. 'Tis sweet Poetry; There is a pleasing Charm *She snatches*
in all he writes. *the book.*

Ruth. Yea, there is a Charm of Satans in it: 'Tis Vanity and Darkness, this book hateth, and is contrary to the Light; and ye hate the light.

Isab. That's much; and this Evening a little before Night, thou blamedst us for looking out of the Window, and threaten'd to shut the painted Shashes.

Teres. Now if thou shut'st those; Thou hat'st the Light, and not we.

Ruth. Look thee *Teresia*; Thou art wanton, and so is thy Cousin

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Isabella ; Ye seek Temptation ; You look out of the Casement to pick and cull young men, whereby to feed the lust of the Eye ; Ye may not do it. And look thee *Isbel*, and *Teresia*, if you open the Casements once more, I will place you ye in the back Rooms, and lock the Fore Rooms up.

Teres. We will obey thee, *Ruth*.

Isab. We will not resist thy power ; but prithee leave us that Book.

Ruth. No, it is wanton and treateth of Love ; I will instantly commit it to the Flames. *Exit*.

Isab. Shame on this old Wall-ey'd Hypocrite ; she is the strictest sort of Jaylor !

Teres. We are as narrowly look'd to, as if we had been clapt up for Treason, we are kept from Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Isab. Well, it is a most painful life to dissemble constantly.

Teres. 'Tis well we are often alone, to unbend to one another, one had as good be a Player ; and Act continually else.

Isab. I can never perswade my self, that Religion can consist in Scurvy out of fashion Cloaths, stiff constrained behaviour, and Sowre Countenances.

Teref. A tristful Aspect, looking always upon ones Nose, with a Face full of Spiritual Pride.

Isab. And when one walks abroad, not to turn ones Head to the right or left, but hold it strait forward, like an Old blind Mare.

Teres. True Religion must make one chearful, and effect one with the most ravishing Joy which must appear in the Face too.

Isab. My good Mother had the Government, and brought me up to better things, as thy good Aunt did thee.

Teres. But we can make no use of our Education under this Tyranny.

Isab. If we should Sing or Dance, 'twere worse than Murder.

Teres. But of all things, why do they keep such a stir to keep us from the Conversation of Mankind : Sure there must be more in it, than we can imagine ; and that makes one have a mind to try.

Isab. Thou hast been so unquiet in thy sleep of late, and so given to sigh, and get alone when thou art awake ; I fancy thou dost imagine somewhat of it.

Teres. Ah Rogue, and I have observ'd the same in thee ; canst thou not guess at Love ; Come, confess, and I'll tell all.

Isab. Sometimes in my Dreams, methinks I am in Love, then a certain Youth comes to me ; and I grow chill, and pant, and feel a little pain : But 'tis the prettiest thing methinks : And then I awake and blush, and am afraid.

Teres. Very pretty : And when I am awake, when I see one Gentleman, methinks I could look through him : And my Heart beats, beats like the Drums in the Camp.

Isab. I dare not ask who 'tis, for fear it should be my Man ; for there

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are two come often to our Church, that stare at us continually, and one of them is he.

Teres. I have observ'd them : One, who sate by us at Church, knew them by their Names ; I am for one of them too.

Isab. I well remember it.

Teres. If it be my Man thou lik'st, I'll kill thee.

Isab. And if thou lov'st my Man, we must not live together.

Teres. Name him.

Isab. Do thou name first.

Teres. Let's write their Names.

Isab. Agreed : We each have a Black-Lead Pen. *They write their Papers*

Teres. *Truman*, Mercy on me ! *and give them to one*

Isab. *Belfond*, Oh Heavens ! *another, at which they*

Teres. What's this I see ! would I were blind. *both speak together*

Isab. Oh my *Teresia* ! *and start.*

Teres. Get thee from me.

Isab. 'Tis as it should be ; I wrote the wrong Name, on purpose to discover who was your Man more clearly ; the other's my beloved. *Belfond's* my Hearts delight.

Teres. Say'st thou so my Girl ! good Wits jump. I had the same thought with thee. Now 'tis out, *Truman* for me ; and methinks they keep such a staring at us, if we contrive to meet them, we need not despair.

Isab. Nay, they come not for devotion, that's certain ; I see that in their Eyes : Oh that they were ordain'd to free us from this odious Jail.

Enter Ruth, and Truman disguis'd.

Ruth. Go into your Chamber ; here is a Man cometh about business : Ye may not see him.

Teres. We go : Come Cosin.

Ruth. Come Friend ; let us retire also.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, and Lucia.

Luc. I Never more must see the Face of a Relation.

Belf. Jun. I warrant thee, my pretty Rogue, I'll put thee into that condition the best of all thy kindred shall visit thee, and make their Court to thee ; thou shalt spark it in the Boxes, shine at the Park,

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and make all the young fellows in the Town run mad for thee : Thou shalt never want, while I have any thing.

Luc. I cou'd abandon all the World for thee ; if I cou'd think that thou wouldst love me always.

Belf. Jun. Thou hast so kindly oblig'd me, I shall never cease to love thee.

Luc. Pray Heaven I do not repent of it : You were kind to Mrs. *Termagant* ; and sure it must be some barbarous usage, which thus provokes her now to all this malice.

Belf. Jun. She was debauch'd by the most nauseous Coxcomb, the most silly Beau and Shape about the Town ; and had Cuckolded him with several before I had her. She was indeed handsome, but the most froward, ill-natur'd Creature ; always murmuring or Scolding, perpetually jealous and exceptionous, ever thinking to work her ends by Hectoring and Daring.

Luc. Indeed ! Was she such a one ? I am sure, you were the first that ever had my Heart, and you shall be the last.

Belf. Jun. My dear, I know I had thy Virgin Heart, and I'll preserve it. But for her, her most diverting minutes were unpleasant : Yet for all her Malice which you see, I still maintain her.

Luc. Ungrateful Creature ! She is indeed a Fury. Shou'dst thou once take thy Love from me, I never should use such ways : silently should mourn and pine away ; but never think of once offending thee.

Belf. Jun. Thou art the prettiest, sweetest, softest Creature ! And all the tenderest Joys that wait on Love, are ever with thee.

Luc. Oh, this is Charming kindness ! May all the joys on Earth be still with thee.

Belf. Jun. aside. Now here's a mischief on the other side ; For how can a good natur'd man think of ever quitting so tender, and so kind a Mistress, whom no respect, but Love has thrown into my Arms : And yet I must : But I will better her condition. Oh, how does my Friend.

Enter Truman.

Luc. Oh Lord ! Who's here ?

Belf. Jun. My Dear, go to the Lodging I have prepar'd for thee ; thou wilt be safe, and I'll wait on thee soon. Who's there ?

Enter Servants.

Do you wait on this Ladies Chair, you know whither.

Tru. Thou art a pretty fellow, *Belfond*, to take thy pleasure thus, and put thy Friend upon the damnedst drudgery.

Belf. Jun. What drudgery ? a little dissembling.

Tru. Why that were bad enough, to dissemble my self an Ass ; but to dissemble Love, nay Lust, is the more irksome task a Man can undergo.

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Belf. Jun. But prithee come to the point : in short, have we any hopes.

Tru. 'Tis done ; the business is done : Whip on your habit ; make no words.

Belf. Jun. I'll put it on in my Dressing-Room. This News transports me.

Tru. If you had undergone what I have done, 'twould have humbled you : I have enjoy'd a Lady ; but I had as lieve have had a *Lancashire* Witch, just after she had alighted from a Broom-staff : I have been uncivil, and enjoy'd the Governante in most lewd dalliance.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a brave fellow, and makest nothing of it.

Tru. Nothing ? 'Sdeath, I had rather have storm'd a *Half-Moon*, I had more pleasure at the Battel of *Mons*.

Belf. Jun. But hast thou done our work as well as hers.

Tru. I have : For after the enjoyment of her person had led me into some familiarity with her, I propos'd, she accepted, for she is Covetous as well as Amorous : and she has so far wrought for us, that we shall have an Interview with our Mistresses ; whom, she says, we shall find very inclinable ; and she has promis'd this night to deliver 'em into our hands.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a rare Friend to me, and to thy self. Now, Farewel all the vanity of this lewd Town, at once I quit it all, Dear Rogue, let's in.

Tru. Come in, in, and dress in your Habit. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William, Sir Edward *and* Scrapeall.

Scrap. Look you Sir *William*, I am glad you like my Neece : and I hope also that she may look lovely in your Sons Eyes.

Sir Edw. No doubt but he will be extremely taken with her : Indeed both she and your Daughter are very Beautiful.

Sir Will. He like her ! What's matter whether he like her, or no ? Is it not enough for him, that I do ? Is a Son, a Boy, a Jackanapes, to have a will of his own ? That were to have him be the Father, and me the Son. But indeed they are both very handsome.

Scrap. Let me tell you both, Sir *William*, and Sir *Edward*, Beauty is but Vanity, a meer nothing ; but they have that which will not fade ; they have Grace.

Sir Edw. They look like pretty spirited witty Girls. *aside.*

Scrap. I am sorry I must leave ye so soon : I thought to have bidden ye to dinner, but I am to pay down a summ of Money upon a Mortgage this afternoon : Farewell.

Sir Will. Farewel Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir Edw. Pray meet my Brother at my House at Dinner.

Scrap. Thank you Sir *Edward*, I know not but I may.

Sir Edw. The person of this Girl is well chosen for your Son, if she were not so precise and pure.

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Sir Will. Prethee, what matter what she is, has she not Fifteen Thousand Pounds clear?

Sir Edw. For a Husband to differ in Religion from a Wife.

Sir Will. What, with Fifteen Thousand Pound?

Sir Edw. A precise Wife will think her self so pure, she will be apt to contemn her Husband.

Sir Will. Ay, but Fifteen Thousand Pound, brother.

Sir Edw. You know how intractable misguided Zeal and Spiritual Pride are.

Sir Will. What with Fifteen Thousand Pound!

Sir Edw. I would not willingly my Son should have her.

Sir Will. Not with Fifteen Thousand Pound?

Sir Edw. I see there's no Answer to be given to Fifteen Thousand Pound.

Sir Will. A Pox o' this Godly-Knave, it should have been Twenty.

Sir Edw. Nor would I buy a Wife for my Son.

Sir Will. Not if you could have her a good pennyworth: Your Son, quoth ye? He is like to make a fine Husband. For all your precious Son——

Sir Edw. Agen, Brother?

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, you fly out so; Pray, Brother, be not passionate; passion drowns ones parts; let us calmly reason; I have fresh matter; have but patience, and hear me speak.

Sir Edw. Well, Brother, go on; for I see I might as soon stop a Tyde.

Sir Will. To be calm and patient; your Jewel, though he deny'd that outrage in *Dorset-Court*, yet he committed it, and was last night hurry'd before the Lord Chief Justice for it.

Sir Edw. It cannot be, on my certain knowledge. I cou'd convince him, but it is not time. *Aside.*

Sir Will. What a Devil are all the World mistaken, but you?

Sir Edw. He was with me all the Evening.

Sir Will. Why, he got Bail immediately, and came to you. Ounds I never saw such a man in my life!

Sir Edw. I am assur'd of the contrary.

Sir Will. Death and Hell, you make me stark mad: you will send me to *Bedlam*: You will not believe your own senses: I'll hold you a Thousand Pound.

Sir Edw. Brother, remember passion drowns ones parts.

Sir Will. Well, I am tame, I am cool.

Sir Edw. I'll hold you a hundred; which is enough for one Brother to win of another.

Enter Attorney.

And here's your own Attorney comes opportunely enough to hold stakes. I'll bind it with ten.

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Sir Will. Done.

Sir Edw. Why, I saw your man *Roger*, and he says, your Son found there a Rascal, that went by his Name.

Attor. Oh, *Sir William*, I am undone, ruin'd, made a miserable man!

Sir Will. What's the matter, man?

Attor. Tho you have been an exceeding good Clyent to me, I have reason to Curse one of your Family that has ruin'd mine.

Sir Will. Pray explain your self.

Attor. Oh, Sir, your Wicked Son, your most Libidinous Son.

Sir Will. Look you, brother, D'ye hear? D'ye hear? Do you Answer?

Attor. Has Corrupted, Debauch'd my only Daughter, whom I had brought up with all the care and charge I cou'd, who was the Hopes, the Joy of all our Family.

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a rare Son! Here's a hopeful Son! And he were mine, I'd lash him with a Dog-Whip: I'd cool his Courage.

Sir Edw. How do you know it is he?

Attor. I have a witness of it, that saw her rise from his Bed the other Day Morning: And last Night she ran away to him, and they have lain at a private Lodging.

Sir Edw. Be well assur'd, e're you conclude; for there is a Rascal that has taken my Sons Name, and has swagger'd in and about *White-Fryars*, with *Cheatly*, and that Gang of Rogues, whom my Son will take a Course with.

Attor. Oh, Sir, I am too well assur'd: My Wife tears her Hair; and I, for my part shall run distracted.

Sir Will. Oh, wicked Rascal! Oh, my poor *Tim*! my dear Boy *Tim*! I think each Day a Year, till I see thee.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am extreemly sorry for this, if it be so; but let me beg of you, play the part of a Wise man; blaze not this Dishonor abroad, and you shall have all the Reparation the case is capable of.

Sir Will. Reparation, for making his Daughter a Whore! What, a Pox, can he give her her Maiden-head again?

Sir Edw. Mony, which shall not be wanting, will stop that Witnesses Mouth: And I will give your Daughter such a Fortune, that were what you believe true and publickly known, she shou'd live above Contempt, as the World goes now.

Attor. You speak like the worthy Gentleman the World thinks you; but there can be no Salve for this Sore.

Sir Will. Why, you are enough to damn Forty Sons, if you had them; you encourage them to Whore: You are fit to breed up youth!

Sir Edw. You are mad: But pray Sir, let me intreat you to go home, and I will wait upon you; and we will consult how to make the best of this misfortune, in which I assure you, I have a great share.

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Attor. I will submit to your Wise Advice, Sir : My grief had made me forget ; here is a Letter comes out of the Country for you. *Ex. Attorney.*

Sir Will. For me ! 'Tis welcome : Now for News from my dear Boy ! Now you shall hear, Brother : He is a Son indeed.

Sir Edw. Yes, a very hopeful one : I will not undeceive him, till *Ned* has try'd once more to recover him. *aside.*

Sir Will. reads. On the tenth of this month, your Son, my young Master, about two of the Clock in the Morning, rode out with his Man *Lolpoop* ; and notwithstanding all the search and enquiry we can make (Oh Heav'n) he cannot be found or heard of. *He drops the Letter not able to hold it.*

Sir Edw. How's this ?

Sir Will. Oh, my poor Boy ! He is Robb'd and Murder'd, and buried in some Ditch, or flung into some Pond. Oh, I shall never see thee more, dear *Tim* ! The Joy, and the Support of all my Life ! The only Comfort which I had on earth.

Sir Edw. Have patience Brother ; 'tis nothing but a little Ramble in your Absence.

Sir Will. Oh, no ; he durst not Ramble : he was the dutifullest Child ! I shall never see his face again : Look you, he goes on. We have search'd and made enquiry in three Adjacent Counties, and no 'Tidings can be heard of him. What have I done, that Heav'n should thus afflict me ?

Sir Edw. What, if after all, this Son should be he that has made all this noise in *White Friars*, for which mine has been so blam'd ?

Sir Will. My Son, my Son play such Pranks ? that's likely ! One so strictly, so soberly Educated ! One that's Educated your way cannot do otherwise.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, Sir, Sir, mercy upon me, here's my young Masters Man *Lolpoop*, coming along in the Streets with a Wench.

Enter Lolpoop leading Betty under the Arm.

Sir Will. Oh Heaven ! What say you ?

Sir Edw. Now it works : Ha ha ha.

To himself.

Betty. How now ! What have you to say to my Friend, my Dear ? *Sir William lays hold on Lolpoop ere he or she sees him.*

Sir William and Lolpoop start, and stand amaz'd at one another ; and after a great pause, Sir William falls upon Lolpoop, beats the Whore, beats Roger, strikes at his Brother, and lays about him like a mad man ; the Rabble get all about him.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Rogue, Dog, Villain ! Whore ! And you Rogue, Rogue ! Confound the World ! Oh that the World were all on fire.

Sir Edw. Brother, for shame be more temperate : Are you a mad man ?

Sir Will. Plague o' your dull Philosophy.

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Sir Edw. The Rabble are gather'd together about you.

Sir Will. Villain, Rogue, Dog, Toad, Serpent! Where's my Son? Sirrah, you have Robb'd him, and murder'd him.

He beats Lolpoop, who roars out Murder.

Lolp. Hold, hold, your Son is alive, and alive like: He's in *London*.

Sir Will. What say you, Sirrah? In *London*? and is he well? Thanks be to Heaven for that: where is he Sirrah?

Lolp. He is in *White-Fryers*, with Mr. *Cheatly*, his Cousin *Shammwell*, and Captain *Hackum*. *Sir William pauses, as amaz'd: Then beats him again.*

Sir Will. And you Rogue, you damn'd Dog, wou'd you suffer him to keep such Company, and commit such villanous Actions?

Lolp. Hold, hold, hold, I pray you, Sir. I am but a Servant, how cou'd I help it marry?

Sir Will. You cou'd not help being with a Whore your self; Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah. Here honest Mob, course this Whore to some purpose. A Whore, a Whore, a Whore. *She runs out, the Rabble run after, and tear her, crying, a Whore, a Whore.*

Sir Edw. This is wisely done! If they murder her, you'll be hang'd: I am in Commission for *Middlesex*; I must see to appease them.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Rogue, bring me to my Son instantly, or I'll cut your Throat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, Teresia, Ruth.

Isab. Dear *Ruth*, thou dost for ever oblige us.

Teres. And so much, that none but our own Mothers cou'd ever do it more.

Ruth. Oblige your selves, and be not silly, coy, and nice: Strike me when the Iron's hot, I say. They have great Estates, and are both Friends, I know both their Families and Conditions.

Enter Belfond Jun. and Truman.

Here they are: Welcom Friends.

Tru. How dost thou?

Ruth. These are the Damsels, I will retire, and watch, lest the old Man surprize us. *Exit Ruth.*

Belf. Jun. Look thee, *Isabella*, I come to confer with thee, in a matter which concerneth us both, if thou be'st free.

Isab. Friend, 'tis like I am.

Tru. And mine with thee is of the same nature.

Teres. Proceed.

Belf. Jun. Something within me whispereth, that we were made as helps for one another.

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Teres. They Act very well, Cousin.

Isab. For young beginners. Come, leave off your *Canaantish* Dialect, and talk like the Inhabiters of this World.

Teres. We are as errant Hypocrites as the best of you.

Isab. We were bred otherwise than you see, and are able to hear you talk like Gentlemen.

Teres. You come to our Meeting like Sparks and Beaux, and I never cou'd perceive much Devotion in you.

Isab. 'Tis such a pain to dissemble, that I am resolv'd I'll never do it, but when I must.

Belf. Jun. Dear Madam, I cou'd wish all forms were laid aside betwixt us : But in short, *I* am most infinitely in love with you, and must be for ever miserable if *I* go without you.

Isab. A frank and hearty Declaration, which you make with so much confidence, *I* warrant you have been us'd to it.

Tru. There is not a difficulty in the World which *I* would stop at to obtain your Love, the only thing on Earth cou'd make me happy.

Teres. And you are as much in earnest now, as you were when you came first to us even now.

Isab. That's well urg'd : Cannot you Gentlemen counterfeit Love, as well as Religion ?

Belf. Jun. Love is so Natural, it cannot be affected.

Tru. To show mine is so, take me at my word : I am ready to render on discretion.

Teres. And was this the reason you frequented our Parish-Church ?

Belf. Jun. Cou'd you think our Business was to hear your Teacher spin out an hour, over a Velvet Cushion ?

Isab. Prophane men ! I warrant they came to *Ogle*.

Tru. Even so : Our Eyes might tell you what we came for.

Belf. Jun. In short, dear Madam, our opportunities are like to be so few, your confinement being so close, that 'tis fit to make use of this ; 'tis not your Fortune which I aim at, my Unkle will make a settlement equal to it, were it more ; but 'tis your Charming person.

Isab. And you wou'd have me a fine forward Lady, to love *Extempore*.

Belf. Jun. Madam, you have but few minutes to make use of, and therefore shou'd improve those few : Your Unkle has sold you for 5000 *l.* and for ought I know, you have not this night good for your deliverance.

Tru. Consider, Ladies, if you had not better trust a couple of honest Gentlemen, than an Old Man, that makes his market of you : For I can tell you, you tho his own Daughter, are to be sold too.

Teres. But for all that, our consents are to be had.

Belf. Jun. You can look for nothing, but a more strict confinement,

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which must follow your Refusal : Now, if you have the Courage to venture an Escape, we are the Knights that will relieve you.

Tru. I have an Estate Madam, equal to your Fortune : But I have nothing can deserve your Love : But I'll procure your freedom, then use it as you please.

Belf. Jun. If you are unwilling to trust us, you can trust your Governess, whom you shall have with you.

Isab. And what wou'd you and the world say of us for this ?

Belf. Jun. We should Adore you : And I am apt to think the World wou'd not condemn your choice.

Tru. But I am sure, all the World will condemn your delay, in the condition you are in.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. I see Mr. *Scrapeall* coming at the end of the Street : Begon, I'll bring them to your Chamber in the *Temple*, this Evening, Hast, hast out at the Back-door.

Belf. Jun. This is most unfortunate.

Tru. Dear Madam, let me Seal my Vows.

Ruth. Go, go : begon, begon Friends.

Exeunt.

Enter Scrapeall, crosses the Stage ; Enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. You see, Brother, we have dogg'd *Belfond*, till we saw him enter the House of this Scrivener with his Friend *Truman*, both in disguises ; which with what we have heard even now, at the neighbouring Alehouse, convinces me, that 'tis he is to marry the rich Niece.

Bro. They say she is to be Marry'd to the Son of Sir *William Belfond*, and that *Sir William* gives a great summ of Mony to her Unkle for her ; by this it should seem to be the Elder Son, and not our Enemy, who is design'd for her.

Term. If so, the Villain would not at full day go thither.

Bro. But 'tis in a disguise.

Term. With that, I suppose the Son pretends to be a Puritan too, or she would not have him ; it must be he. And if you will do as I direct you, I warrant I'll break off this Match ; and by that work a Exquisite piece of Revenge.

Bro. I am wholly at your dispose.

Term. Now is the time, the Door opens ; pursue me with a drawn Dagger, with all the seeming Fury imaginable, now as the Old Man comes out.

Scrapeall passes over the Stage. Brother pursues her with a drawn Dagger, she runs and gets into the House, and claps the Door after her.

Bro. Where is the Jade ? Deliver her to me, I'll cut her in piece meal : Deliver her, I say : Well, you will not deliver her ; I shall watch her.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Enter within, Ruth, Teresia, Isabella, Mrs. Termagant.

Term. Oh, Oh ! Where is the Murderer ? Where is he ? I die with fear, I die.

Ruth. Prithee, Woman, Comfort thy self, no Man shall hurt thee here.
Take a Sup of this Bottle, *She pulls out a Silver Strong Water-Bottle.*

Ter. Thou art safe.

Isab. We will defend thee here, as in a Castle. But what is the occasion of this Man's fury ?

Term. You are so generous in giving me this Succour, and promising my defence, that I am resolv'd not to conceal it from you : Tho' I must confess, I have no reason to boast of it ; but I hope your Charity will Interpret it as well as you can on my side.

Ruth. Go on thou need'st not fear.

Term. Know then, I am a Gentlewoman, whose Parents dying when I was sixteen, left me a moderate Fortune, yet able to maintain me like their Daughter. I chose an Aunt to be my Guardian, one of those Jolly Widows who love Gaming, and have great resort in the Evenings, at their Houses.

Ruth. Good : Proceed.

Term. There it was my misfortune to be acquainted with a young Gentleman, whose Face, Air, Mein, Shape, Wit, and Breeding, not I alone but the whole Town Admires.

Ruth. Very good.

Term. By all his Looks, his Gestures, and Addresses, he seem'd in Love with me : The Joy that I conceiv'd at this, I wanted Cunning to conceal, but he must needs perceive it flash in my Eyes, and kindle in my Face ; he soon began to court me in such sweet, such Charming Words, as wou'd betray a more experienc'd Heart than mine.

Ruth. Humh : very well ; she speaks notably.

Term. There was but little left for him to do, for I had done it all before for him : He had a Friend within too ready to give up the Fort ; yet I held out as long as I could make defence.

Ruth. Good lack a day ! Some Men have strange Charms, it is confess'd.

Term. Yet I was safe by solemn mutual Oaths, in private contracted : He wou'd have it private, because he fear'd to offend an Unkle, from whom he had great expectance, but now came all my Misery.

Ruth. Alack, Alack, I warrant he was false.

Term. False as a Crocodile : He watch'd the fatal Minute, and he found it, and greedily seiz'd upon me, when I trusted to his Honour and his Oaths ; he still swore on, that he wou'd Marry me, and I Sinned on. In short, I had a Daughter by him, now three years old, as true a Copy as e'er Nature drew, Beauteous, and Witty, to a Miracle.

Ruth. Nay, Men are faithless, I can speak it.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Teres. Poor Lady ; *I* am strangely concern'd for her.

Isab. She was a Fool, to be catch'd in so common a Snare.

Term. From time to time he swore he would Marry me ; though *I* must think *I* am his Wife as much as any Priest can make me ; but still he found Excuses about his Unkle. *I* wou'd have patiently waited till his Unkles Death, had he been true, but he has thrown me off, abandon'd me, without so much as a pretended Crime.

Ruth. Alack, and well-a-day ! It makes me weep.

Term. But 'tis for an Attorneys Daughter, whom he keeps and now is fond of, while he treats me with all contempt and hatred.

Isab. Tho she was a Fool, yet he's a base inhuman Fellow.

Teres. To scorn and hate her, for her Love to him.

Term. By this means, my Dishonour, which had been yet conceal'd, became so publick, my Brother coming from the Wars of *Hungary*, has heard all, has this day fought with the Author of my Misery, but was disarm'd ; and now by Accident he spy'd me by your House, *I* having fled the place where *I* had lodg'd, for fear of him ; and here the Bloody Man would have kill'd me, for the dishonour done to his Family, which never yet was blemisht.

Ruth. Get the Chief Justices Warrant, and bind him to the Peace.

Teres. She tells her story well.

Isab. 'Tis a very odd one ; but she expresses it so sensible, *I* cannot but believe her.

Term. If they do not ask me who this is, *I* have told my Tale in vain. Now, Ladies, *I* hope you have Charity enough to pardon the weakness of a poor Young Woman, who suffers shame enough within.

Teres. We shall be glad to do you what kindness we can.

Term. Oh, had you seen this most bewitching person, so Beautiful, Witty, and well bred, and full of most Gentleman-like Qualities, you would be the readier to have Compassion on me.

Isab. Pray, who is it ?

Term. Alas, 'tis no secret, it is *Belfond*, who calls Sir *Edward Belfond* Father, but is his Nephew.

Isab. What do *I* hear ? Was ever Woman so unfortunate as *I*, in her first Love.

Teres. 'Tis most unlucky.

Term. That is the Niece : *I* see 'twas he who was to Marry her.

Isab. But *I* am glad *I* have thus early heard it : *I*'le never see his face more.

Ruth. All this is false : He is a Pious man, and true Professor. This vile Woman will break the Match off, and undo my hopes. *aside.*

Term. 'Tis as *I* thought. He is a Ranting Blade, a Royster of the Town.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Ruth. Come, you are an idle Woman and belye him, begon out of the doors ; there's the back-way, you need not pretend fear of your Brother.

Term. I am oblig'd enough in the present defence you gave me : I intended not to trouble you long ; but Heav'n can witness what I say is true.

Isab. Do you hear Cousin ! 'tis most certain, I'll never see him.

Ruth. Go, wicked Woman, go, what evil Spirit sent thee hither ? I say begon.

Term. I go. I care not what she says, it works where I would have it.
Your Servant Ladies. *Exit.*

Ruth. Go, go, thou wicked Slanderer.

Teres. See him but once, to hear what he can say in his Defence.

Isab. Yes, to hear him lye, as all the Sex will : Persuade me not ; I am fix'd.

Ruth. Look thee, *Isabella.*

Isab. I am resolv'd.

Exit Isabella hastily.

Teres. Dear *Ruth*, thou dearest Friend, whom once we took for our most cruel Gaolor, let's follow, and help me to convince her of her Error ; but I am resolv'd, if she be stubborn, to undo her self, she shall not ruine me : I will escape.

Ruth. Let us persuade her.

Exeunt.

Enter Belfond Senior, and Hackum.

Belf. Sen. Captain, call all my Servants, why don't they wait ?

Enter Margaret, and Mrs. Hackum with a Cawdle.

Oh, my pure *Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Tackle* !

Marg. How dost thou, my Dear ?

Mrs. Hack. I have brought you a Cawdle here ; there's Amber-greese in it, 'tis a rare refreshing, strengthening thing.

Belf. Sen. What, adad, you take me for a Bride-groom ; I scorn a Cawdle, give me some Cherry Brandy, I'll drink her Health in a Bumper : Do thee eat this, Child.

Mrs. Hack. I have that at hand—here, Sir.

She fetches the Brandy.

Enter Captain Hackum, and Servants.

Belf. Sen. Come, my dear *Natural*, here's a Bumper of Cherry-brandy to thy Health ; but first let me kiss thee, my dear Rogue.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Some Thunderbolt light on my Head ; what's this I see ?

Belf. Sen. My Father !

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Enter Cheatly and Shamwell.

Sir Will. Hey, here's the whole Kennel of Hell-hounds.

Cheat. Bear up to him, bow, wow.

Sham. Do not flinch, bow, wow.

Belf. Sen. Bow, wow, Bow, wow :

Sir Will. Most impudent abandon'd Rascal ; let me go, let me come at him ; audacious Varlet, how durst thou look on me ?

He endeavours to fly at his Son, Footmen hold him.

Belf. Sen. Go strike your Dogs, and call them names, you have nothing to do with me, I am of full Age ; and I thank Heaven, am gotten loose from your Yoak, don't think to put upon me, I'll be kept no longer like a *Prigster*, a silly *Country Put*, fit for nothing but to be a *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, or so.

Sir Will. A most perfect downright Canting Rogue ; am I not your Father, Sirrah ? Sirrah, am I not.

Belf. Sen. Yes, and Tenant for Life to my Estate in Tail, and I'll look to you, that you commit no waste ; what a Pox, did you think to Nose me for ever as the saying is ? I am not so *dark* neither, I am *sharp*, *sharp* as a *Needle*, I can *smoak* now, as soon as another.

Sir Will. Let me come at him.

Cheat. So long as you forbear all Violence you are safe ; but if you strike here, we command the *Fryers*, and we will raise the *Posse*.

Sir Will. O Villain ! thou notorious undoer of young Heirs : And thou pernicious Wretch, thou art no part of me ; have I from thy first swadling nourish'd thee and bred thee up with Care.

Belf. Sen. Yes, with care to keep your Money from me, and bred me in the greatest Ignorance, fit for your Slave, and not your Son, I had been finely *dark* if I had staid at home.

Sir Will. Were you not Educated like a Gentleman.

Belf. Sen. No like a *Grasier*, or a *Butcher* ; if I had staid in the Country, I had never seen such a *Nab*, a rum *Nab*, such a Modish *Porker*, such spruce and neat Accoutrements ; here is a *Tattle*, here's a *Famble*, and here's the *Cole*, the *Ready*, the *Rhino*, the *Darby* ; I have a lusty *Cod* Old *Prigg*, I'd have thee know, and am very *Rhinocercical*, here are *Meggs* and *Smelts* good store, *Decuses* and *Georges*, the Land is Entail'd, and I will have my *Snack* of it while I am young, adad, I will. Hah !

Sir Will. Some Mountain cover me, and hide my shame for ever from the World ; did I not beget thee, Rogue ?

Belf. Sen. What know I whether you did or not ? But 'twas not to use me like a Slave, but I am sharp and smoaky ; I had been purely Bred, had I been Rul'd by you, I should never have known these Worthy Ingenious Gentlemen, my dear Friends, all this fine Language had been

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Heathen Greek to me, and I had ne'r been able to have *cut a Sham or Banter* while I had liv'd, adad : Odsookers, I know my self, and will have nothing to do with you.

Sir Will. I am astonish'd !

Belf. Sen. Shall my younger Brother keep his Coach and Equipage, and shine like a *Spruce* Prigg, and I be your *Bayly* in the Country ? Hi, *La Mar* ; bid my Coach be ready at the Door ; I'll make him know I am elder Brother, and I will have the better Liveries, and I am resolved to *mannage* my *Natural*, my *pure Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Peculiar*, my *Tackle*, my *Purest Pure*, as the rest of the young Gentlemen of the Town do,

Sir Will. A most confirm'd Alsatian Rogue !

Aside.

Thou most ungracious Wretch to break off from me, at such a time, when I had provided a Wife for you, a Pretty Young Lady, with fifteen thousand Pound down, have settled a great Jointure upon her, and a large Estate in Present on you, the Writings all sealed, and nothing wanting but you, whom I had sent for Post out of the Country to marry her !

Belf. Sen. Very likely, that you, who have cudgel'd me from my Cradle, and made me your Slave, and grutch'd me a Crown in my Pocket, should do all this.

Cheat. Believe him not, there's not one word of Truth in't.

Sham. This is a Trick to get you in his Power.

Sir Will. The Writings are all at my Attorneys in the Temple ; you may go with me, and see 'em all ; and if you will comply, I'll pardon what is past, and marry you.

Belf. Sen. No, no, I am *sharp*, as I told you, and *smoaky* ; you shall not *put* upon me, I understand your *Shams* ; but to talk fairly, in all occurrences of this Nature, which either may, or may not be, according to the different accidents which often intervene upon several opportunities, from whence we may collect either Good or Bad, according to the nature of the things themselves ; and forasmuch as whether they be good or bad concerns only the Understanding, so far forth as it employs its Faculties : Now since all this is premised, let us come to the matter in hand.

Sir. Will. Prodigious Impudence ! O Devil ! I'll to my Lord Chief Justice, and with his Tipstaff I'll do your Business, Rogues, Dogs and Villains, I will.

Exit in a Fury.

Cheat. This was bravely carry'd on.

Sham. Most admirably.

Belf. Sen. Ay, was't not ? Don't I begin to *Banter* pretty well ? ha !

Cheat. Rarely : But a Word in Private, my *resplendent Prig*. You see your Father resolves to put some Trick upon you ; be beforehand with him, and marry this Fortune I have prepar'd ; Lose no Time but see her, and treat with her, if you like her, as soon as you can.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Belf. Sen. You are in the right ; let not my *Blowing* hear a Word ; I'll to her instantly.

Cheat. Shamwel and I'll go and prepare her for a Visit ; you know the place.

Belf. Sen. I do, come along——

Exeunt.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, and Mrs. Termagant, in her fine Lodgings.

Cheat. Madam, you must carry your self somewhat Stately, but Courteously, to the Bubble.

Sham. Somewhat reserv'dly, and yet so as to give him hopes.

Term. I warrant you, let me alone ; and if I effect this business, you are the best Friends ; such Friends as I could never yet expect : 'Twill be an exquisite Revenge.

Cheat. He comes ! Come Noble Esquire.

Enter Belfond Senior.

Madam, this is the Gentleman whom I would recommend to your Ladyships Favour, who is ambitious of Kissing your Hand.

Belf. Sen. Yes, Madam, as Mr. *Cheatly* says, I am ambitious of Kissing your Hand, and your Lip too, Madam ; for I vow to Gad, Madam, there is not a Person in the World, Madam, has a greater honour for your Person : And, Madam, I assure you I am a Person——

Term. My good Friend, Mr. *Cheatly*, with whom I intrust the Management of my small Fortune——

Cheat. Small Fortune ! nay it is a large one——

Term. He's told me of your Family and Character : To your Name I am no Stranger, nor to your Estate, though this is the first time I have had the honour to see your Person.

Belf. Sen. Hold, good Madam, the Honour lies on my side, she's a rare Lady, ten times handsomer than my *Blowings* : (And here's a Lodging and Furniture for a Queen !) Madam, if your Ladiship please to accept of my Affection in an Honourable way, you shall find I am no *Putt*, no *Country Prigster*, nor shall ever want the *Megs*, the *Smelts*, *Decuses* and *Georges*, the *Ready* and the *Rhino* : I am *Rhinocercical*.

Term. I want nothing Sir, Heaven be thanked.

Sham. Her worst Servants eat in Plate ; and her Maids have all Silver Chamber-pots.

Belf. Sen. Madam, I beg your Pardon, I am somewhat Bowsie ; I have been drinking *Bumpers* and *Facers* till I am almost *Cleare* : I have 3000 *l.* a year, and 20000 Pounds-worth of Wood, which I can turn into *Cole* and *Ready*, and my Estate ne'er the worse ; there's only the incumbrance of an Old Fellow upon it, and I shall break his Heart suddenly.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Term. This is a weighty matter, and requires advice : nor is it a sudden work to persuade my heart to Love. I have my Choice of Fortunes.

Belf. Sen. Very like Madam : But Mr. *Cheatly* and my Cousin *Shamwell* can tell you that my Occasions require hast, dee see ! and therefore I desire you to resolve as soon as conveniently you can. *A Noise of a Tumult*

Cheat. What's this I hear ? *without and blowing of a Horn.*

Sham. They are up in the *Friers* ; Pray Heaven the Sheriffs Officers be not come.

Cheat. 'Slife, 'tis so ; shift for your selves ; Squire, let me conduct you—— This is your wicked Father with Officers. *Exit.*

Cry without, The Tip-staff, an Arrest, an Arrest ; and the Horn Blows.

Enter Sir William Belfond, and a Tip-staff, with the Constable and his Watchmen ; and against them the Posse of the Friers drawn up, Bankrupts hurrying to escape.

Sir Will. Are you mad to resist the Tipstaff, the King's Authority ?

They cry out, an Arrest. Several flock to 'em with all sorts of weapons. Women with Fire-Forks, Spits, Paring-Shovels, &c.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Belfond Sen. and Hackum.

Cheat. We are too strong for 'em : Stand your ground.

Sir Will. We demand that same *Squire, Cheatly, Shamwell, and Bully Hackum* ; Deliver them up, and all the rest of you are safe.

Hack. Not a Man.

Sir Will. Nay then, have at you.

Tip-st. I charge you in the Kings Name, all to assist me.

Rabble. Fall on.

Cheat. Come on thou wicked Author of this Broil. You are our Prisoner.

Sir Will. Let me go, Rogue.

Sham. Now we have you in the Temple, we'll shew you the Pump first.

Sir Will. Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

Sham. To the Pump, to the Pump.

Hack. Pump him, Pump him.

Belf. Sen. Ah, Pump him, Pump him, Old Prigg.

Rabb. Pump, Pump, to the Pump ; Huzza !

Enter Belfond Junior, Truman, and several Gentlemen, Porter of the Temple and Belfond's Footmen.

Belf. Jun. What's the matter here ?

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Trum. The Rabble have catcht a Bailiff.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell, 'tis my Father ; 'tis a Gentleman, my Father. Gentlemen, *I* beseech you lend me your hands to his Rescue.

Trum. Come on, Rascals : Have we caught you ? We'll make you an Example. *All Draw, and fall upon the Rabble. Belfond Sen. runs first away. The Templers beat 'em, and Take Cheatly, Shamwell and Hackum Prisoners.*

Belf. Jun. Here ! where are the Officers of the Temple ? Porter, do you shut the Gates into *White Friars*.

Port. I will Sir,

Belf. Jun. Here's a Guinea among ye. See these three Rogues well Pumpt, and let 'em go through the whole Course.

Cheat. Hold, hold, *I* am a Gentleman.

Sham. I am your Cousin.

Hack. Hold, hold, Scoundrels, *I* am a Captain.

Belf. Jun. Away with 'em.

Sir Will. Away with 'em. Dear Son, *I* am infinitely oblig'd to you : *I* ask your Pardon for all that *I* have said against you : *I* have wrong'd you.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, reflect not on that ; *I* am resolv'd, e'er *I* have done, to deserve your good word.

Sir Will. 'Twas ill Fortune, we have missed my most ungracious Rebel, that Monster of Villany.

Belf. Jun. Let me alone with him Sir, upon my Honour *I* will deliver him safe this Night. But now let us see the Execution.

Sir Will. Dear *Ned*, you bring Tears into my Eyes. Let me embrace thee, my only Comfort now.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, let's on and see the Justice of this place. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwel, Hackum.

Cheat. O Unmerciful Dogs ! Were ever Gentlemen used thus before ? *I* am drencht into a Quartan Ague.

Sham. My Limbs are stiff and numb'd all over : But where *I* am beaten and bruised, there *I* have some Sense left.

Hack. Dry Blows *I* could have born magnanimously ; but to be made such a Sop of—— Besides, *I* have had the worst of it, by wearing my own Hair : to be Shav'd all on one side, and with a Lather made of Channel-dirt, instead of a Wash-ball : *I* have lost half the best Head of Hair in the Friars ; and a Whisker worth Fifty Pound in its Intrinsick value to a Commander.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Cheat. Indeed your Magnanimous Phyz is somewhat disfigur'd by it, Captain.

Sham. Your Military Countenance has lost much of its Ornament.

Hack. I am as disconsolate as a Bee that has lost his Sting; the other Moity of Whisker must follow: Then all the terror of my Face is gone; that Face that us'd to fright young Priggs into Submission. I shall now look but like an Ordinary Man.

Cheat. We'll swinge these Rogues with Indictments for a Riot, and with Actions *Sans Nombre*.

Sham. What Reparation will that be? I am a Gentleman, and can never shew my face among my Kindred more.

Cheat. We that can shew our Faces after what we have done may well shew 'em after what we have suffered. Great Souls are above Ordinances, and never can be Slaves to Fame.

Hack. My Honour is tender, and this one Affront will cost me at least five Murders.

Cheat. Let's not prate and shiver in cold Fits here; but call your Wife with the Cherry-Brandy, and let's ask after the Squire: If they have taken him, 'tis the worst part of the Story.

Hack. No, *I* saw the Squire run into the *Friers* at first. But I'll go fetch some Cherry-Brandy, and that will comfort us. *Steps in for Brandy.* Here's the Bottle, let's drink by Word of Mouth. *Drinks.*

Cheat. Your Cherry-Brandy is most sovereign and edifying. *Cheatly drinks.*

Sham. Most exceeding comfortable after our *Temple-pickling.* *Drinks.*

Cheat. A Fish has a damn'd life on't; I shall have that Aversion to Water after this—that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my Face again.

Hack. Well! I'll to the Barbers and get my self Shav'd; then go to the Squire, and be new Accoutered. *Exit Hack.*

Cheat. Dear *Shamwell*, we must not for a little Affliction forget our main Business; our Caravan must be well manag'd: He is now drunk, and when he wakes, will be very fit to be Marry'd. Mrs. *Termagant* has given us a Judgment of 2000 *l.* upon that Condition.

Sham. The sooner we dispose of him, the better; for All his Kindred are bent to retrieve him; and the Temple joyning in the War against us, will be too hard for us; so that we must make what we can of him immediately.

Cheat. If he should be once Cool, or Irresolute, we have lost him, and all our hopes; but when we have sufficiently dipt him, as we shall by this Marriage and her Judgment, he is our own for ever.

Sham. But what shall we do for our *White-Friers* Chaplain, our *Alsatian* Divine? I was in search of him before our late Misfortune, and the Rogue is hol'd somewhere, *I* could not find him, and we are undone without him.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Cheat. 'Tis true; pray go instantly and find him out; he dares not stir out of this Covert; beat it well all over for him; you'll find him tappes'd in some Ale-house, Bawdy-house, or Brandy-shop.

Sham. He's a brave swinging Orthodox, and will Marry any Couple at any time; he defies Licence and Canonical Hours, and all those foolish Ceremonies.

Cheat. Pr'ithee look after him, while I go to prepare the Lady.

Sham. You Rogue, *Cheatly*, you have a loving design upon her; you will go to twelve with the Squire: If you do, I will have my snack.

Cheat. Go, go, you are a Wag. *Exeunt severally.*

Enter Ruth, Belfond Junior, and Truman at Scrapeall's House.

Ruth. She told her tale so passionately, that *Isabella* believes every word of it; and is resolv'd, as she says never to see thee more.

Belf. Jun. Oh, this most malicious and most infamous of her Sex; there is not the least truth in her Accusation.

Tru. That to my Knowledge, he is not a Man of those Principles.

Ruth. I will send them to you, if I can; and in the mean time be upon the Watch.

Tru. Take this Writing with thee; which is a Bond from us, to make good our Agreement with thee.

Ruth. 'Tis well, and still I doubt not to perform my part. *Exit.*

Belf. Jun. Was ever man plagu'd with a Wench like me? Well, say what they will, the life of a Whore-master is a foolish, restless, anxious life; and there's an end on't. What can be done with this Malicious Devil? a Man cannot offer violence to a Woman.

Tru. Steal away her Child, and then you may awe her.

Belf. Jun. I have Emissaries abroad, to find out the Child; but she'll Sacrifice that, and all the World, to her Revenge.

Tru. You must Arrest her upon a Swinging Action, which she cannot get Bail for, and keep her till she is humbled.

Enter Teresia.

Madam, I kiss your hands.

Teres. You have done well, Mr. *Belfond*: Here has been a Lady, whom you have had a Child by, were Contracted to, and have deserted, for an Attorney's Daughter which you keep; my Cousin says she will never see you more.

Belf. Jun. If this be true, Madam, I deserve never to see her more; which would be worse than Death to me.

Teres. I have prevailed with her once more to see you, and hear what you can say to this: Come, come, Cousin. *She Leads in Isab.*

Look you, Cousin, Mr. *Belfond* denies all this matter.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Isab. I never doubted that : but certainly it is impossible to counterfeit so lively as she did.

Belf. Jun. Heaven is my Witness that her Accusation is false ; I never was yet contracted to any Woman, nor made the least promise, or give any one the least hope of it ; and if I do not demonstrate my innocence to you, I will be content for ever to be debarr'd the sight of you, more priz'd by me than Liberty, or Life.

Isab. And yet perhaps these very words were said to her.

Tru. Madam, you have not time, if you value your own Liberty, to argue any longer : We will carry you to Sir *Edward Belfond's*, his Sister is his House-keeper, and there you may be entertain'd with safety of your Honour.

Teres. He is esteem'd a Worthy Gentleman ; nor could we chuse a better Guardian.

Isab. At least how could you use a Woman ill you had a Child by.

Belf. Jun. Not all the Malice of Mankind can equal hers. I have been frail, I must confess, as others ; and though I have provided for her and her Child, yet every day she does me all the most outrageous mischief she can possibly conceive ; but this has touch'd me in the tender'st point.

Isab. 'Twould be much for my Honour, to put my self into the hands of a known Wencher.

Belf. Jun. Into the hands of one, who has abandon'd all the thoughts of Vice and Folly for you.

Tru. Besides, Madam, you neither of you trust us ; your Governess is with you ; and yet we are ready to make good our words by the Assistance of the Parson.

Teres. That's another point : But I'm sure Cousin, there is no dallying about our Liberty : if you be in love with your Jayl, stay ; I, for my part, am resolv'd to go.

Belf. Jun. My Unkle's a vertuous honourable Man ; my Aunt, his Sister, a Lady of great Piety : think if you will not be safer there, than with your Unkle, by whom you are sold for 5000 *l.* to my knowledge, to one who is the most debauch'd dissolute Fellow this day in *London*.

Teres. Liberty, liberty, I say ; I'll trust my self, and my Governess.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Haſte, and agree : Your Father has sent to have Supper ready in less than half an hour.

Teres. Away, away ; I am ready ; Cousin, farewell.

Belf. Jun. For Heavens sake, Madam, on my Knees I beg you to make use of this occasion, or you have loſt your ſelf ; and I too ſhall for ever loſe you for Marriage ; which alone can keep me from being the moſt miſerable : you may adviſe, and all things ſhall be clear'd up to your wiſh.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Teres. Farewel, Dear Cousin : let's kiss at parting.

Isab. Sure thou hast not the Conscience ; thou wilt not leave me ?

Teres. By my Troth but *I* will.

Isab. By my troth but you shall not : for *I*'le go with thee.

Belf. Jun. May all the joys of Life for ever wait on you.

Ruth. Haste ! haste ! begon——

Exeunt.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. That *I* should live to this unhappy Age ! to see the Fruit of all my hopes thus blasted : How long, like Chymists, have *I* watch'd and toil'd ? and in the minute when *I* expected to have seen Projection, all is blown up in Fumo.

Enter Sir Edward.

Brother ! I am asham'd to look on you, my disappointment is so great. Oh this most wicked Recreant ! this perverse and infamous Son.

Sir Edw. Brother, a Wise man is never disappointed. Mans Life is like a Game at Tables ; if at any time the Cast you most shall need does not come up, let that which comes instead of it be mended by your play.

Sir Will. How different have been our Fates ? I left the pleasures of the Town to Marry, which was no small Bondage, had Children, which brought more care upon me : For their sakes I liv'd a rustick, painful, hard, severe, and melancholy Life : Morose, inhospitable, sparing even Necessaries : Tenaceous, even to griping, for their good : My Neighbours shunn'd me, my Friends neglected me, my Children hate me, and wish my Death : Nay, this wicked Son in whom I have set up my Rest, and principally for whose good I thus had liv'd, has now defeated all my hopes.

Sir Edw. 'Twas your own choice : you would not learn from others.

Sir Will. You have liv'd ever at ease, indulg'd all Pleasures, and melted down your time in daily Feasts, and in continual Revels : Gentle, Complaisant, Affable, and Liberal, and at great expence : The World speaks well of you, Mankind embrace you ; your Son loves you, and wishes your Life as much as he can do his own. But I'll perplex my self no more : I look upon this Rascal as an Excrement, a Wen, or Gangreen'd Limb, lop't off.

Sir Edw. Rather look on him as a Dislocated one, and get him Set again : By this time you see, Severity will do nothing, entice him back to you by love. In short, give him Liberty and a good Allowance : There now remains no other way to reclaim him ; for like a Stone-horse broke in among the Mares, no Fence hereafter will contain him.

Sir Will. Brother, I look upon you as a true Friend, that would not insult upon my Folly and Presumption, and confess you are nearer to the right than I : Your Son I hope will be a Comfort to me.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Sir Edw. I doubt it not ; but consider, if you do not reconcile your self, and reclaim yours as I tell you, you lop off the Paternal Estate, which is all Entail'd for ever upon your Family : For, in the Course he is, the Reversion will be gone in your Life time.

Enter Belfond Jun., Truman, Isabella, Teresia, and Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Here are my Father and my Unkle : Mask your selves, Ladies ; you must not yet discover who you are.

Sir Edw. Yonder's *Ned*, and his Friend, with Ladies Mask'd : Who shou'd they be.

Sir Will. Whores, Whores, what should they be else ? Here's a Comfortable Sight again ! He is incorrigible.

Sir Edw. 'Tis you that are incorrigible : How ready are you with your Censures !

Belf. Jun. Sir, pardon the freedom I use with you ; I humbly desire protection for these Ladies in your House : They are Women of Honour, I do assure you, and desire to be conceal'd for some small time ; an Hour hence I will discover all to you, and you will then approve of what I do.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, I will trust thy Honour ; and without any Examination do as you would have me.

Sir Will. Why, Brother, what a Pox, will you Pimp for your Son ? What a Devil, will you make you House a Bawdy House ?

Sir Edw. What, will the Must never be gotten out of your old Vessel ? Ladies, be pleas'd to Honour my House ; and be assur'd, that while you are there, 'tis yours. *He waits on the Ladies, & Ruth.*

Belf. Jun. Sir, my Friend and I are just now going to do you Service : I'll pawn my life to you, Sir, I will retrieve your Rebel Son, and immediately restore him to you, and bring him, as he ought to come, on's Knees, with a full Submission.

Sir Will. You will oblige me : Thou gain'st upon me hourly, and I begin to love thee more and more.

Belf. Jun. There's nothing in the World I aim at now but your Love ; and I will be bold to say, I shortly will deserve it : But this Business requires haste, for I have laid every thing ready ; 'tis almost Bed-time, come Friend.

Ex. with Truman.

Sir Will. Well, I'll say that for him, he is a good natur'd Boy ; it makes me weep to think how harsh I have been to him. I'll in to my Brother and expect the Event.

Enter Belfond Senior, Shamwell, and Hackum.

Cheat. I value not misfortune, so long as I have my dear Friend still within my Arms.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Sham. My dear, dear Cosin ! I will hug thee close to me ; I fear'd to have lost thee.

Belf. Sen. How happy am I in the truest, the dearest Friends that ever Man enjoy'd ! Well I was so afflicted for you, I was forc'd to make my self Devilish Bowsie to comfort me.

Cheat. Your Brother has heard of this great Match you are towards : She has to my knowledge, (for I do all her Law-business for her) 1500 *l.* a year Jointure, and Ten Thousand pound in Plate, Money, and Jewels ; and this damn'd Envious Brother of yours will break it off, if you make not hast and prevent him.

Belf. Sen. My dear Friends you are in the right : Never Man met with such before. I'll disappoint the Rogue my Brother, and the old Prig my Father ; adad I'll do it instantly.

Cheat. Come, Squire, haste : Captain, do you follow us. *Exeunt.*

Scene Changes to Mrs. Termagant's fine Lodgings.

Enter Belfond Senior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Parson.

Mrs. Termagant and her Servants.

Cheat. Madam, the time admits of no longer deliberation ; if you take not this opportunity, my Friend here will be ravish'd from us.

Belf. Sen. Ay, Madam, if you take me not now, you will lose me Madam, you will consider what you do.

Term. Well, Mr. *Cheatly*, you dispose of me as you please. I have ever been guided by your wise advice.

Sham. Come, Parson, do your Office ; have you your Book about ye ?

Pars. What, do you think I am without the Tools of my Trade ?

Cheat. Can't you come presently to the joyning of hands, and leave out the rest of the Formalities.

Pars. Ay, ay : Come, stand forth.

Belfond Sen. and Mrs. Termagant stand forth.

Enter Belfond Junior, Truman, Constable, Serjeant, Musqueteers.

Belf. Jun. Here they are : Seize them all.

Cheat. Hell and Damnation ! We are all undone.

Belf. Sen. Hands off ; let me alone : I am going to be Marry'd. You envious Rascal to come just in the nick.

Belf. Jun. Brother, be satisfied, there's nothing but Honour meant to you : 'tis for your Service.

Term. Oh this accursed Wretch to come in this unlucky minute, and ruin all my Fortune.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Belf. Sen. She has fifteen hundred a year Joynture, and ten thousand pound in Money, &c. and I had been Marry'd to her in 3 minutes.

Belf. Jun. You have scap'd the worst of Ruins ; Resist not, if you do, you shall be carry'd by Head and Heels. Your Father will receive you, and be kind, and give you as good an Allowance as ever I had.

Sham. Where's your Warrant ?

Const. 'Tis here, from my Lord Chief Justice.

Belf. Jun. Let me see your Bride that was to be. Oh Mrs. *Termagant* ! Oh Horror ! Horror ! What a ruin have you scap'd ! This was my Mistriss, and still maintained by me : I have a Child by her 3 years old.

Term. Impudent Villain ! How dare you lye so basely ?

Belf. Jun. By Heaven 'tis true.

Term. I never saw him in my life before.

Belf. Jun. Yes often, to my Plague. Brother, if I do not prove this, to you, believe me not in ought I e're shall say.

Termagant goes to stab at Belfond Jun. Truman lays hold on her.

Trum. Belfond, look to your self.

Belf. Jun. Ha ! Disarm her. This is another show of her good Nature. Brother, give me your hand, I'll wait on you ; and you will thank me for your deliverance.

Tru. I am assured you will : You are deliver'd from the most infamous, and destructive Villains, that ever yet took Sanctuary here.

Belf. Jun. And from two mischiefs you must have for ever sunk under, Incest and Beggary. Those three are only in the Warrant with my Brother ; him I'll wait upon, bring you the Rest. Hey ! the cry is up ; but we are provided.

A great noise in the Streets, and the Horn Blowing ; an Arrest, an Arrest.

Cheat. Undone, undone, all's lost !

Sham. Ruin'd ; for ever lost !

Hack. I am surprized, and cannot fight my way through.

Belf. Sen. What, are all these Rogues ? and that a Whore ? and am I cheated ?

Belf. Jun. Even so ; come along ; make ready Musketeers. Do you take care of my Brother, and conduct him with the rest to my Unkles House : I must go before, and carry my little Mistress, to make up the business with her Father.

Tru. I'll do it, I warrant you.

Serjeant. We are ready.

Exeunt all but Mrs. Termagant.

Term. Oh Vile Misfortune ! had he but staid six minutes, I had Crown'd all my Revenge with one brave Act, in Marrying of his Brother. Well I have one piece of Vengeance, which I will execute, or perish : Besides I'll have his Blood, and then I'll dye contented.

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Scene the Street.

*Enter Belfond Junior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Truman.
Constable, Serjeant, Guards.*

Tru. What do all these Rabble here ?

Const. Fire amongst 'em.

Serj. Present. *The Debtors run up and down, some without their Breeches, others without their Coats ; some out of Balconies ; some crying out, Oars, Oars ; Sculler, five pound for a Boat, ten pound for a Boat, twenty pound for a Boat. The Inhabitants all come out armed as before ; but as soon as they see the Musqueteers they run, and every one shifts for himself.*

Tru. Hey how they run !

Exeunt.

Enter in Sir Edward's House, Sir Edward Belfond, and Attorney.

Sir Edw. This is the time I appointed my Son to bring your Daughter hither. The Witness is a most malicious lying Wench, and can never have credit. Besides, you know an Action will sufficiently stop her Mouth ; for, were it true, she can never prove what she says.

Attor. You say right, Sir : next to her being innocent, is the concealing of her shame.

Enter Belfond Jun. and Lucia.

Luc. And can I live to hear my fatal Sentence of parting with you ; Hold Heart a little.

Belf. Jun. It is with some Convulsions I am torn from you ; but I must Marry I cannot help it.

Luc. And must I never see you more ?

Belf. Jun. As a Lover never ; but your Friend I'll be while I have Breath.

Luc. to her self. Heart, do not swell so. This has awakned me, and made me see my Crime : Oh, that it had been sooner !

Belf. Jun. Sir, I beg a thousand pardons, that I should attempt to injure your Family, for it has gone no farther yet : For any Fact, she's innocent ; but 'twas no thanks to me, I am not so. (If a Lie be ever lawful, 'tis in this case.) *aside.*

Sir Edw. Come, pretty Lady, let me present you to your Father : Tho as my Son says, she's innocent ; yet, because his Love had gone so far, I present her with 1500 *l.* my Son and you shall be Trustees for her : To Morrow you shall have the Money.

Belf. Jun. You are the best of all Mankind.

Attor. All the World speaks your Praises justly.

Luc. A thousand Thanks, Sir, for your bounty : And if my Father

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please to pardon me this slip, in which *I* was so far from fact, that *I* had scarce intention : *I* will hereafter out live the strictest Nun.

Attorn. Rise : *I* do pardon you.

Sir Edw. That's well : And if they be not kind to you, appeal to me. It will be fit for you to go from hence with the least notice that can be : To Morrow I'll bring the Money. Who are the Ladies you have entrusted me with, *Ned*?

Ex. Attorney and Lucia.

Belf. Jun. Scrapealls Neice and Daughter ! The Neice my Father was to give 5000 *l.* for, for his Son : If you will give me leave, I shall Marry her for nothing ; and the other will take my Friend——

Sir Will. How *Ned* ! She's a Puritan ?

Belf. Jun. No more than you, Sir : She was bred otherwise, but was fain to comply for peace ; she is Beautiful, and Witty to a Miracle ; and I beg your consent, for I will die before I Marry without it.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, thou hast it ; but what hast thou done with the *Alsations* ?

Belf. Jun. I have the Rogues in Custody, and my Brother too ; whom I Rescu'd in the very Minute he was going to be Marry'd to a Whore ; to my Whore who plagues me continually. I see my Father coming, pray prepare him, while I prepare my Brother for meeting with him ; he shall not see me.

Exit.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. Your Servant Brother : No News of *Ned* yet ?

Sir Edw. Oh, yes ; he has your Son, and the three Rogues in Custody, and will bring them hither : Brother, pray resolve not to lose a Son ; but use him kindly, and forgive him.

Sir Will. I will, Brother : And let him spend what he will, I'll come up to *London*, Feast and Revel, and never take a Minutes care while I breath again.

Enter a Servant to Sir Edward.

Servant. Sir, a young Gentleman would speak with you.

Sir Edw. Bid him come in,

Enter Mrs. Termagant in Mans Cloaths.

Term. If you be *Sir Edward Belfond*, I come to tell you, what concerns your Honour, and my Love.

Sir Edw. I am he.

Term. Know then, Sir, I am Inform'd your Brother, *Sir William Belfond's* Son, is to Marry *Isabella* the Niece of Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir Edward. What then Sir ?

Term. Then he invades my right, I have been many Months Contracted

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to her, and as you are a Man of Honour, I must tell you, we have seal'd that Contract with Mutual Enjoyments.

Sir Will. How ! What was my Son to Marry a Whore ? I'll to this Damn'd Fellow Instantly, and make him give up my Articles.

Sir Edw. Have patience ; be not too rash.

Sir Will. Patience ! What to have my Son Marry a Whore.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, you must stay a moment

Enter Belfond Junior.

Sir Will. Oh, *Ned*, your Brother has scap'd a fine Match : This same *Isabella* is Contracted to, and has been Enjoy'd, by this Gentleman, as he calls it : He had like to have Marry'd a Whore.

Belf. Jun. Yes, that he had ; but I will cut the Throat of him that affirms that of *Isabella*.

Term. Sir, I demand the protection of your House.

Sir Edw. Hold, Son.

Term. What Devil sent him hither at this time ? *aside.*

Belf. Jun. I'll bring them to Confront this Rogue, what a Devil's this ?
Have we another Brother of that Devil *Termagant*'s here ? *Exit.*

Sir Edw. This is a very odd Story.

Sir Will. Let me go, Brother ; 'tis true enough. But what makes *Ned* concern'd ?

Sir Edw. Let us examine yet farther.

Enter Belfond Junior, with Isabella, Teresia, and Ruth, and Truman.

Sir Will. Look, here they are all : How the Devil comes this about ?

Term. O Madam, are you here ! I claim your Contract, which I suppose, will not offend you.

Isab. What means this Impudent Fellow ? I ne'er saw his Face before.

Term. Yes Madam, you have seen, and more than seen me often since we were Contracted.

Isab. What Instrument of Villany is this ?

Term. Nay, if you deny : Friends come in.

Enter two Alsatian Affidavit Men.

Friends, do you know this Gentlewoman.

1 *Witness.* Yes, she is Mr. *Scrapeall*'s Niece.

2 *Witness.* We were both Witness to a Contract of Marriage between you two.

Isab. Oh Impious Wretches ! What Conspiracy is this !

Sir Will. Can any thing be more plain ? They seem Civil, Grave, Substantial Men.

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Belf. Jun. Hold, hold, have I found ye? 'Tis she, it could be no other Devil but her self. *He pulls off her Peruke.*

Sir Will. A Woman!

Sir Edw. Secure those Witnesses.

Belf. Jun. A Woman! No: She has out-sinn'd her Sex, and is a Devil. Oh Devil, most compleat Devil! This is the Lady I have been so much of late oblig'd to.

Isab. This is she that told us the fine Story to day.

Teres. I know her Face again: Most Infamous Lying Creature!

Term. I am become desperate: Have at thee. *She snaps a Pistol at Belfond, which only flashes in the Pan, the Ladies shriek.*

Belf. Jun. Thank you Madam: Are not you a Devil? 'Twas loaden, 'twas well meant truly. *Takes the Pistol from her.*

Sir Edw. Lay hold on her: I'll send her to a place where she shall be tam'd, I never yet heard of such malice.

Sir Will. Dear *Ned*, thou hast so oblig'd me; thou melt'st my Heart: That thou should'st steal away those Ladies, and save me 5000 *l.* Now, I hope, Madam, my Son *Tim* shall be your Husband without bargain and Sale.

Isab. No: I can assure you, Sir, I would never have perform'd that bargain of my Unkles: We had determin'd to dispose of our selves before that; and now are more resolv'd.

Teres. We have broken Prison, by the help of these Gentlemen, and I think we must e'en take the Authors of our Liberty.

Isab. Will not that be a little hard, Cousin, to take their Liberty from them, who have given it, to us?

Sir Will. Well, I am disappointed; but cannot blame thee, *Ned*.
Truman goes to Teresia.

Enter Belfond Senior.

Sir Edw. Your Son: Pray use him kindly.

Belf. Sen. I have been betrayed, cheated, and abused: Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, and never will offend you more; adad, I will not: I thought they had been the honestest, the finest Gentlemen in *England*; and it seems they are Rogues, Cheats, and Blockheads.

Sir Will. Rise *Tim*, I profess thou makest me weep, thou hast subdued me; I forgive thee, I see all Human Care is vain, I will allow thee 500 *l.* a year, and come, and live with Ease and Pleasure here: I'll Feast, and Revel, and wear my self with pain and care no more.

Belf. Sen. A thousand Thanks: I'll ne'er displease you while I live agen; adad I wont. Here's an Alteration, I ne'er had good word from him before.

Sir Will. I would have Married you to that pretty Lady: But your Brother has been too hard for you.

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Belf. Sen. She's very pretty : But 'tis no matter, I am in no such haste, but I can stay and see the world first.

Sir Edw. Welcome dear Nephew, to my House and me : And now my dear Son be free, and before all this Company let me know all the Incumbrances you have upon you.

Belf. Jun. That good natur'd Lady is the only one that's heavy upon me, I have her Child in my possession, which she says, is mine.

Term. Has he my Child ; then I am undone for ever—Oh curs'd misfortune!

Sir Edw. Look you Madam, I will settle an Annuity of 100*l.* a year upon you so long as you shall not disturb my Son ; And for your Child, I'll breed her up and provide for her like a Gentlewoman : But if you are not quiet you shall never see her more.

Term. You speak like a Noble Gentleman : I'll strive to compose myself. I am at last subdued, but will not stay to see the Triumphs—

Ex. hastily.

Sir Will. Well, dear *Ned*, dost owe any Money ?

Belf. Jun. No, my dear Father, no : You have been too bountiful for that : I have five hundred Guineas in my Cabinet.

Sir Edw. Now Madam, if you please to accept him for a Husband, I will settle Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year on him in present, which shall be your Jointure. Besides that, your own money shall be laid out in Land and settled on you too. And at my Death the rest of my Estate.

Isab. You do me too much Honour, you much out-bid my Value.

Belf. Jun. You best of Fathers, and of all Mankind, I throw myself thus at your Feet ; let me embrace your knees, and kiss those hands.

Sir Edw. Come rise, and kiss these hands.

Belf. Jun. A long farewell to all the Vanity and Lewdness of Youth : I offer myself at your feet as a Sacrifice without a blemish now !

Isab. Rise, I beseech you, rise.

Teres. Your offers, Sir, are better much than I could expect or can deserve.

Tru. That's impossible : The Wealth of both the *Indies* could not buy you from me I am sure.

Ruth. Come, come, I have been Governess, I know their minds. Come give your hands where you have given your Hearts. Here Friend *Truman* : first take this.

Teres. My Governess will have it so.

Sir Edw. Joy Sir, be ever with you : Please to make my House your own.

Isab. How can I be secure you will not fall to your old courses again ?

Belf. Jun. I have been so sincere in my Confessions, you may trust me ; but I call Heav'n to witness, I will hereafter be entirely yours. I look on Marriage as the most solemn Vow a Man can make ; and 'tis by consequence, the basest Perjury to break it.

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Ruth. Come, come, I know your mind too, take him, take him.

Isab. If Fate will have it so.

Belf. Jun. Let me receive this blessing on my knees.

Isab. You are very devout of late.

Sir Edw. A thousand blessings on you both.

Sir Will. Perpetual happiness attend you both.

Belf. Sen. Brother and Madam ! *I* wish you Joy from my heart, adad *I* do ; Tho between you and *I* Brother, *I* intend to have my swing at Whoring and Drinking, as you had, before *I* come to it tho.

Sir Edw. Here ! bring in these Rogues !

The Constable brings in Cheatly, Shamwell, and Hackum.

Come Rascals, *I* shall take a care to see examples made of you.

Cheat. We have substantial Bail.

Sir Edw. I'll see it shall be substantial Bail : it is my Lord Chief Justices Warrant, returnable to none but him : But *I* will prosecute you, *I* assure you.

Cheat. Squire, dear Squire.

Hack. Good noble Squire speak for us.

Sham. Dear Cousin !

Belf. Sen. Oh Rogues ! Cousin, you have Couzen'd me : you made a *Put*, a *Caravan*, a *Bubble* of me : *I* gave a Judgment for 1600 *l.* and had but 250, but there's some Goods they talk of ; but if e'er *I* be catch'd again I'll be hanged.

Sir Will. Unconscionable Villains ! the Chancery shall relieve us.

Sir Edw. I'll Rout this knot of most pernicious Knaves, for all the Priviledge of your Place. Was ever such impudence suffered in a Government ? *Ireland's* Conquer'd : *Wales* Subdu'd : *Scotland* United : But there are some few spots of Ground in *London*, just in the face of the Government, unconquer'd yet, that hold in Rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange, that places so near the Kings Palace should be no part of his Dominions : 'Tis a shame to the Societies of the Law to Countenance such Practices : Should any place be shut against the Kings Writ or *Posse Comitatus* ? Take them away and those two Witnesses.

The Constable and Watch hales 'em away.

Belf. Sen. Away with 'em, Rogues : Rascals, damn'd Priggs.

Sir Edw. Come Ladies, *I* have sent for some Neighbours to rejoice with us. We have Fiddles : Let's dance a brisk round or two, and then we'll make a Collation.

In the Flourish before the Dance Enter Scrapeall.

Scrap. Oh *Sir William*, *I* am undone ; ruin'd : The Birds are flown, Read the Note they left behind 'em.

THE SQUIRE OF ALSATIA

Sir Will. Peace, they are Dancing, they have dispos'd of themselves.

Scrap. Oh Seed of Serpents ! Am I cheated then ? I'll try a Trick of Law, you Froggs of the bottomless Pit, I will and instantly—— What Dancing too ? then they are fallen indeed.

They Dance.

Exit Scrapeall hastily.

Sir Edw. Come Brother, now who has been in the right, your or I ?

Sir Will. You have : Prithee do not triumph.

Belf. Jun. Farewell for ever all the Vices of the Age.

There is no peace but in a Virtuous Life,
Nor lasting Joy but in a tender Wife.

Sir Edw. You, that would breed your Children well, by Kindness and
Liberality endear 'em to you : And teach 'em by Example.

Severity spoils ten, for one it mends :

If you'd not have your Sons desire your ends,

By Gentleness and Bounty makes those Sons your Friends.

}

Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Montfort.

Y*E* mighty scowlers of the narrow Seas,
Who suffer not a Bark to sail in peace,
But with your Tire of Culverins ye roar,
Bring 'em by th' Lee, and Rummidge all their store;
Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
At every Shot that whistled o're his Head.
Frequent Engagements ne're could make him bold.
He sneak'd into a corner of the Hold.
Since he submits, pray ease him of his fear,
And with a joynt Applause bid him appear,
Good Criticks don't insult and domineer.
He fears not Sparks, who with brisk dress and meen,
Come not to hear or see, but to be seen.
Each prunes himself, and with a Languishing Eye,
Designs to kill a Lady by the by.
Let each fantastick ugly Beau and Shape,
Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
Admire himself, and let the Poet scape.
Ladies, Your Anger most he apprehends,
And is grown past the Age of making Friends
Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
No Princess frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
Nor his weak Sense embroyder'd with strong lines :
No Battles, Trumpets, Drums, not any dye ;
No Mortal Wounds, to please your Cruelty ;
Who like not any thing but Tragedy.
With fond, unnatural extravagancies,
Stolen from the silly Authors of Romances.
Let such the Chamber-maids diversion be,
Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
For when we make you merry you must own
You are much prittier than when you frown.
With charming smiles you use to conquer still,
The melancholly look's not apt to kill.

EPILOGUE

*Our Poet begs you who adorn this Sphere,
This Shining Circle, will not be severe.
Here no Chit chat, here no Tea Tables are.
The Cant he hopes will not be long unknown,
'Tis almost grown the language of the Town.
For Fops, who feel a wretched want of Wit,
Still set up something that may pass for it.
He begs that you will often grace his Play,
And lets you know Munday's his visiting day.*

}

FINIS.

BURY-FAIR.
A
COMEDY,
As it is ACTED by His
Majesty's Servants.

Written
By *THO. SHADWELL*,
Servant to His Majesty.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. 1689.

Source.

THE outline of *Bury-Fair*, that is to say the crowded environment of a popular rendezvous, the trafficking, the raffles, the booths, the higlers, the stall-women, the vendors of fruit and all sorts of knick-knackery, the gingerbread wives, the jack-puddings and side-shows, the outcry of shop-keepers, the passeggiata of buyers and sellers, the noise and bustle and business, all seem suggested to Shadwell by his great master's titanic comedy *Bartholomew Fair*. The intrigue, however, and adventures of the two plays differ entirely.

Langbaine, who ever praises Shadwell, whilst for Dryden he has nothing but the most acid carping and petulancy, writes of *Bury Fair*: "How difficult it is for Poets to find a continual Supply of new Humour, this Poet has sufficiently shew'd in his Prologue; and therefore he ought to be excus'd, if *Old Wit*, and *Sir Humphry Noddy* have some resemblance with *Justice Spoil Wit*, and *Sr. John Noddy*; in the *Triumphant Widow*. Skilfull Poets resemble excellent Cooks, whose Art enables them to dress one Dish of Meat several ways; and by the Assistance of proper Sawces to give each a different Relish, and yet all grateful to the Palate. Thus the Character of *La Roche*, tho' first drawn by *Mollière*, in *Les Precieuses ridicules*, and afterwards copy'd by *Sir W. D'Avenant*, *Mr. Betterton*, and *Mrs. Behn*; yet in this Play has a more taking Air than in any other Play, and there is something in his Jargon, more diverting than in the Original it self."

Les Precieuses Ridicules was first performed 18 November, 1659, and has since largely supplied English dramatists. It must, I think, be acknowledged that whatever *La Roche* may owe to *Mascarille*—and he is greatly indebted—Shadwell has made his French rascal infinitely entertaining. Flecknoe had adapted *Molière* in *The Damoiselles à la Mode*, 4to, 1667, wherein he conveyed *Les Precieuses Ridicules* with some infusion from *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*, but 'tis not to my thinking a happy admixture nor is it well compounded. *Mrs. Behn's The False Count; or, A New Way to play an Old Game*, produced at Dorset Garden, September–October, 1682, an admirably witty comedy, introduces *Guiliom*, a Chimney-Sweeper, the False Count, created by *Antony Leigh*, a character derived from *Mascarille*, as *Isabella* whom he weds is from *Cathos* and *Magdelon*. *Mrs. Behn's* masquerading son of soot afforded a vast deal of diversion to the Town.

James Miller's The Man of Taste, produced at Drury Lane in March, 1734–5, not unskilfully blends *Les Precieuses Ridicules* with *L'École des Maris*, although 'tis thin fare after Shadwell and *Mrs. Behn*.

From Cathos and Magdelon, again, are derived *ex traduce* Mrs. Fantast and her lady mother, and I suppose it would be said that Oldwit's jobation is not without some sense of the remarks launched by that "bon bourgeois" Gorgibus.

Philadelphia—Charles is, of course, a commonplace of the stage, and yet she does not here seem time-worn and insipid. Indeed her freshness is no small tribute to Shadwell's powers. For the genealogy of the female-page is a long one. Of early plays we have *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, printed in 1599, but perhaps even 1570, where Neronis, disguised in doublet and hosen, serves her lover Clyomon. Lyly in his *Gallathea* presents the most reticulated and enmeshed of plots when both Gallathea and Phillida are dressed as boys. *Soliman and Perseda*, Stationers' Register, 1592; *The Wars of Cyrus*, 1594, but probably acted 1590; *Laelia*, the famous Latin adaptation of *Gl' Ingannati*, performed at Cambridge in 1590; Greene's *James IV*; all introduce the female-page. Shakespeare alone repeats this traditional disguise in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Cymbeline*. Heywood has broadly burlesqued this character in *The Four Prentices of London*, where the page is her lover's bedfellow for a year without his discovering her identity or sex. *Credat Iudaeus Apella!* There is a page disguise in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1599, and in Haughton's *Englishman for My Money*, 1598. The plot of the First and Second Luce in Heywood's *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon* is very clever but very complicated. Chapman's *May Day*, printed in 1611 but produced 1601-2, shows us Leonoro's page, Lionel, who is really Theagine,—the comedy is from Alessandro Piccolomini's *Alessandro*, an immensely popular play of which there were at least ten editions before 1600. Piccolomini, who died in 1578, was hailed as "the Prince of comic writers," and there are countless imitations of the *Alessandro* both in Italian and French. In Sharpman's *The Fleire*, Stationers' Register, 1606, two girls dress themselves as boys and seek service with their lovers in order to frustrate the men's looser amours. They fail, however, but are employed by two noble suitors to the courtezans engaging their lover's attention. The page Parthenophill in Ford's *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1628, proves to be Eroclea, daughter of Lord Meleander.

Perhaps the most famous female-page upon the Elizabethan and even upon the Restoration stage, was Bellario in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, which is generally attributed to 1608. The episode in that fine tragedy *Cupid's Revenge* (1609-10?) where Urania, in male attire, seeks out Leucippus, whom she loves, and enters his service is very beautifully shown. In *The Night-Walker; or The Little Thief* (1612-1614?) Alathe disguised becomes her own brother's partner in mischief, but until the end remains unknown to the brother. *Love's Pilgrimage* (circa 1614), which

SOURCE

is from Cervantes' *Las Dos Donzellas*, presents us with two damsels masquerading as pages and both seeking the same faithless lover.

It may be worth while recording some few of the plays which introduced the female-page motif before 1642. We have: Middleton's *Anything for a Quiet Life* (1619-23) and *More Dissemblers besides Women* (1622); *The Witch of Edmonton* by Ford, Dekker, Rowley, 1621; Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West* (1622) and *Challenge for Beauty* (1635); Jonson's *New Inn* (1629); Shirley's *Love Tricks* (1625), *Wedding* (1626), *Grateful Servant* (1629), *Maid's Revenge* (1639), *Doubtful Heir* (1640), *Imposture* (1640), and the *Sisters* (1642); Massinger's *Duke of Milan* (1620), and *Bashful Lover* (1635); Brome's *Mad Couple well Match'd* (1636), *Damoiselle* (1637), and *English Moor* (1636-7); May's *Heir* (1620); Carlell's *Deserving Favourite* (1629); Hausted's *Rival Friends* (1631); Glapthorne's *Hollander* (1635); Marmion's *Antiquary* (1636); and Harding's *Sicily and Naples* (1638); *cum multis aliis quas nunc perscribere longum est*.

In *The Honest Man's Fortune*, acted in 1613, Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have intended if not a skit upon, at least a merry bob at, the female-page theme which was so immensely in vogue. Laverdine, the knavish courtier, persists in believing that Montague's "loyal and loving page" Veramour is a woman in disguise. The boy humours this anon, and declares to Laverdine:

Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you :
Believe it, Sir, indeed I am a woman.

Towards the end of the play he dons a kirtle, and in mock-heroic speech says to his old master:

I am a poor disguis'd lady,
That like a page have follow'd you full long
For love, God wot.
. . . I took example by two or three plays, that methought
Concern'd me.

There is a droll story by W. W. Jacobs which has a very similar riddle. A cabin-boy feigns to be a lass in breeches, and chouses the ship's crew.

After the Restoration the plays which introduce women masquerading from one pretext or another as boys are very many. Nell Gwyn and Moll Davis were especially great in these breeches parts, and Pepys records the excellence of the former when sparking it as a young gallant. Of the dramas which show us actually the theme in question, the girl masquerading in service to her lover or to some man whose love she seeks, or following her lover in danger, among the more successful were: Dryden's *The Rival Ladies*, acted at the Theatre Royal in 1664 where Honoria as Hippolito and Angelina as Amideo both "in the Habit of a Man" strive for the

BURY - FAIR

affections of Don Gonsalvo de Peralta whom they attend as pages ; Orrery's *The Black Prince*, Theatre Royal, 19 October, 1667, when Frances Davenport played "Valeria disguis'd" as her own brother ; Mrs. Behn's *The Amorous Prince*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, early in 1671, where Cloris as a boy enters Frederick's service ; Crowne's *Juliana*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1671, with Mrs. Long as Pauline, "in love with Demetrius" whom she follows in male attire ; Lee tragedy of *Nero*, Drury Lane, 1674, with Mrs. Boutell as Cyara, a Parthian Princess, Mistress of Britannicus, whom she serves as a page, her identity being unsuspected ; D'Urfey's *The Royalist*, Dorset Garden, January, 1681-2, with Mrs. Petty as Phillipa "A young Lady that follows *Kinglove* in Mens Clothes through all his troubles." The list might be considerably prolonged.

The fact is that actresses in breeches parts enraptured the house, and in play after play do we find some heroine assumes for a scene or two male attire. Settle even sought to win success for his ultra-heroic tragedies by this trait, and in *The Conquest of China*, Dorset Garden, May, 1675, Mrs. Mary Lee not only appeared as "Amavanga, a Queen of a Province in China, in the disguise of a Souldier," but as a *bonne bouche* spoke the Epilogue. Some sixteen, and twenty, years later Mrs. Mountford was thronging the theatre as Southerne's Sir Anthony Love and as Charlott Welldon "in man's cloaths" in *Oroonoko*.

It must not be forgotten that *Philaster* was a standard attraction in the Restoration theatre, especially when Nell Gwyn played Bellario. Beaumont and Fletcher's romantic drama was adapted by Settle, and thus produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1695. Buckingham's alteration *The Restoration ; or, Right will take Place*, does not appear to have been performed. Nell Gwyn, moreover, won great applause as Pulcheria "disguised under the name of Vergerio and attending on Contarini" in a revival of Shirley's *The Sisters* at the Theatre Royal, circa 1669-70.

It has been idly suggested by some silly critickin, who had certainly read neither Molière nor Shadwell, that *Le Misanthrope* was utilized in *Bury-Fair*. Of little more account is the statement that La Roche "is much indebted to Dufoy," the valet in Etherege's *The Comical Revenge ; or, Love in a Tub*. Dufoy is "A saucy impertinent French-man," so is La Roche ; Dufoy speaks a broken French-English dialect, and so does the mock Count. There the likeness begins and ends. Such trifling charges of plagiarism may lead anywhere and lead to nothing. They merely betray a superficial acquaintance with literature.

Theatrical History.

BURY-FAIR was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the spring of 1689, probably in April of that year. The play was well received, but even Downes gives us no details, and merely mentions that "Between these Operas [*The Prophetess* and *The Fairy Queen*] there were several other Plays acted, both Old and Modern; As, *Bury Fair*, *Wit without Money*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, *The Maiden Queen*, by Sir Charles Sedley, *Island Princess*, *A Sea Voyage*, *The English Fryar* by Mr. Crown, *Bussy D'Ambois*, *The Massacre of Paris*, &c."

It seems to have remained in the repertory for some ten or twelve years and then gradually to have dropped into the background. On 10 April, 1708, it was revived at Drury Lane as "Not acted 5 years." John Mills appeared as Wildish; Benjamin Husband, who had "great Reputation as an Actor, and a Gentleman of exact Conduct," Lord Bellamy; Ben Johnson, "a true Copy of Mr. *Underhill*," Oldwit; Bullock, "the best Comedian that has trod the Stage since *Nokes* and *Lee*," Sir Humphrey Noddy; Colley Cibber, Trim; Bowen, La Roche; Dicky Norris, the Valet to Wildish, originally played by Bowen; Mrs. Porter, "an actress of exquisite judgement," Philadelphia (Charles); Mrs. Bradshaw, who was greatly admired as Anne Page, and was the original Corinna in *The Confederacy*, Gertrude; Mrs. Moor, who created Lady Graveairs in *The Careless Husband*, Mrs. Fantast; Mrs. Powell, the successor of Elinor Leigh, Lady Fantast; and Mrs. Saunders, the confidante of Nance Oldfield, Lucy.

Bury-Fair kept the stage at intervals, but probably the last revival was that at Lincoln's Inn Fields on 10 October, 1716, when Bullock played Sir Humphrey Noddy; young Bullock Trim; Mrs. Moor, Mrs. Fantast; and Mrs. Thurmond, who had "but few that excell'd her," Gertrude.

TO
CHARLES
EARL of

DORSET and MIDDLESEX,
Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's
Houshold, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex,
and one of the most Honourable
Privy Council.

MY LORD,

I Who have been so long and so continually oblig'd by your Lordship, have ever fresh Occasions of acknowledging your Favour and Bounty to me, and cannot be silent of the late great Honour you have done me, in making me the King's Servant ; but must publish my Gratitude for that, and all the rest of the great Obligations I have receiv'd. Your Lordship not only makes use of your own Power, but of that which the King has entrusted you with, to do good to Mankind, which you ever delighted in. And as I am apt to believe, that no Man had ever a great Office conferr'd upon him with more Favour from his Prince, so I am well assured no Man ever receiv'd one with a more general liking of the People than your Lordship. Nothing but the Service of so Great and Gracious a King, who so miraculously redeem'd us, and since makes all our Interests his own, could recompence you for the happy Retirement you might enjoy, and wherein you so much delight.

This Play, my Lord, I humbly submit to your Lordships Judgment. I can write nothing worthy of your Acceptance ; but I hope your Lordship will give some Indulgence to this, since it was Written during eight Months painful Sickness, wherein all the several Days in which I was able to Write any part of a Scene, amounted not to one Month, except some few which were employ'd in indispensable Business. This is indeed no Excuse in any one who does not Write for Necessities of Life.

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The Play has met with a Kind Reception from all for ought I hear, but some of the late Loyal Poets, above whose Censure I esteem my self ; and from some who are still so fond of the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance, that they think it a Profanation to bring the very words into a Comedy.

These are so weak to mistake that for a Point of Divinity, which is indeed a Point of Law ; and some of the most vigorous Maintainers of that Doctrine, have seen their Errour, and not only left off professing it, but have wisely and justly Contradicted it in their Practice, by assisting towards our late wonderful Deliverance. And sure there is no need of any great measure of understanding to find out, that, when the Compact on which Government is founded is broken, and those very Laws destroy'd, which were made to secure the People in their Estates, Liberty and Religion, the Law of Nature must take place, which not only permits, but obliges Mankind to Self-defence.

I never could Recant in the worst of Times, when my Ruine was design'd, and my Life was sought, and for near Ten years I was kept from the exercise of that Profession which had afforded me a competent Subsistence, and surely I shall not now do it, when there is a Liberty of speaking Common Sence, which tho' not long since forbidden, is now grown Current.

I humbly beg your Lordship's Pardon for the trouble of this Epistle, who am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Drammatis Personæ.

Lord Bellamy,	Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Wildish,	Mr. Mountfort.
Mr. Oldwit,	Mr. Underhill.
Sir Humph. Noddy,	Mr. Noakes.
Mr. Trim,	Mr. Bowman.
La Roch,	Mr. Leigh.
Valet to Mr. Wildish,	Mr. Bohan.
Charles, Page to my Lord Bellamy,	Mrs. Butler.
Lady Fantast, Wife to Mr. Oldwit,	Mrs. Cory.
Mrs. Fantast, Daughter to my Lady Fantast by a Former	} Mrs. Boutell.
Husband,	
Mrs. Gertrude, Oldwit's Daughter by a former Wife,	Mrs. Mountfort.
Luce, Mrs. Fantast's Woman.	
Four Ladies.	
Butler.	
Nicolas, Servant to La Roch.	
Page to La Roch.	
Milliner, Perfumer, Hosier, Goldsmith, Indian-Gown Man, two Jack-Puddings,	
Gingerbread-Woman, Fruit Women, Country Fellows and Wenches, Con-	
stable and his Guard, Servants and Footmen.	

SCENE St. EDMUNDS-BURY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Mountfort.

TO what hard Laws you Comick Writers bind,
Who must at every turn new humour find ;
Tho' the great Masters of the former Age,
Had all the choice of humour for the Stage :
And they that plenteous Harvest reap'd so clean,
Their Successors can little else but glean.
Frolick, and Cockwood yet were good and new, }
And the Plain-dealer, and Sir Foplin you
Have seen, and justly have applauded too.
Our Author some new humour did produce,
But look not for an unexhausted Cruse.
The task each day grows harder than before ;
For as good Poets have brought forth great store,
So Fellows of no Genius, with much Toil,
Still Sweat for humour, which they always spoil :
And by their hints good Comick Pens prevent,
As Whelps stanch Hounds, by foyling of the scent.
These wretched Poetitos, who got praise
For writing most confounded Loyal Plays,
With viler, courser Jest than at Bear-Garden,
And silly Grubstreet Songs worse than Tom Farthing.
If any Noble Patriot did excel
His own, and Country's Rights defending well,
These yelping Currs were straight loo'd on to bark,
On the deserving Man to set a mark.
These abject, fawning Parasites and Knaves,
Since they were such, would have all others Slaves.
'Twas precious Loyalty that was thought fit
T' atone for want of Honesty and Wit.
No wonder Common Sence was all cry'd down,
And Noise and Nonsense swagger'd thro' the Town.
Our Author then oppress'd, would have you know it,
Was Silenc'd for a Non-conformist Poet :
In those hard times he bore the utmost test,
And now he Swears he's Loyal as the best.

PROLOGUE

*Now Sirs, since Common Sence has won the day,
Be kind to this, as to his last years Play.
His Friends stood firmly to him when distress'd ;
He hopes the number is not now decreas'd :
He found esteem from those he valued most,
Proud of his Friends, he of his Foes could boast.
To all you Bury Sparks, he bid me say
That every Part is Fiction in his Play ;
Particular Reflections there are none,
Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
If any has so very little Wit
To think a Fop's dress can his Person fit, }
E'en let him take it, and make much of it. }*

BURY-FAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Wildish and his Valet dressing him.

Val. **N**OW I hope, Sir, you will acknowledge you see a sweet Town, clean, and finely Scituated, in a delicate Air; here I was Born, here I Suck'd my first Breath.

Wild. Thus every Coxcomb is big with the praise of the Country and Place of his Nativity.

Val. All the World says as much of St. *Edmand's Bury*.

Wild. There is indeed some Truth in this; but 'tis not thou, but the Town, is in the right: for thou wou'dst have recommended the Air of the worst Town in the Hundreds of *Essex*, had'st thou Suck'd thy first breath in it, as thou sayest. But one thing I can tell of thy Town, That it can produce a Blockhead.

Val. You may say what you please of me, Sir, but there are so many fine Gentlemen and Ladies, so Gallant, and so well bred, we call it little *London*; and it out-does St. *James's Square*, and all the Squares, in Dreffing and Breeding; nay, even the Court it self, under the Rose.

Wild. I doubt not, but they are given to out-do, as all Imitators are.

Val. Well, you *London Wits*, will never give any Man, nor any thing, a good Word.

Wild. You impudent Rascal! Wit, say you! What, do you call me Names? I had as leive be call'd a Pick-pocket, as a Wit. A Wit is always a Merry, Idle, Waggish Fellow, of no Understanding: Parts indeed he has, but he had better be without 'em: Your solid Fop is a better Man; he'll be Diligent and Fawning, always in the way, and with his Blockhead do his business at last; but your Wit will either neglect all Opportunities for Pleasure, or if he brings his business into a hopeful way, he will laugh at, or draw his Wit upon some great Man or other, and spoil all.

Val. Wou'd I were a Wit for all that. But to give you an Example of the Wit and Breeding of our Town; there is the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter.

BURY - FAIR

Wild. The most perpetual, impertinent, prating, conceited, affected Jades, that ever plagu'd Mankind.

Val. Mercy on me ! Impertinent ! Why, they're the Flower of *Bury*. Is not the young Lady a Beauty too ?

Wild. I must confess, God has given her one good Face ; but by her most insupportable Affectation, she screws it into twenty bad ones. She has naturally a good Complexion, becoming good Features ; and she, by Art, makes her Face look like a new White Wall with a Red Lettice.

Val. I hope, you'll grant Mr. *Oldwit* is a fine Facetious, Witty, Old Gentleman, my Lady *Fantast*'s Husband.

Wild. Almost as arrant an Ass, as thou art. He is a paltry Old-fashion'd Wit, and Punner of the last Age ; that pretends to have been one of *Ben Johnson*'s Sons, and to have seen Plays at the *Blackfryers*.

Val. You'll be Ston'd in the Streets, Sir, if you talk thus in *Bury*. I warrant, you will not allow Sir *Humphrey Noddy* to be a Wit, and a fine Gentleman.

Wild. A Blunt, Noisy, Laughing, Roaring, Drinking Fellow ; as troublesome as a Monkey, and as Witless as a Jackdaw. He is, at best, but a Wag.

Val. Well, Sir, say what you please, he is a fine Gentleman, and will make a Man burst a Vein to keep him Company ; he has Wit at will, that's certain.

Wild. If the Rogue had no more Money at will, he'd dye in a Ditch.

Val. Will no body at *Bury* please you ? What think you of Mr. *Trim* ? he's accounted the finest Gentleman in all *Bury*, for Breeding and Civility, and the like.

Wild. Now you have hit on't : He is a most Compleat, and finish'd Fop : Nature has not been negligent, nor Art been Idle, in his Composition. He is very Wise, Reserv'd, full of Forms, and empty of Substance ; all Ceremony, and no Sence : more troublesomly ill-bred with his Formality, than a High-shoo'd Peasant with his Roughness. Sir *Noddy* and he are two excellent Fops in Consort !

Val. Fops ! Mercy upon me ! You will be accounted a Mad-man, if you talk thus at *Bury*.

Wild. Yes, among Fools.

Val. Why, they are those that carry all the Town before 'em.

Wild. No doubt on't, I never knew a Town yet, wherein the Fops do not carry all before 'em : They are a numerous, Impudent, and Noisy Party ; while the Wise and Ingenious are Few, Modest and Reserv'd. There are Men of Wit, Honour, and Breeding ; and Women of great Wit, Beauty, and Ingenuity, and Well-bred too, in this Town, which is really a sweet Town ; but these pretend to nothing : Your pretenders never have any thing in 'em.

BURY - FAIR

Enter Mr. Trim.

Val. Hold, Sir, here is Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Sweet Mr. *Wildish*; I am your most humble Servant; and cannot but congratulate those auspicious Stars that brought you hither, to render this Town, and your Friends in it, happy by your presence.

[Trim stands jetting out his Bum, and bowing all the while.]

Wild. You do me Honour, Sir.

Trim. Coming abroad to participate of the freshness of the Morning, among our *Bury* Gallants; the thrice fortunate rencounter with one of your Train, put in mind of paying that Tribute of my Service which I long have wish'd to pay: But my wishes have often been frustrated, for want of that happy opportunity of kissing your hands, which I now enjoy.

Wild. Your great Civilities are surprising; really your Generosity is as much beyond my expectation, as it is above my Merit. What an Engine is this Fop. *[aside.]*

Trim. It is impossible that we of *Bury*, who I may say with modesty enough, have no small Fame for Breeding and Civility, can ever be so obnoxious to that Stupidity, or neglect of either, as not to value the great Honour done to us, and the cohonestation of us, by your arrival at *Bury* at this time of the Fair: Which will add to the wonted gayety and Splendour of the Place and Season.

Wild. You astonish me, with your most admirable Address, and Complaisance: and I think there lives not, among the race of Mankind, a person more skilful in all Decencies of Behaviour, compleatness of Expression, Gestures of Body, Modulations of Voice, and all those Arts of Modish Gallantry, which might render a man the Mirror of Courts, and the Wonder and Example of all other places. *aside.* A pox on this Fool in a Frame!

Val. Rarely done on both sides! Oh how their Tongues are hung!

Wild. Be pleas'd to sit.

Trim. Oh Lord, Sir, while you are on your Feet! Sure I can never live to be blotted with that odious Solœcism in Manners. Nay, Sir, I beseech you.

They sit down; but Trim strives to sit down last. Wildish makes signs to put his Hat on, and takes his own up. Trim strives again who shall put on his Hat last.

Wild. Sir, you will catch cold.

Trim. I had rather catch any thing, than the Infamy of ill Breeding.

Wild. Well, Sir, how stand Affairs at *Bury*?

Trim. Singularly well, Sir; the amenity of our Scituation, together with the equal Temperature of the Climate, produces in us that serenity of Mind, that *Bury* seems to be the Habitation of the Graces and the Muses.

Wild. *Bury* indeed seems to be the Scene of Beauty, Wit and Breeding.

BURY - FAIR

Trim. 'Tis a great Honour to us, to hear this pronounc'd by a Person, who is no less Eminent in Wit, than celebrated for Humanity, and Decency of Deportment.

Wild. A Pox on this Puppy ! Two such more, wou'd drive me out of *Bury*, before I see my Mistress, the Creature of the World I am most passionately in Love with.

Trim. You, that make so noble a Figure among the nimble and quick Spirits of the Age, and are such a Top Wit, that all *England* rings out your Fame !

Wild. Pr'y thee, Mr. *Trim*, what e're you do, don't call me a Wit ; 'tis good for nothing in this Age, but to undo a Man : I shall be hunted for a Wild Beast. But pray, what Lady rides Admiral here at *Bury* ?

Trim. O Lord ! who shou'd, but Madam *Fantast*, the sweet Lady *Fantast*'s Daughter ? a Paragon of Beauty, and a Mirror of Wit and Breeding ! at once the Envy and Wonder of the Sex and Age ! She bears the Flag of Wit and Breeding on the main Topsail of her Beauty.

(A pretty Trope ! *Aside*)

Wild. How does Mr. *Oldwit*'s young Daughter ? I saw her in *London* last *Easter-Term* : She is the prettiest Charming Creature my Eyes ever beheld !

Trim. She is indeed a pretty Bud of Beauty : and if she Blossoms under the Sun-shine of my Lady *Fantast*'s Favour, and her Daughters Example, she will flourish ; otherwise not.

Wild. Very concise and dogmatical. *Aside.* You are a great Servant of Mrs. *Fantast*'s. *To him.*

Trim. I, I am her humble Admirer, her Adorer : I call her *Dorinda*, and she honours me with the name of *Eugenius*. I visit her daily.

Wild. Nick-names and Visits ! then there's somewhat more between you, ifaith Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Upon my Honour, nothing but a certain creeping correspondence ; a Conversation that savours somewhat of Gallantry, mix'd now and then with Ombre, Crimp, Comet, or Incertain ; and sometimes we read an Author, or so.

Wild. Or so ! Hark in your Ear.

Trim. Sir, I am astonished to think I should be obnoxious to that Infelicity to be so mistaken : and I must tell you, Sir, I scorn your words.

Wild. I did not think it had been a Dishonour to a man to lye with a pretty woman.

Trim. I wou'd not for the whole World : Nor ever did. Mistake me not, unless I were Married.

Wild. What a Devil do we all run after 'em, and keep 'em company for, and Dance, and play the Fool, but *in ordine ad* ?

BURY - FAIR

Trim. I visit all the Ladies for their Conversation, for the excellence of their Conversation.

Wild. Conversation ! That is so frivolous, it were not to be born, but for something else that shall be nameless : and I'll tell you one thing, Mr. *Trim*, That any Woman you keep company with, who does not think you have a mind to lye with her, will never forgive you, to my knowledge.

Trim. Their Conversation does infinitely transcend mens, I assure you : I have study'd the Sex.

Wild. I'll tell you one thing more : That you must never be alone with a Woman, but you must offer, or she knows you care not for her : Five to one but she grants : But if she does not care for you, but denies, she's certain by that you care for her, and will esteem you the better ever after.

Trim. Oh uncharitable Sentence !

Wild. Come, you and I'll sup together, and be merry ; and two or three Bottles will make you freer, and more open-hearted.

Trim. I never Sup : We of the better Rank never Sup, at *Bury*.

Wild. How ? not Sup !

Trim. No. [*Enter Mr. Oldwit, and Sir Humphrey Noddy, stealing in.*]

Wild. Nor drink a Bottle ?

Trim Never between Meals. We do indeed divert our selves with some Milk-Pottage in the Evening ; that's all.

Sir Hum. Now, now this Rogue's my Rival : I shall Tease him, ere I have done with him. [*He plucks the Chair from under Trim ; and gives him a Devilish fall : Oldwit and he laugh immoderately.*]

Oldw. Sir *Humphrey*, forbear ; I pray forbear : You'll be the death of me.

Wild. How now ? what, will not this Fool cut the other Fool over the Pate ? Shall I have no Sport with 'em ?

Old. I shall break a Vein, if I keep you company, you arch Wag you. Mr. *Wildish*, I am come to kiss your hands : you are welcome to *Bury-Fair*.

Wild. Sir, I am your most humble Servant : you honour me with this Visit.

Sir Hum. Dear *Ned*, let me kiss thee ! Ah, *Ned*, that night I saw thee at *Newmarket* !

Wild. Which was the first night I ever saw the Puppy.

Sir Hum. I shall never forget it. Ah, 'twas the merriest Night ! [*aside.*]

Wild. Ay, 'twas so : we talk'd of nothing but Cocks, Dogs, and Horses.

Sir Hum. Not a word. 'Twas the bravest Night ! But I was too hard for, and out vapour'd all the Jockeys and Cockers ; and after that I hunted over a bottle Here Jowler ; hey Venus ! and we roared so till four in the Morning ; that, Gad take me, between you and me, I was deaf on both Ears for three weeks after ; I have scarce recover'd one Ear yet. I would give Fifty pound for such another night.

BURY - FAIR

Trim. Sir, I must tell you, your Deportment is very undecent, and favours much of ill Breeding : And I wou'd desire you wou'd please to explain your self, in this particular.

Sir Hum. Puh ! Waggersy, meer Waggersy. Dear *Jack*, kiss me : Honest *Jack*, I love to be familiar with my Friends. *Jack, Jack*, dear *Jack* ! nowns *Jack* !

Trim. *Jack, Jack, Jack* ! Familiar ! I must tell you, Sir, I cannot brook the Roughness of your Demeanour ; the consequences whereof may produce those effects, as may not be agreeable to those decencies requir'd in Conversation. But I shall at present take my leave, and visit Ladies, Sir, I kiss your hands.

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I am your most faithful Servant.

Old. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Trim.* Well, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, go thy ways ; thou art the Archeest Wit and Wag ! I must forswear thy Company : thou'lt kill me else.

Sir Hum. Hang't, a pox on't, what is this World worth, without wit, and waggery, and Mirth ? I love to be merry.

Wild. Plague on him ; his Mirth is the melancholiest thing in the world. *[aside.*

Sir Hum. You saw, Mr *Wildish*, how I run down Fellows at *New-market*, with my Jests and my Tricks : They took me for a Put ; but I outroar'd 'em all, i'faith, and cou'd have put them all in a Mouse-hole.

Wild. How does my Lord, your dear Friend, and Patron ?

Sir Hum. Oh, Sir, his Lordship is in good Health. He is no body without me, poor Man : he loves Wit, and good Company ; I'll tell you, I'll tell you——

Old. Now we shall hear some Wit and Waggersy !

Sir Hum. T'other day we were a Hunting, and at a cold Scent ; one of his Gentlemen being alighted, stood by a Plash of Water : I sneak'd behind, and push'd him, I vow to Gad, up to the Knees.

[Oldwit is big with Laughter, then roars out.

Old. Good, Good : Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha. But, if you had seen his Lordship laugh : the Water trickled down his Honours Cheeks : then one *Jeremy* stood staring ; I called him loudly and suddenly, and held my Fingers thus : he turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a Bump, that all the Blood gushed out. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Look you there : Ha, ha, ha. Well, well.

Sir Hum. But if you had seen his Honour Chuckle and Laugh, till he was black in the Face ! I twirl'd another Fellows Hat over a little River, that was not Navigable ; and he was forc'd to go a Mile about to fetch it :

BURY - FAIR

I thought my Lord wou'd have kill'd himself ! He desired me at laſt to forbear ; he was not able to endure it.

Wild. My Lord is a very merry Man.

Sir Hum. Ay, Gad take me, as any's upon the face of the Earth. But, how goes VVit at *London* ?

Old. You are the chief Genius, the high VVit of the Age.

Wild. Prithee, Mr. *Oldwit*, lay not that to my charge ; you had as good accuse me of Felony.

Old. Ne're talk of that, your Pen has betray'd you ; and we look upon you here, to be the choicest VVit of the Times.

Sir Hum. And, i'faith, we can show you VVit at *Bury* too.

Wild. VVhat, a Devil, you wont make a VVit of me, in spight of my Teeth, will you ?

Old. No, Nature has made you a VVit. VVhy do you take it ill ? I think it the greatest Honour can be done to a Man. I my self, simple as I ſtand here, was a VVit in the laſt Age : I was created *Ben Johnson's* Son, in the *Apollo*. I knew *Fletcher*, my Friend *Fletcher*, and his Maid *Joan* : VVell, I ſhall never forget him, I have Supp'd with him, at his House, on the *Bankside* : He lov'd a fat Loyn of Pork of all things in the VVorld : and *Joan*, his Maid, had her Beerglass of Sack ; and we all kiss'd her, i'faith, and were as merry as paſs'd.

VVild. This was enough to make any Man a VVit.

Old. Puh ! this was nothing. I was a Critick at *Blackfriars* ; but at *Cambridge*, none so great as I, with *Jack Cleaveland* : But *Tom Randol* and I were Hand and Glove : *Tom* was a brave Fellow ; the moſt Natural Poet !

Sir Hum. They were brave Fellows, but you VVits now a days, out-top them all.

VVild. Zounds, I will have nothing to do with VVit, I tell you !

Old. Pshaw, pshaw ! but I was telling you, you have ſeen many pretty things, that were written in thoſe Times, that were mine. For Example : One Mr. *Murial*, a Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, had a Horse dyed ; I writ this upon it.

*Now Cruel Mors
Has ta'n the Horse
Of Mr. Murial :
Ye Scholars all,
Of Pembroke-Hall,
Come to his Burial.*

Ha ! hum ! hum ! Nay, I was good at Epitaphs, both of Man and Beaſt.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha ; admirable good, i'faith, Mr. *Oldwit* !

VVild. VVhy, this was VVit all over ! You were an errant VVit !

BURY - FAIR

Old. And that Translation too was mine.

*Mittiur in disco mihi Piscis ab Archiepisco
Po, non ponatur quia potus non mihi datur.*

*I was sent a Fish,
In a great Dish,
From the Archbish.
Hop was not there,
Because he gave me no Beer.*

*[Sir Hum. sneaks behind, and
pins him and VVild. together.]*

VVas not that Lucky ? Ha ? humh ? anon ?

Wild. Most incomparable :

Old. I was such a Rakehell, I wou'd needs be a Wit. My Friends soon perceiv'd I cou'd not be a Divine ; so they sent me to the Inns of Court, and there, i'faith, I pepper'd the Court with Libels and Lampoons : my Wit was so bitter, I scap'd the Pillory very narrowly, between you and I. But then, for good Language, and strong Lines, none out did me.

Wild. Why, thou wert a most Plaguy Wit indeed !

Old. Ay, Faith : and the Poets were so in awe of me ! You must know, I was a devilish biting Fellow : VVhy, we had a couple of your Poets here : *Sir Humphrey*, and I made nothing of 'em, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Gad take me, they were but silly Fellows : and yet, they say, they were Cock Poets.

Wild. That may very well be : we have Poets, as pretty Fops as any about Town ; and are fitter for Subjects of Comedies, than Authors of any thing.

Enter Oldwit's Man.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Bellamy* is come to Town : and my Lady bid me tell you, she has invited him to Dinner.

Old. Ha ! my Lord come to *Bury* ! Gad forgive me, what's the matter ? ha ?

VVild. VVhat's this ? what, are we link'd together ?

Old. Oh, you wag, you wag ; this is *Sir Humphrey* ! Ha, ha, ha. You'l never give over.

Sir Hum. No, faith ; not I.

Old. Go home : I'll follow you.

[Exit Servant.]

Mr. Wildish, pray Honour my House at Dinner.

VVild. I will, my Lord *Bellamy's* my great Friend.

Old. You shall have *Sir Humphrey* too ; i'faith, we'l be merry, and turn the House out of the VVindow.

Sir Hum. And I will Roar, Roar most exceedingly.

Old. Your humble Servant.

BURY - FAIR

Sir Hum. Your Servant, Sir, we shall see you ? [*Exit Hum. and Old.*

Wild. I will wait on you. Here, *Roger*, my Gloves, Handkerchief, and my Sword. My dear *Bellamy* in Town ! This is a happiness I dream'd not of : I thought he had been retir'd from the *World*, and wou'd not come to so publick a place. You *Puppy*, these are your *VVits*, and fine Gentlemen, I have been Plagu'd with ! A curse on 'em ! *VVhat* must I undergo, for the sake of my Love !

Val. I took 'em, Sir, and so do most here, for fine Gentlemen ; but I wonder Mr. *Oldwit* is so merry after his Disaster : And yet Sir *Humphrey* wou'd make a Man burst.

Wild. *VVhat* disaster ?

Val. *VVhy*, Sir, his eldest Daughter, a great Fortune by her Mother, (his first *VVife* ; for he has had three) about four Months since, fled, the night before he was to have Marry'd her to a fine *Bury* Gentleman.

Wild. I heard so ; but she has sent a Letter, to let him know, that she will not be forc'd to Marry : And for that end, she will not appear till the day after shes at Age to dispose of her self ; and that then she will ; and is in the mean time safe, beyond his enquiry.

Val. The young Daughter is a great Fortune by her Mother, who was an Heiress.

Wild. He has had a lucky hand at Heiresses : but I must find out my dear *Bellamy*. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, Lord Bellamy's Lodging, Bellamy, and Page.

Bell. My Kinswoman, who recommended thee, *Charles*, to my Service, told me, thou wert a Young Gentleman of the *North*, whom she knew and was of Kin too, and that thou hadst left thy Guardian for harsh usage : And she engaged me to conceal and protect thee.

Charles. I can assure your Lordship, I have done nothing that can make you blush to own me.

Bell. I believe thee, my Kinswoman made me give my word to inquire no farther ; and I have kept it.

Cha. You have, my good Lord.

Bell. I see thy Education has been good, and find thou art a virtuous Boy, and so ready in thy Service ; thy dilligence has almost out flown my thoughts ; yet it has kept pace with my desires : and every thing thou dost, thou seem'st to do with pleasure.

Char. I shou'd be wicked else, having so excellent a Lord and Master.

Bell. I use thee not as other Noblemen their Pages, who let Gentlemens Sons ride at the Tails of their Coaches, crouded with rascally Footmen : 'tis a *French* mode ; they used formerly to give 'em the same Education with their Sons, which made their Fortunes ; and 'twas a Preferment then, for a Gentleman's younger Son : Now, they are bred to Box and Dice,

BURY - FAIR

and Cheat with the Footmen ; after they're out of Livery, perhaps they turn to the Recreation of the High-way ; or the top of their Fortune is to take up in some Troop, and there's an end of 'em.

Cha. I must confess, your usage of me has been so Noble, that all the Service of my Life, can never make return.

Bell. Thou art too grateful. Thou Charm'st me too with thy pretty Voice : I'll breed thee up to be my Friend. But, prethee, what's the reason that thou, who hast been ready to fly at my Command, hast seem'd to be uneasy, and unwilling, to come to *Bury* ?

Cha. 'Tis the publick time of the Fair, when Men of all Countries flock hither ; and, as I told your Lordship, I was afraid of being discover'd, and that my Guardian wou'd find me out, and seize me : and, Heaven knows, I had rather Dye, than leave so good a Lord.

Bell. Kindest of Youths, I love thee so, I will not part with thee, let who will discover thee.

Char. My kind, good Lord, let me kiss your hands.

Bell. Besides, thou needst not be seen in the Fair ; only I am to Dine at Mr. *Oldwit*'s to day.

Cha. At Mr. *Oldwit*'s ! what do I hear ? *[aside.*

Bell. Thou art my little Friend ; I come to make love to his Daughter : She knows me not ; but I have seen her, and am extremely taken with her : the old man and I am agreed. I must entertain her with some Music : I know thou'lt lend me thy Voice.

Cha. Oh Heaven and Earth ! what killing words are these ! Ah me !

[aside.

Bell. Why dost thou sigh ?

Cha. If your Lordship Marries, as no Lady sure can resist you, I shall be cast off.

Bell. Prethee think not so, dear Boy ; thou art too secure of my kindness for that.

Cha. I ne'r shall please your Lady. Besides, the Ladies never can endure their Lords favourite Servants.

Bell. I give thee my Hand, I'll never part with thee, till thou quittest me,

Ch. I'll quit my Life when I do that. Oh fatal hour, wherein I saw those Eyes ! How many years of Misery are like to hang upon it ! *[aside.*

Enter Wildish.

Bell. *Ned*, my dear *Ned*, welcome to my Arms ! This is a happy Surprise.

Wild. My dear *Bellamy* ! my dear Peer ! I cou'd not embrace a Mistress with more Ardour ! I thought you had been so retir'd, I had lost you.

Bell. That was your fault : I have as pleasant a House and Seat, as most in *England*, that is thine as much as mine, *Ned*.

BURY - FAIR

✓ *Wild.* But 'tis in the Country ; a pretty Habitation for Birds and Cattel : but Man is a herded Animal, and made for Towns and Cities.

Bell. So many Pens of Wild Beasts upon two Legs, undermining, lying in wait, preying upon, informing against, and hanging one another : A Crowd of Fools, Knaves, Whores, and Hypocrites.

Wild. Hey, my Renegado Country-man : thou hadst once the Respect due to good Wine, fine Women, Music, Wit and Sense, and true Pleasure.

Bell. For good Wine ; I cou'd never be Drunk, but I did some mad thing or other, which made me ashamed to show my Face. For Women ; those that were worth the having, were hard to come by, and harder to put off ; besides, the immorality of the matter, gave me anxiety of Mind ; I saw Men of Wit, when they came to understanding, gave it over : and, when a thing must be done, 'tis best to do it quickly.

Wild. Thou may'st as well say, since we must dye, let's hang our selves now : No, that's time enough, when we are weary of living. At our years, leave Women and Conversation !

Bell. He that Debauches private Women, is a Knave, and injures others : And he that uses publick ones, is a Fool, and hurts himself. And for Conversation, 'twas all run into Parties and Politicks, and become Dull and Dangerous : The Living were such Knaves, I was resolv'd to Converse with the Dead, in my Study.

✓ *Wild.* But, in this late Scene of Action, the Knaves are pretty well laid open : and, for all those Parties, we cou'd meet with choice Company, truly honest, and with whom good Wit and Sence was stirring, and wou'd pass for currant.

Bell. Wit and Sence may pass in a Room with honest Fellows, but Noise, and Nonsense, always carry it in the World.

Wild. Pox on this dull Wisdom at our Age ! 'tis as unseasonable as Snow in the *Dogdays*. Canst thou think, my dear Peer, that thy Philosophy can tame the Vigour of my Appetites ?

Bell. I will no more suffer my Appetites to Master me, than Fire and Water ; they are good Ministers, while they can be kept under.

✓ *Wild.* I'de not give a Farthing for an Appetite that can be Curb'd : My *Stoic*, I'd have my Appetites high mettled, and run away with me.

Bell. And I must always think a Man a Slave, till he has Conquer'd himself : for my part, I had almost as leive be in subjection to anothers Appetites, as to my own.

✓ *Wild.* This is Spleen, Wind in the Hypochondriacks pent : Why, thou wilt Prophesie at least.

Bell. Come, dear *Ned*, we'll debate this matter at more leisure : Time will make you of my mind : for I observe, all men of Wit Reclaim ; and only Coxcombs persevere to the end of Debauchery. But prethee, what

BURY - FAIR

makes thee hereabouts ? I'll lay my Life, there's some Wench or other in the way.

VWild. May be, that may be somewhat ; but at present I come to ease my self from the Swearing, Lying, Roaring, Vaporizing, Cozening Noise and Tumult of *New-Market* : But I thought thou hadst renounc'd all Crowds, and shou'd as soon have expected a Hermit here.

Bell. A little time may satisfie you I have reason.

VWild. Ha ! *Bell.* What pretty Boy is this ? ha !

Bell. He is a Gentleman's Son, he serves me at present. I'll tell the more *entre nous*. But, in the mean time, he and my little Consort shall entertain you. *Ex. Charles.*

VWild. This is somewhat.

Bell. I will not live like an ordinary Hunting, Hawking Puppy ; I'll have my City Pleasures in the Country : of which good Musick being one ; I'll spare some Rogues, some Dogs, and Horses, to have that good.

Enter Charles, with Instruments.

VWild. I have been visited this Morning, by three most confounded Fops, that ever Plagued me yet ; and they talk'd of nothing, but the *VVit* and Breeding of *Bury* : *Trim*, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, and Mr. *Oldwit*.

Bell. There are those things in *Bury*, but as 'tis in Religion ; least among those who talk of them most, men are alwaies proudest of their foibles, and keep their Strength's conceal'd : If a fellow has but a difficulty of Speaking, or Stutters, his Tongue will never lye still.

Wild. A fellow that has one Leg shorter than another, will never stand still ; but Hop, hop, hop, round, round, round.

Bell. Observe any Fellow that has a stinking Breath, as if a Voice were not intended to be heard but smelt, will speak in your very Nose : and turn round as often as you will, he turns with you, and your Nostrils must have it. Come begin.

SONG.

VWild. 'Tis very pretty ; and delicately Sung.

Bell. Now I have got thee in the Country, I'll carry thee to my House, and make a Convert of thee.

Enter La Roch a French Peruke-maker, with his Man.

VWild. Hey ! *La Roch*, what makes you here ?

La Roch. Serviteur, Monsieur ; my Lor, vot Serviteur : I see your Laquais below, dat make me come up to kiss your hands.

Bell. How now, Monsieur Cutbeard ? what makes you at *Bury-Fair* ?

La Ro. Dis is de place dat is Fameux for de pretty Garl wid de cheveux

BURY - FAIR

blond, de farie haire : my Man and I come for buy de vite lock, indeed to gette de Monee to make de Pot Boyle, my Lor.

VVild. A thought comes into my Head : It shall be so. I will have some Diversion, while I am here.

La Ro. Dat bee de laſt Peruke I ſende your Lorſhip ? Begar, is fine Aire, Curle delicate morbleu : You talke o' de *Chedreux*, he is no bodee to mee ; dere is no man can *Travaille* vid mee ; Monsieur *VVildish* has gotte my Peruke on his Head : let me ſee, here is de Haire, de Curle de bouckle, ver good, ver good. If dat Foole *Chedreux* make de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hanga.

Wild. Hold, good Monsieur Snip-snap, I have another Employment for you : Were you ever here before ?

La Ro. No.

Wild. That's well. I muſt have you be a *French Count*. I remember we had a Count *de Brion* at *London*, paſſ'd upon the choiceſt Sparks, and beſt Bred Men and Ladies : I will have this Fellow paſs upon the Fops of *Bury*, and amuſe the wiſer ſort.

Bell. You will never be without ſome mad Frolick, or other : But this, certainly muſt be very pleaſant.

VVild. Of all female Creatures, my averſion is to the Lady *Fantaſt*, and her Affected, Conceited, Diſdainful Daughter : I will have this fellow perſonate a *French Count*, and make Love to the Daughter.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha, de *French Count* ! dat be ver well : ha, ha ! Make de Love ! begar, I come for make de Monee. Love ! Morbleu, de *French Count* ſpende de Monee, de *French* Peruke-maker make de *French Count*, he looſee de Monee.

VVild. You ſhall loſe no Money, you Puppy, my Man is acquainted with all this Country, and ſhall help your Man to buy the Wenches Hair, the pretty'ſt Wenches in *England* ; and if you be a *French Count*, you ſhall have the Wenches too ; all the Town will run after you : you'll be courted by every body, feaſted, and invited to Balls, and all Meetings ; but the Lady *Fantaſt*, and her Daughter, will be mad after you.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha ; de *French Count*, ver well indeed, ha, ha : I make de *French Count* : begar, Monsieur, I havè de Count of my Familee, I am a Gentilman of *Fraunce*. Indeed my Parens did condiscient to lette me makè de Peruke, for I delighted in it.

VVild. Go you Rogue, you ſhall do this, I am reſolv'd on't, or I'll cut your Throat. You ſhall have Cloaths and Ornaments of me, here are wholeſale men ; three or four Suits for Footmen will do, and we'll help you to the men too. I'll bear all the Charges ; I'll do it, if it coſt me a Hundred pound.

Bell. Are you in earneſt ?

VVild. Ay, by Heaven, it ſhall be. You ſhall be call'd *Monsieur le Count*

BURY - FAIR

de Cheveux ; you shall be entertain'd like a Prince : the VVomen will lye with you, as if the Devil were in them.

La Ro. Hah ! dat be ver good indeed ! I was not bred to make Peruke, it vas for my diversion I did ittè : I spent my time among de Gens de Quality in de Academy.

VVild. Yes, to Shave them, thou true Picture of a *French* Scoundrel.
[*aside.*]

L Ro. Dere I did appen to kille de Count for my Honneur.

VVild. Then there is a Count missing : you shall supply his place.

La Ro. I flay, dey seise on my Land and my Chatteaux ; and begar, it vas ver well for me dat I did delight in makè de Peruke ven I vas young indeed.

VVild. This good Breeding of yours will qualifie you excellently ! VVhy, you'll be Ador'd by the Ladies : But, of all, I charge you to Court Mrs. *Fantast* ; commend her VVit and Breeding.

Bell. Suppose she falls in love with him in earnest !

VVild. I'd give a hundred pound to see that. VVell, *Monsieur le Count*, let's to my Lodging, and fit you for this Enterprise.

La Ro. Hold, hold : if dey find me out, vil dey not wippè de *French* Count ? Begar, I no love to be wippè.

VVild. Upon my Honour, I'll protect you.

La Ro. Vel, vel ; no more to be said : I am *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*. *Serviteur Monsieur my Lor, vot tres humble Serviteur.*
Fala ha la. *Sings.*

VVild. Come, my Lord, your humble Servant, we are to meet at Dinner : I must about this business, my Heart is set upon it ; 'twill make an Admirable Farce.

Bell. Get thee gone, *Ned*, thou are a mad Fellow : I'll go and take a little Air.

La Ro. *Allons Monsieur* : Fa la la la la.

If my wise Conduct you please to rely on,
I'll make as good a Count, as Count *de Brion*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Gertrude.

Gert. **W**ELL, I am weary of the Life I lead here ; never poor Creature was so 'Teaz'd, as I am still, with my Stepmother, and her Daughter, the Old *Cucko* and the Young, that tire me continually with the same Notes of VVit and Breeding : And having

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themselves nothing but Folly and Affectation, are always reproaching me for want of both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Madam, my Lady Madam *Fantaſt*, having attir'd her self in her morning Habiliments, is Ambitious of the Honour of your Ladyship's company, to Survey the Fair.

Gert. Here's a foul Copy of one of 'em : I see, this Folly is Contagious. Tell her, I'll wait on her.

Luce. She will suddenly arrive at this Place, where she desires the Interview may be betwixt you.

Gert. I will haſte for my Hoods and Gloves, and the reſt of my Moveables, and be here instantly. *[Exit Gert.]*

Luce. A fine young Lady this, if she had but half the Wit and Breeding of my Lady.

Enter Lady Fantaſt, and her Daughter Mrs. Fantaſt.

Madam, Mrs. *Gatty* will kiss your Ladyship's hands here incontinently.

L. Fan. Come, my sweet Daughter, consider what I have said. Thou art in thy maturity of blooming Age ; I have bred thee to the very Achme and Perfection of *Bury* Breeding, which is inferiour to none in this our Island ; Dancing, Singing, *Ghittar*, *French* Maſter : And I'll ſay that for thee, my Jewel, thou haſt Sacrific'd all thy Endeavours to attain thy Education ; which, corroborated by thy Acuteness of Parts, have render'd thee exactly accompliſh'd, and together with the excellence of thy Beauty, juſtly admir'd by the Amorous Males, and envy'd by the malicious Females.

Mrs. Fan. To all that, which the World calls Wit and Breeding, I have always had a natural tendency, a *penchen*, deriv'd, as the Learned ſay, *Extraduce*, from your Ladyship : Besides the great Prevalence of your Ladyship's moſt ſhining Example, has perpetually Stimulated me, to the Sacrificing all my Endeavours towards the attaining of thoſe ineſtimable Jewels ; than which, nothing in the Universe can be ſo much a *mon gre*, as the *French* ſay. And for Beauty, Madam, the Stock I am enrich'd with, comes by emanation from your Ladyship ; who has been long held a Paragon of Perfection : moſt *Charmant* moſt *Tuant*.

L. Fan. Ah, my dear Child : I ! Alas, alas ! Time has been, and yet I am not quite gone ; but thou haſt thoſe Attractions, which I bewail the want of : Poetry, Latin, and the French Tongue.

Mrs. Fan. I muſt confeſs, I have ever had a Tendreſs for the Muses, and have a due reverence for *Helicon*, and *Parnassus*, and the Graces : But Heroic Numbers upon Love and Honour, are moſt Ravissant, moſt Suprenant ; and a Tragedy is ſo Touchant ! I dye at a Tragedy ; I'll ſwear I do.

BURY - FAIR

L. Fan. I must confess, my dear, thy Wit has more of Notoriety, than thy Beauty ; since the pretty various Diversions of thy Pen, have transmitted thy Fame of Wit, beyond the narrow limits of an Island. But it is now high time to manifest thy Judgment, in the disposal of thy Person ; and thou hast rejected a Multitude of Lovers.

Mrs. Fan. I am so much indebted to Nature and Education, that I am resolv'd not unequally to dispose of that Person, which (without vanity I may say) Nature by its genuine Bounty, and Art by its friendly Additions, have rendred not *disagreeable*, or void of *Attraits* : But all want of VVit and Breeding, does affect me with that unconquerable *Chagrin*, that, eh Gud, I cannot suffer such Fellows.

L. Fan. Mine own dear Daughter, to a hair ! And I must confess, we are troubled enough with it in Mr. *Oldwit*, his Daughter, and his Companions : Had not my Joynture been somewhat intangled, I had never had him. But Mr. *Trim* is as fine a Gentleman, as the Sun in all his Circuit sees.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, my *Eugenius* ! he is a finish'd piece of Humanity ; but has not the Estate I wou'd have.

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey Noddy*,

Mrs. Fan. Has a very good Estate, but wants the Noble Accomplishments of my *Eugenius*, whom I intend to preserve for my Platonic Servant.

Enter Mrs. Gertrude.

Sweet Madam *Gatty*, I have some Minutes impatiently expected your arrival, that I might do my self the great Honour to kiss your Hands, and enjoy the favour of your Company into the Fair ; which I see, out of my Window, begins to fill apace.

Gert. I got ready as soon as e're I cou'd, and am now come to wait on you.

L. Fan. Oh, fye, Daughter ! will you never attain, by mine, and my dear Daughters Examples, to a more Polite way of Expression, and a Nicer form of Breeding ? Fye, fye, I come to wait on you ! You shou'd have said ; I assure you, Madam, the honour is all on my side, and I cannot be ambitious of a greater, than the enjoyment of the sweet Society of so excellent a Person. This is Breeding.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, this had been a *Propos* : Observe my Lady.

Gert. Breeding ! why, this had been a Flam, a meer Flam.

Mrs. Fan. *Eh, Mondieu* ! this had been delicate *et bien tournee*. Call generous Complements, Flams.

L. Fan. Thus you had shown true breeding.

Gert. Breeding ! I know no breeding necessary, but Discretion to distinguish Company and Occasions, and Common Sence, to entertain Per-

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sons according to their Rank, besides making a Courtesie not awkwardly, and walking with one's Toes out.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud.

L. Fan. Let me tell you, you are a pert young Thing : you are a Curious Judge indeed, of the Art of refin'd Conversation.

Gert. Art ! Conversation ought to be free, easie, and natural.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud : Sweet Madam, despise not Art. Can there be any Conversation well drest, as I may say, without *French* in the first place, to Lard it ?

Gert. Some Fops indeed think so, that use it in every Sentence.

L. Fan. Nothing is so Confident as Ignorance.

Mrs. Fan. *Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem.*

L. Fan. Look you there : I have bred my Daughter a Linguist.

Gert. A Lady may look after the affairs of a Family, the demeanour of her Servants, take care of her Nursery, take all her Accounts every VWeek, obey her Husband, and discharge all the Offices of a good VVife with her Native Tongue ; and this is all I desire to arrive at ; and this is to be of some use in a Generation, while your Fantaſtick Lady with all those Trappings and Ornaments you speak of, is good for no more than a Dancing Mare, to be led about and shown.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu !* pray forbear, sweet Madam, forbear ; I am not able to hear this Blasphemy against true breeding.

Gert. It must needs be pretty *French* one learns of an *Irishman* at Bury. I believe 'tis a kind of bastard *French*.

L. Fan. Good Mrs. Gatty, you are very Confident.

Enter Oldwit, and hearkens unseen.

Mrs. Fan. Whatever you do, never speak against Art.

Gert. Art stiffens, and spoils Conversation, as Painting does Faces : if you hear never so many florid Coxcombs, they speak all alike ; and see never so many painted Women, they look all alike.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon dieu ! Quel fascheux ; Ex quovis ligno, &c.* Mercury's Statue is not made of every Wood.

L. Fan. Look you, I know your secret cogitations : Because you are so ill bred as to look like a Tallow thing, and will not improve your Complexion by Art, you obliquely reflect upon me and my Daughter, for our melioration of Nature.

Gert. Come, come, Madam, if you be ready without a Complement, to go to the Fair, I am ready to go with you ; but, by my troth, if you look for Complements, you must get them somewhere else. Come, I'll lead you.

Exit Gertrude.

Mrs. Fan. Ill breeding, *au dernier point !* Oh, my *Chagrin*. I kiss your Ladiships hands.

Exit Mrs. Fantaſt.

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L. Fan. Oh, Mr. *Oldwit*, wou'd you had been here, you wou'd have heard a fine deal of ill breeding from your Daughter *Gatty*.

Old. I was here at part of your discourse, and I heard nothing but good Sence from her.

L. Fan. Nay, she's like you.

Old. Gad take me, I am glad she is not like you.

L. Fan. I know your ill breeding ; but 'tis a shame you have not better cultivated your Daughter as I have mine.

Old. Cultivate ! A Pox on your affected stuff ; shou'd I have made her an affected Ass, to be laugh'd at, as you and your Daughter are ?

L. Fan. Prodigy of Ignorance ! my Daughter and I laugh'd at ! Whom even the Court, when we are there, perpetually Gaze at and Admire ; and all the Beauties and Gallants here make their Court to !

Old. A great many Flutterers do flock about you indeed, as small Birds wou'd about a Cast of Owls, to wonder at you.

L. Fan. This is most Stupendious.

Old. A Pox on this perpetual Noise about Wit and Breeding ! You made my Daughter by my first Wife run away, with Teazing her, and perswading me to be such an Ass to press her to Marry one of your formal Fops, against her will ; and now you are plaguing this poor Girl, to make her run away too, but I have agreed upon Articles with one that will soon rid you of her.

L. Fan. Most Exorbitant, and Amazing ! 'Twere well, if beholding us cou'd do any good upon her.

Old. No doubt it will ; as the sight of the Drunken Slaves did upon the *Spartan* Children. There's Wit, and Reading, for her. [*aside.*]

L. Fan. Were not we well fortify'd by Art and Nature, we might be obnoxious to the taint of your and her most unsavory Rusticity. While all the *Beau Mond*, as my Daughter says, are with us, in the Drawing-room, you have none but Ill-bred, Witless Drunkards with you, in your Smoaking-room. What punishment do I deserve, for making Alliance with so much Ill-breeding.

Old. What Plagues have I met with, in marrying an Affected Old Lady ; who, with her Daughter, take themselves to be VVits ! Their Tongues never lye still : At Dinner, they must have the whole discourse ; at dinner the Common Crier, were he there, cou'd not be heard ; no, not another VVoman. There's my Friend *Juvenal*, for you : VVit and Breeding.

L. Fan. My Daughter and I no VVit, and you have it ! this is most Astonishing : Ha, ha, ha. If ever you had VVit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and bury'd in the Grave of Oblivion.

Old. No Wit ! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was *Jack Fletcher's* Friend, *Ben Johnson's* Son, and afterward an Intimate Crony of

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Jack Cleaveland, and *Tom Randal*, have kept Company with VVits, and been accounted a VVit these Fifty Years, live to be Depos'd by you ?

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha. I, that was a Judge at *Blackfriers*, writ before *Fletcher's* VVorks and *Cartwright's*, taught even *Taylor* and the best of them to speak. I cannot go to *London* yet, but the VVits get me amongst them, and the Players will get me to Rehearsal to teach them, even the best of them : and you to say I have no VVit, I say, you have not, nor ever had, any Beauty.

L. Fan. Nay, now Mr. *Oldwit*, I can bear no longer. Shall I, that in my Youth Charm'd all the Gallants of that time, even to Fascination ; and in my Widowhood, but five years since, was Ador'd by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and captivated several of their Hearts, be thus Calumniated ! Know, I have more Beauty than you can make use of.

Old. Indeed, towards you, I am somewhat frigid ; but some in the VVorld know I have a Colt's Tooth.

L. Fan. I shou'd serve you right, to have others find out my Colt's Tooth too, though thou canst not.

Old. Thy Tooth ! the Devil of one thou hast, but what came out of *Bow-lane* : Three remaining Stumps there are, that look like three broken Pillars in a ruin'd Cloyster. And there's Wit for you now, and a Clinch to boot.

L. Fan. Poor Railing Buffoon ! there Wit ! Well, there are some of another mind, concerning my Beauty.

Old. Pr'ythee take thy course with them : Whoever commits Adultery with thee, it must be meerly the Act of the Devil ; there's nothing of the Flesh in it. What a Pox, you and your Daughter are notorious, for out-painting all the Christian *Jezebels* in *England*.

L. Fan. 'Tis false, rude Fellow : we only use a Wash, and lay on a little Red.

Old. No more does a Wall : but you, for your part, are fain to fill up the Chinks in your rivell'd Skin, as House-painters do the Cracks in Wainscot, with Putty. Pox on't, you wou'd by Art appear a Beauty, and are by Nature a meer Mummy. There's Wit for you again. Gad, I'll pepper you with Wit.

L. Fan. Did I not despise thee for thy want of Wit and Breeding, these barbarous Contumelies would exhaust Tears from my Eyes.

Old. If thou shou'dst cry, it would make streaks down thy Face ; as the Tears of the Tankard do upon my fat Hosts Belly-pieces. There's Wit again for you.

L. Fan. Farewel Brute.

Exit Lady Fantast.

Old. Fare thee well. He that would have the Devil more Damn'd, let him get him to Marry a She Wit. Now, for the Fair. Here ; who waits ?

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Enter a Servant.

Bid the Cook get Dinner within two Hours, at farthest.

Scene the Fair, with a great many Shops and Shows, and all sorts of People walking up and down.

Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Mask'd.

Gert. 'Tis pleasant to observe the mixture of People here.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, how pleasant 'twoud be, if none but the *Beau monde* made their *promenade* here ! but I hate the *Canaille*.

Millener. What d'ye lack, Ladies ? fine Mazarine Hoods, Fontanges, Girdles, Sable Tippetts, choice of fine Gloves and Ribbands.

Hosier. Stockins, Silk Stockins ; choice of Silk Stockins : very fine Silk Stockins.

Perfumer. All sorts of Essences, Perfumes, Pulvilio's, Sweet-bags, Perfum'd Boxes for your Hoods and Gloves, all sorts of sweets for your Linnen, *Portugal* sweets to burn in your Chamber. What d'ye lack ? What d'ye buy ?

Gert. I have no such contempt for the common People : they come near Nature, and have no Art or Affectation ; and there are a thousand Fops made by Art, for one Fool by Nature.

Mrs. Fan. Oh fye ! *Odi profanum vulgus, &c.*

Indian Gown-man. Fine morning Gowns, very rich *Indian* stuffs ; choice of fine Atlases ; fine morning Gowns.

Goldsmith. Will you please to Raffle for a Tea-pot, a pair of Candlesticks, a couple of Sconces.

Enter Mr. Trim.

Trim. Not all the Clouds assembled in the Firmament, can hide, or can eclipse so muffle the Sun, but we poor Mortals know it shines, and feel the warm effects. Why shou'd *Dorinda* think to blunt her pointed Glories, or conceal the Radiant Lustre of her conquering Beams ?

Mrs. Fantast. I see, to the quick-sighted *Eugenius*, nothing is obscure. Nor cou'd *Engenius* in the Dark be hid : that golden Tongue, and that sweet Eloquence woud soon reveal him ; as the Proscrib'd Senator was by his Perfumes betray'd.

Trim. How does the bright *Dorinda* make me blush, when she commends my Eloquence ; and in that very Act so much exceeds me !

Mrs. Fantast. Fine ! very fine ! *bien tourne !* that thought's very *recherchee*. Observe, Madam : this is a true Witty and well-bred Gentleman.

Gert. Now really, Madam, between you and me, this man appears to me a most extraordinary Shallow Coxcomb, as one can possibly see in a Summer's day.

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Mrs. Fantast. Eh Gud, eh Gud ! poor Soul, I pity thee : but, *assurance*, nothing can be more engaging than the Wit and Breeding of *Eugenius*.

Trim. I see, there is no contending with *Dorinda* : she will have the Ascendant over poor *Eugenius* ; his small Pinnacle must strike Sail to her Admiral. Wit.

Gerit. These Fops are very happy : for if an Archangel should tell 'em they were Fops, they wou'd not believe it.

Trim. Let me present to the fair *Dorinda*'s hands a little offspring of my Brain, the Tribute of my Morning Service.

Mrs. Fantast. I was just going to present *Eugenius* with the Issue of my teeming Muse, who was deliver'd this morning of a Pastoral : I must needs say, she had a good time, for she had an easy Labour ; *Aurora Mosis amica*. But pray let me read yours first.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Oh, Madam, does your Ladyship hear the News ?

Mrs. Fantast. What News ; *Luce* ?

Luce. Oh, Madam, such news, as perhaps may not be ungrateful to your Ladyships Ears. There is now, even now arriv'd a Noble *French* Count ; the finest Person my eyes yet e'r beheld : I saw him, heard him speak ; he speaks *English*. He has the prettiest Charming way ! no Lady sure can e're resist him.

Trim. Who can this be ?

Mrs. Fantast. Ha ! a *French* Count ? Oh Lord ! I am afraid I am not in Order enough : he'll certainly make addresses to me ; how is my dress.

She lets fall Trim's paper ; he stoops to take it up, and offers it her ; she neglects it.

Luce. Very *French*, and very exact.

Mrs. Fan. The report of me has certainly brought him hither. Heav'n a *French* Count, say you ! Now we shall see Breeding in Perfection : and I am glad I shall have the opportunity of appearing before so great a Judge.

Gert. How do you know but this *French* Count may be an errant Coxcomb ?

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, Madam, I beseech you betray not your ill Breeding. A *French* Count a Coxcomb ! *Mon dieu*.

Trim. It is not, my *Dorinda*——

Mrs. Fan. When shall our Eyes be blest with the sight ? when, think'st thou, will he make this place happy ?

Luce. My Eyes saluted him first upon the Change : his Landlord, who was with him, told me what he was ; from thence I follow'd him to *Cook-row*, and so through the Fair to the Bowling-green. His Air, his Meen,

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and his Deportment charm'd me so, I cou'd not leave him : there I saw him ride the Flying Horse, with his Equipage, which much delighted him.

Mrs. Fan. Shall we go to the Bowling-green ? My expectation is on Tiptoes, till I behold him.

Luce. That's a rare saying ! I'll remember that. My expectation is on Tiptoes ! Madam, he is gone from thence, and said he wou'd be in the Fair presently.

Enter Sir Humphry Noddy.

Trim. This sudden indifference towards me seems abrupt and temerarious !

The Shop-keepers cry all their Goods again, one after another ; and then all together.

1 Woman. Fine mellow Pears ; fine Burgamy Pears ; fine *Norwich* Pears.

2 Wom. Fine Ginger-bread : very good Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Yonder's my Mistress ; I know her, for all her Mask : I'll present her with a Fairing.

Sir Hum. buys some Ginger-bread.

Enter several Gentlemen ; two Country Wenches, and two Country Fellows, and People of all sorts, and walk about the Fair.

Sir Hum. Madam, 'tis not a Mask can conceal you from a Lover ; whether I see you or no, my Heart will leap up to my Teeth when ever you come in presence ; as a dead Body will bleed at the arrival of the Murtherer. Is not that well said, Mr. *Trim* ?

[Gives Trim a devilish kick on the Shins.]

Trim. 'Sdeath, my Shins !

Mrs. Fan. Mens Hearts seldom come so near their Mouths.

Sir Hum. Madam, let me present you with your first Fairing, a Heart.

Gert. Of Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Ay faith, pretty Lady.

Gert. Is it a true Image of your own ? Did you sit for it ?

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha ; a very good Jest ! Udsbud, there's a pair of Gloves of the same mettle, to stop your pretty Mouth. And, Mr. *Trim*, here is a Wise Cap, befitting your Gravity, and the Solidity of your Parts, for you.

Trim. Sir, there is an old Adge, that says, Familiarity breeds Contempt : I am past those Juvenile Joques.

Sir Hum. Alas, poor old Gentleman ! Come, Madam, walk, and let us see the diversions of the Fair : I warrant you, I'll make you merry.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, this Count ! Did you see the Count ?

Sir Hum. No ; but I hear there's a flaming *French* Beau come to Town. Will your Lordship Raffle a bout or two ?

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Gert. The activity of this Monky is as ridiculous as the Gravity of that Baboon.

Enter Wildish, and walks.

Oh Heav'n, *Wildish* here ! Down, down my Heart : Thou foolish Heart, why dost thou flutter so ? I see he is thus far a Man of Honour : If all he says, in his Letters, were as true ! And yet I know not whether I shou'd wish it.

Enter Lady Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, here is the rarest News ! Have you heard of the *French Count* ?

L. Fan. Ay, my Dear ; and therefore am come to bless my Eyes. His Fame is diffus'd throughout the Town : they say, he is the finest Gentleman that ever came to *Bury* !

Wild. Good ! It takes as I cou'd wish. [Wildish *plucks* Gertrude

Gert. How now, Sir, who are you ? *by the Sleeve.*

Wild. One who has lost a Heart, and apprehends you for it.

Gert. You are somewhat free of Carriage.

Wild. Think not, my pretty Mad-cap, that a piece of Velvet can conceal you : Your Eyes strike at every one you level at, like Lightning through a Cloud.

Gert. Very pretty ! Shall I oblige Mr. *Trim* with this fine expression ? he'll give you any Money for it.

Trim. Sir,——

Wild. Now is this Fop setting out his Bum for a smart bout at Complement.

Trim. It is so great an Honour to our Town——

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant. [Wildish *turns quick upon his Toe, and leaves Trim bowing.*

Trim. Is this his Breeding ? Indeed, when I left him, he led me not to the door of his Lodging.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *mon Dieu* ! here is that *London Wit*, that is a Laugher, and Scoffer ! I hear he has made a Lampoon upon *Bury*. I hate the Fellow.

L. Fan. He a Wit ! Mr. *Trim* or Sir *Humphrey*, wou'd make nothing of him.

Wild. Look you, my dear Mad-cap, I must love you, and will love you ; say what you can, do what you can, I will always haunt you while I am alive, and never leave you when I am dead.

Gert. Nay hold, good Mr. *Hothead*, I doubt not but our Lives will differ so, that we shall part when we are dead, Sir, whatever we do living :

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And a sure way to part while we are alive, would be to Marry, which Heaven forbid ; then it wou'd certainly follow to some purpose.

Wild. The Steel shall sooner willingly desert the Loadstone, than I my pretty Miss.

Gert. You are not sure in Earnest.

Wild. By Heav'n, and all the Powers——

Gert. I mind Vows in Love, no more than Oaths in Anger. That I were sure once that you were in love with me.

Wild. There is nothing to prove it to you, which I will not undertake.

Gert. Your Hand upon't.

Wild. My Heart upon't ; which here I present you.

Gert. Now have I one to Domineer over. Tremble ; for I will make thee such an Example, as shall be a Terror to thy Sex, and revenge all the Insolencies committed upon mine.

Wild. I am prepar'd for all thy Tyranny, good *Semiramis*.

Gert. I will make thee fetch and carry, and come at my foot, like a Spaniel.

Wild. And I will persevere so, I'll make thee relent, tho thou wert a Devil.

Sir Hum. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, come down Guinea's apiece, and Raffle for a Tea-pot : Come, *Jack Trim, Jack ; Mr. Wildish*, Ladies.

Trim. *Jack ! Jack !* ill Bred. For Complaisance and Breeding sake, I'll do't.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

The Lord *Bellamy !* My Lord, I can assure your Lordship, there is not a Person among the race of Mankind——

Bell. Sir, I am your humble Servant. My dear *Ned !* I see, here is all the good Company.

Wild. My dear Lord, I am glad you are come : here is the best Company in *Bury*.

Bell. 'Tis a delicate Morning : I have been sucking in the sweetest Air in *England*.

Sir Hum. My noble Lord, your most humble Servant. 'Tis indeed very fine Weather ; it used to be *Bury-foul*, instead of *Bury-fair*. Is not that a pretty Clinch, *Jack ?* [He gives him a rap on the Back.

Trim. Sir, let me tell you, there is a Spanish Proverb, which says, *Whego de manos, whego de Villanos*.

Sir Hum. Do you call me Villain in *Spanish ?* I shall reckon with you for that.

Bell. I'll put in for a Raffle with these Ladies. Come, Madam, will you Raffle for a Heart ?

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Gert. No, my Lord : that is usually a light, hollow thing, and not Sterling neither ; I am for massy Plate, that will endure the touch.

Bell. Mine will endure the strictest touch. If your Beauty be equal to your Shape and Wit, you Conquer all you look on.

Enter Charles.

Cha. What do I see ! that is my Sister ! He is already fix'd upon my Ruin, my Death. Sister, I ne'r till now cou'd wish thy Beauty less. If not discover'd, I am at least undone.

Bell. Come, *Charles*, thou shalt Raffle too : Here's a Guinea for him.

Enter Oldwit.

Old. My Lord, your Lordships most humble Servant.

Bell. Sir, I kiss your Hands.

Old. What a Pox, is this Puss my Wife here ? I'll lay my Life she hears of the *French* Count : I was in hopes she wou'd have been sullen, and we might have had the House to our selves. Come, come, off with your foolish Masks : My Lord, this is my Wife.

L. Fan. And this is my Daughter.

[*Bell. salutes her.*

Bell. I dare swear she is. [*Aside.*

Old. Mr. *Wildish* !

[*VVild. salutes L. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.*

This, my Lord, is my Daughter.

Bell. Madam, your Father has commanded me to do my self the honour of the VWorld I am most ambitious of.

Gert. You are resolv'd, my Lord, your Ambition shall be no danger to the Government.

Bell. I own no Government, but yours : Others, but rule the Body ; you, the Mind.

Cha. How can I hear my own sad Funeral Peal ?

Old. Mr. *Wildish*, my Daughter.

Wild. So, Madam, you have my Heart ; 'tis flown, I cou'd not hold it : look to it, and make much on't, and see that it comes to no Damage ; I shall require it whole, and safe.

Gert. 'Tis a light one, and always ready to whistle off at any Game ; and as ready to be lur'd back again : but, if I have it, I'll use it so, it shall be glad to be gone.

Wild. That Beauty cannot harbour so much Cruelty. Oh, that this Kiss wou'd last to Eternity !

Gert. Raptures are no more signs of Love, than Huffing is of Courage.

[*Sir Hum. steals to Old. as he leans upon his Cane, strikes it away, and flings him almost upon his Nose.*

Old. Oh, you Arch Wag you ! are you there ? ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Yes, that I am. Ha, ha, ha. Come, down with your Guinea. Now we have enough for a Tea-Pot, and a pair of Sconces.

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Bell. She's delicately handsom as an Angel ! what thinkest thou, myBoy ?

Cha. With Submission, my good Lord, I think she is mortal ; I am not surpriz'd with her Beauty. Look narrowly ; does she not look like a Shrew ?

Bell. No ; she is all sweetness in perfection !

Cha. I wish you find her not so : Fame whispers [They throw the Dice in Order.
somewhat of that kind.

*Enter the French Count, with his Equipage. The Shopkeepers all cry their Things.
The Count stares about him, munching of Pears.*

L. Fan. Daughter, Daughter ; yonder comes the *French Count* ! It must be he.

Mrs. Fan. *Mon Dieu*, it is he ! Nay, if Quality or Breeding scapes my Eye, I have lost my Cunning. What an Air ? what a Meen is there ?

Count. Nicholas.

Nic. Monsieur ?

Count. Takè de notice of dose two Garle, vatch dem, dey have de very fine Ayre.

Mrs. Fan. His Person is *Charmant*, Tuant his Air, victorious his Meen : *Mon pauvre Cœur* !

Wild. I cou'd not wish better success.

Gert. A most Charmant, Tuant Meen, in eating Burgamies : he out-craunches a School-boy on a Holy-day. I'll lay my life, he is an errant Coxcomb.

Count. Page, sette my Cravat-string. Ver well, ver well.

L. Fan. He is an incomparable Person !

Bell. Thy Farce is like to take admirably : the Rogue looks very stately, and Fantastical !

Wild. No Gudgeons ever took their Baits more greedily.

Count. Monsieur, Serviter tres humble. Have you forgottè me ?

Wild. *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux* !

Count. De same. I had de Honeur to wait upon you vid my Regiment of Gen d'Armes, on de right Attaque at *Luxemburgh*. Oh, my Lor *Bellamy*, I am surprisè ver much ! you did Charge my Regiment at de Battel of *Monts*. I will say no more of dat ; but, Begar, you did make us turnè de Back ; vich de Regiment never did before, nor since ; But is all one for dat, Serviteur tres humble.

Bell. The Rogue Acts it admirably !

Wild. You are welcom into *England*.

Count. I come to see de fine Lady, de grand Beauteè *English* ; which, Begar, is beyond all de Varle : yes indeed.

Bell. You have learnt the Language ?

Count. I speak a littel. I did keepè de Company vid de *English* Officeers ;

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de ver brave Gentleman indeed, to learnè de Langage ; for I did resolvè to come dis plas, for see de Beauteè & de Wit of *England*.

Trim. Perhaps, your most auspicious Stars cou'd not have guided your wandring course to a more proper Region of the Earth, than this little City of *Bury*, for the full Satisfaction of both these Curiosities you are pleas'd to mention : nor is in all the Regions of Earth you have Survey'd, a Person more devoted to your Service, than your most humble Servant *John Trim*.

Count. Monsieur *Jean Trim*, you do me de grand Honeur ; Begar, me am your humble Serviteur. Jerny bleau, dis fellow be one great Fool indeed. [aside.]

Wild. That is the Lady and Daughter I told you of : this is the Lady's Husband.

Count. Is ver well : lette me alone for dat.

Mrs. Fan. A most admirable Person of a Man ! his Eyes brillant, and fièrre ! my Heart is gone : he may say, as *Cæsar* did, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

L. Fan. My Eyes never beheld a Parallel.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud ! how the French Nobless outshines our's ! me-thinks, they look like Tailors to 'em.

Sir Hum. Monsieur, your most humble Servant : welcom to *Bury*, as I may say.

Old. My Lord Count, you are heartily welcom to *Bury* : and I beg the honour of your Company at Dinner, at my House.

Count. Monsieurs, me kissè your hands : me did tinke to invitè de Shief Majiſtrat, I don know vat you call him, Oh, is Alderman, to takè de Collation vid me ; buttè me can no refusè de faveur.

Mrs. Fan. I am transported with Joy !

L. Fan. Daughter, speak to him in *French* ; he seems already Captivated with your Looks.

Count. You are appy in de Conversation of de very fine Ladeè ; buttè to lette you know my Skill, my Cunning, me vil gage a hundred Piſtol, dat dat fine Ladeè, and her ver pretty Siſter, are de French Ladeè.

Old. Ounds, this Count will make my damn'd affected Toad so proud, the Devil wou'd not live with her. French, and Siſter, with a Pox !

L. Fan. We have often bewail'd the not having had the honor to be born French.

Count. Pardon me ; is impossible.

Mrs. Fan. *Monfoy, je parle vray* : we are meer English *assurance*.

Count. *Mon foy, je parle vray !* vat is dat Gibberish ? Oh, lettè me see ; de Fader is de Lawyere, an she learne of him at de Temple ; is de Law French. I am amazè ! French Lookè, French Ayre, French meen, French movement of de Bodee ! Morbleau. Monsieur, I vill gage 4, 500 Piſtol, dat dese two Siſter vere bred in *France*, yes. Teſte bleau, I can no be deceive.

BURY - FAIR

Mrs. Fan. *Jeevous en prie*, do not ; we never had the blessing to be in *France* ; you do us too much honour. Alas, we are forc'd to be content with plain *English* Breeding : you will bring all my blood into a blush. I had indeed a *penchen* always to *French*.

Cou. Penchen ! vat is dat ? Oh, is Law *French*. You puttè de very great Confusion upon me : I tought it was impossible to find dat Meen, Ayre, Wit, an Breeding, out of *France*.

Old. French ! why, my Lord Count, this is my Wife, this is her Daughter.

Cou. Daughtere ! dis young Ladee havè de Daughtere ! Begar, you makè my Head turn round, an mine Hair stand up : is impossible. Pardon me.

L. Fan. My dear sweet Lord Count, you pose me now with your grand Civilities : She is my Daughter ; I was Marry'd indeed exceeding young.

Cou. Begar, Madam, den you be de pretty Modere, she de pretty Daughtere, in de whole Varle. Oh mine Art, mine Art ! dose Eyes, dat Ayre, ave killè me ! I broughtè de Art out of *France*, and I ave lost it in dis plas : is gone, Madam ; an Morbleau, you see now de French Count vidout a Heart.

Trim. With what frigidity she looks on me ! and with what warm Transport she seems to pierce the Frenchman through ! *Varium & mutabile semper fœmina.*

Re-enter Bellamy, Wildish, and Gertrude.

Wild. What would you give for such a Servant ?

Gert. Just as much as I wou'd for you : I had not so much as pitch'd upon a Country yet for my choice ; but methinks *France* should be the last. I like not these Apish Counts ; they're meer Kickshaws.

Bell. You judge right, Madam, of this Count at least.

Gert. Indeed, he seems to me a very choice Coxcomb.

Cou. Oh, Madam, you have de fine Haire, de very fine Haire ! dose tresses Conquer de Lover ; *Cupid* make his Net of dat Haire, to catchè de Art : de couleur delicat, better den my Peruke is great deal : Begar, if I had dat Haire, I wou'd makè two tree Peruke of dat.

Wild. Pox on you, you Rascal. You are no Barber, Sir ; yoe are a Count.

Cou. Havè de Patiance : dat is, me could makè de Peruke two tree ; buttè I vould makè de Locket, de Bracelet, an de pretty Love knack.

They all cry their Wares. Enter several Jack Puddings, and give Papers.

1 Pud. A very good Monster ! a very pretty delicate Monster : the like ne'r seen in *England* ! The Monster is just now beginning.

BURY - FAIR

² *Pud.* Pimper le Pimp, the *High German* Juggler ! pray walk in, and take your places ; 'tis the last time of Showing this morning.

Cou. Vat is Pimp ? Vat, does he lette a de Whore at de Fair ?

¹ *Pud.* A most delicious dainty monster, the most delightful monster, the prettiest monster ever was seen ! The most admirable ! The most incomparable monster !

Cou. Ha, ha, ha. *Begar*, I likè dis *Jean Pudding* very well ; I vill talkè vid him, *Begar* : he makè me Laugh dis morning, he almost killè me.

Wild. You Rogue, remember you are a Count, and no Barber, Puppy.

Mrs. Fan. You see his Wit and Judgment ! he finds out good Breeding immediately !

Gert. Yes, he has found Wit in a *Jack Pudding*.

Cou. Morbleau, Madam, I have see de Marionettè de *Jean Pudding* in France, dat have de great deal of Esprits, and of de Wit : de very pretty man, and de very good Company ; yes indeed.

Mrs. Fan. No doubt, Sir, *Assurement ouy*. Look you, Mrs. Gatty.

Cou. *Begar*, dat be very merry Gentilman ; he have de great deal of Wit, *assurement ouy*. *Teste bleau*, de Insolence of Peasant *English* !

[*Sir Humphrey finds a Country Peasant leaning upon his Staff ; he strikes it away, and he falls backward. Another Peasant knocks Sir Hum. down : he rises, and Draws. Several of the Mobile joyn with the Peasant : the Gentlemen Draw, and Rescue him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*

Wild. Death, let's in, and Rescue him.

Bell. Sir *Humphrey*, you have suffer'd for your Wit I see.

Old. Only a Head broken, that's all : the inside of your Head will often endanger the outside, Sir *Humphrey*.

Sir Hum. Pish, this is nothing. Pox on't, an accident ; a meer Accident. Gad take me, I'll have my Jest, let what will come on't.

Cou. Insolent Peasan ! *Begar*, me vill kille two tree tousand Peasant. Strikè de Gentilman ! Sire morbleau, me vill helpe you to kille de damn Peasant.

Old. Come, come to my House : my Daughters Woman shall lay you on a Plaister.

Cou. I voud be glad to putte my Cutto into de Body of de Peasant, dey have fright de Lady.

Bell. But, *Monsieur le Count*, our Peasants have Quarter-staves ; and if Gentleman go to run 'em through, they will knock 'em down : and we commend 'em for't.

Cou. De Peasant ! *begar*, de Peasant be de Slave, de Dog, morbleu.

Bell. Our Peasants wear Shooes and Stockins, and lye warm ; and have good Meat and Drink in their Houses.

Wild. Your King is a King of Dogs then : but how much greater is

BURY - FAIR

ours, who is a King of Men, and Free Men ! Ours Governs the willing, he the unwilling.

Cou. Your King great as our King ! Jerny, your King can do noting, dere is de Law, de Parliament, I don know vat begar : my King can send for my Head wen he pleas ; yes indeed, hum.

Old. My Lord Count, 'tis almost Dinner time.

Wild. The Rogue talks, as if he were of the Blood Royal.

Bell. Yes, like the next Successor.

Cou. Yes, Begar, he can send for my Head : and dat be very good for him.

Wild. But my King cannot send for my Head when he please.

Cou. Morbleu, dat be very good for you : yes indeed. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Oldwit, *Lord Bellamy*, *Wildish*, *Sir Humphrey*, Count, Trim.

Old. COME my Lord Count, my Lord *Bellamy*, and Gentlemen, may good Digestion wait on Appetite, and Health on both ; as *Mackbeth* says : Ah, I love those old Wits.

Wild. You are a Wit in your Heart.

Old. Ay, faith, so I am ; and I love to be merry at Meals. Ah, Wit is as necessary as good Wine at Table.

Sir Hum. Ay, faith, so 'tis : I summon up all my Wit at Dinner.

Old. My Lords, and Gentlemen, we'll into my Smoaking-room, and sport about a Brimmer ; and Wit shall fly about like Hail-shot. Oh, the Wit that I have heard in that Room !

Bell. We will wait on you soon ; but I have promis'd the Ladies an Entertainment, with a little Concert of Musick by my own Servants, who are ready now : and I desire you will call the Ladies, Sir.

Old. If your Lordship please ; but, faith, we had better be a Topping.

Sir Hum. Did you ever hear the *Thetford* Musick ?

Bell. Not I, Sir.

Sir Hum. 'Sbud, they are the best Musick in *England* : there's the best Shawm and Bandore, and a Fellow that Acts *Tom of Bet'lem* to a Miracle ! and they Sing *Charon*, *Oh gentle Charon*, and *Come my Daphne*, better than *Singleton* and *Clayton* did.

Wild. Here's the pleasure of Country Conversation, *Bellamy* : Had not a man better be condemn'd to the Gallies, than endure it ?

Bell. I am of your Opinion, *Ned* ; and for that Reason, never have such

BURY - FAIR

Company at my House : if I have, 'tis but for once ; for Country Gentlemen, unless you repay their Visit, are too proud to see you twice : and I never Visit any, but such as I like very well.

[*Sir Hum. Dumfounds the Count with a smart rap on the Shoulders.*

Cou. Morbleu, vat is dat ? Monsieur *Wildish*, did you hittè me ?

Wild. Not I, Monsieur.

[*Sir Hum. raps him again.*

Cou. Nor you, my Lore ?

Bell. Not I, Monsieur le Count.

Coun. Ventre bleu, is dere again ! Sire, vat you mean by dat, to strike me between de Head and de Shouldere ?

Trim. My Lord, if your Honour had given your self the leisure circum-spectly to have made Inquisition into any part of the History of my Life and Breeding, or into the sedate Composure and Serenity of Mind, you might easily have Collected that I am a Person that either never exercis'd my self in such Juvenile and Jocular Diversions ; or, at least, have totally abandon'd them.

Cou. Begar, dis be de very great Fop, Teste bleu, I no understanda him. Agen ? is de Diable. Ah, may foy, is dat merry Gentilman. Ha, ha, is very good Jest indeed ; but, Begar, you hittè me too hard indeed.

[*Sir Hum. raps him again.*

Sir Hum. Nothing, nothing at all, my Lord Count, among Friends : I can't forbear my Jest, i'faith ; let's Kiss, and be better acquainted.

Cou. Vid all mine Art. (*Kiss.*) Ha ! who Shavè your Face ? lettè me see : he leavè two, tree, four great Stumpè, dat prickè my Countenance. Oh fie ! dese Barbiers English can do no ting : If I wou'd takè de (*Snaps his fingers*) Trade, Begar, I voud starvè dem all. [*Snaps his fingers again.*

Wild. Sirrah, Rogue, remember you are a Count still.

Cou. Is all one : I sometime takè delight to Shavè de Nobless of France, for my plaisir. [*Enter Charles with the Musick.*

Enter Oldwit, and Lady, Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Women and Chamber-maids.

Old. Now, my Lord, let the Musick strike up ; here are the Women : I long to be at Brimmers.

Sir Hum. Now for a fit of Mirth.

Bell. Come *Charles*, begin. *They Sing an Italian Song of two parts.*
You must excuse it ; 'tis Country Music, Madam.

Gert. 'Tis admirable ! the Court has no better.

L. Fan. You must be putting in, with your ill Breeding ! If any Traveller shou'd affirm that *Italy* afforded better, I shou'd humbly demand his Pardon.

Mrs. Fan. I am swallow'd up in Admiration ! *je suis astonne !* I am

BURY - FAIR

only in doubt, whether the Harmonious Composition, or the elegant Performance, be most Charmant.

Cou. Dat is admirable bien dict, Madam !

Old. I had a Daughter that sung——But, no more of her.

Char. What do I hear ? I'll haste away : Farewel. *Exit Charles.*

Gert. I never heard a Voice and Manner so like my poor Sister's. I thought he had some resemblance of her, but that he's of another Complexion : But he was so Bashful, he wou'd not show his Face.

Sir Hum. My Lord, can they sing *Lilly Burlero* ? or have they e're a merry Song ?

Bell. My Servants are no Fiddlers.

Old. Come, come my Lords and Gentlemen, into my Smoaking Room : Women, go pack into the Drawing Room, and play at Toe Gleek, or Ombre ; go.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, get the French Count with us, or I am Ruin'd. Oh, he is the finest Personage, and most agreeable !

L. Fan. Good Mr. *Oldwit*, you will betray your ill Breeding : Entertain one of the *French* Nobless with Smoaking and Sotting ! he shall with us. You show your Wit, and not a word of *French* among you !

Old. 'Sdeath, my Wit ! dare you profane my Wit ? Thou old, ill-bred, silly Creature, I'll teach thee better Breeding, and make thee submit to thy Lord and Master.

Cou. Sir, I beg your pardon ; I am for de Ladee : I no Drink, I no Smoak. Come, Madam, vee vill play at de petites jeux, or some ting or oder. Begar, de smoke spoil my orangery and Pulvilio.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I love de Petites jeux extremement.

Trim. I am also for the Ladies ; to whom I have ever Sacrific'd all my devoir : Madam, I kiss your hands.

Mrs. Fan. Pish ! But as I was saying, Monsieur——

Trim. Ha ! must I be Sacrific'd to that Kickshaw of a *Frenchman* ? It shall not be long e're he receive a Chartel from me.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Oldwit* is so importunate, that I cannot leave him yet, i'faith ; but I'll steal away, and pay my Duty to you.

Mrs. Fan. No, no, Sir *Humphrey*, no matter : the Count is an Accomplish'd Gentleman. Monsieur, you were speaking——

Sir Hum. Say you so, Ud'sbud ? the Count my Rival ! I will take an occasion to kick that damn'd Count most exceedingly.

Old. Daughter, meet me half an hour hence, without fail, in the great Dining Room above.

Gert. I will, Sir.

Wild. Pray let it be within a quarter of an hour, for most important Reasons I will give you there.

BURY - FAIR

Old. I have contriv'd an opportunity for your Lordship to be private with your Mistress, my Lord.

Bell. You infinitely oblige me, Sir.

Old. Come, now let's all into my Smoaking-room. Go, Womankind, pack away to your Cards, and your Tea. [Ex. Count and Ladies.]

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I humbly take my leave, to withdraw with the Ladies.

Old. No, faith, shall you not. Sir *Humphrey*, take him you by one Arm, and I'll take him by the other.

Trim. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, commit not a Rape upon me, I beseech you : I drink not between Meals. Did you know how averse I am—— Sir, Sir, I would not be Intoxicated for the Universe : Sir, Sir.

Old. Come, my Lord, and Mr. *Wildish*.

[Trim talks all the while they hale him.]

Bell. & *Wild.* We wait on you.

Bell. What are we Condemn'd to ?

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Lord Bellamy, Wildish, Sir Humphrey, and Trim.

Old. Here, where is this damn'd Butler ? bring the Monteith, and Bottles. Well, Mr. *Wildish*, you are one of the top London Wits.

Wild. Not guilty, upon my Honour.

Old. No matter for that. But did you ever hear more Wit fly about a Dinner at London ? Such Broadsides and such Merriment, my Lord ?

Wild. Yes, indeed, a great deal of Wit did fly about the Room.

Sir Hum. Sir, your humble Servant. When my Lady ask'd me for a piece of Rabbet, you remember I told her it was a Rawbit, for 'twas not roasted ; ha, ha, ha.

Trim. That was a good jest indeed.

Sir Humphrey. She ask'd me, if I wou'd have any Custard ? I told her, I was not such a Fool to refuse it.

Old. And, when she ask'd me, Will you have any Woodcock, Husband, I answered No : I will have some Goose, Wife. She thought to have put the Woodcock upon me ; and I put the Goose upon her, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha : Very good ! excellent ! [The Count and he Laugh.]

Trim. These Gentlemen, Mr. *Wildish*, are Witty, I must confess they want not Salt, and are indeed very Jocose ; but I wou'd gladly hear something from your self, and my Lords Honour, that savours more of Solidity, than what they hitherto have produc'd.

Wild. Are you always thus Witty, Sir *Humphrey* ?

Sir Hum. Oh, ay. The Judges, when they come the Circuit, certainly send for me : they love my Company.

Bell. Do Judges love this way of Wit ?

Sir Hum. Ever while you live ; and your Serjeants, and Doctors of

BURY - FAIR

Divinity : the last time I Din'd in such company, I told a Story of a Doctor of Divinity, whose Wife us'd to entertain him with three Dishes every day ; Bitter, Pout, and Tart. There was such a Laughing, they Roar'd out again : The Ladies Tyhee'd under their Napkins ; I am the Son of a Whore, if the Tyhee did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman as she was a Drinking, and she squirted out the Beer out of her Nose, as an *Indian* does Tobacco. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Prythee, dear Sir *Humphrey*, forbear ; I am not able to bear it : I have laugh'd my self sore. Mr. *Trim*, what ails you ? you are melancholy.

Trim. I must confess, Sir *Humphrey* is a man of neat concise parts, and exceeding Jocular ; but my way is to affect, being more grave and solid.

Old. Grave and solid ! Come, come, you want a Bottle. VVhy, Sirrah, Butler, come quickly. You shall have a whisking Bumper.

Trim. Sir, I protest against Bumpers : I wou'd not drink a Bumper for the Universe.

Enter Butler, placing Glasses and Bottles.

Old. Rascal, make haste, you lazy Elephant : and, d'ye hear, bring me my Horn I use to Drench the Restive Drinkers with. I'll make you take your Dose.

Trim. That men shou'd cloud the Faculties of their noble Souls, and put their minds, as 'twere, into a Mist !

VVild. VVy, you can make a Joque, Sir *Humphrey* upon any thing.

Sir Hum. I seldom fail, thank God.

VVild. Let's hear now, upon the VVainscot.

Sir Hum. Pshaw waw ! 'tis weak Wainscot.

Bell. How so ? 'tis good *Danish* Oak.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha ; you know, the weakest goes to the VVall : the VVainscot goes to the VVall ; *Ergo*, weak VVainscot. Ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha : passing good !

Sir Hum. I am ready again : Reprieving VVainscot.

VVild. How so ? the Devil can't find that out.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha : why, Wainscot saves many a Hanging :

Old. Ha, ha : admirable ! for, if I had not VVainscoted my Rooms, I must have had Hangings. He'l kill me some time or other.

Bell. Upon the Window.

Sir Hum. Why 'tis a damn'd mutinous Window ; for 'tis full of Quarrels : You shall never take me at a Why not.

VVild. Upon the Looking-glass.

Sir Hum. Why, 'tis an Ill-natur'd Looking-glass.

VVild. How so ?

Sir Hum. Because it makes Reflections ; ha, ha.

VVild. Upon the day.

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Sir Hum. Upon the day. Hah, hum ; why, 'tis a scabby day.

VVild. A scabby day ?

Sir Hum. Ay, because the Sun's broken out.

Old. For the love of Heav'n, dear Friend, not so fast : I cannot suffer it. Come, Sirrah, a Bumper.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there are four Gentlemen come to wait on you.

Old. Who ? Butler, remove the things into my Parlour : this [*Whisper.* Room's too little. Come, Gentlemen ; I beseech you secure the Prisoner. [*They lay hold on him.*

Trim. Sir, you have Company enough, I beseech you, Sir ; Sir, I disclaim Drink between Meals. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gertrude.

Gert. *VVildish* is not here yet ; I am come somewhat before my time, to fly from the horrible Impertinence in the Drawing-Room. I'll lay my life, this French Count is some idle Scoundrel, and an Impostor.

Enter Wildish.

VVild. Madam, your most humble Servant : you have not stay'd long, I hope.

Gert. Not at all for you, I assure you, Sir : my Father appointed me—

VVild. Not this quarters hour yet, by my Watch.

Gert. It wants nothing by mine : but you Sparks have such vanity, that you are ready to turn every thing to your own advantage. Can you believe I come to meet you here ?

VVild. Is it not fitter for your Youth and Beauty, to meet an honest young Fellow, who is in Love with you to Madness, than an Old Fellow with musty Sayings, old Proverbs, and wise Counsel ?

Gert. Don't abuse my Father behind his back. He wise ! No wiser than your self : He is a *Bury* Wit, as you are a *London* one.

Wild. I a Wit, Madam ? You are resolv'd to use your Sovereign Power over me ; and I'll show you my Passive Obedience. Do you Swagger like a Tyrant ? you shall find I can bear like a Slave.

Gert. Yes, you can act a Slave for a time, in hopes of making me one ever after.

Wild. Ah, Madam, those eyes were made to Conquer, and preserve their Conquests : where e're they come, they'll Govern always.

Gert. For all that, if I were Marry'd to you, which Heav'n avert, you wou'd, within three months, be apt to think my Maids eyes, though a Doudy, more Victorious.

Wild. It is impossible : I cou'd as soon prefer a farthing Candle to the Sun.

Gert. Nay, I shall never try.

BURY - FAIR

Wild. I am resolv'd I'll never leave you : I will wait upon your Person, or watch about your House continually.

Gert. But I'll command you from me ; I'll try my Dominion.

Wild. In what ever I can, I will obey you : but you may as well command your Shadow from you, in the Sun-shine.

Gert. I'll call in aid, to remove you farther.

Wild. Not Bombs, or Cannons, can do that. While you are awake, I'll ne'r be from you ; and when you sleep, I'll watch, and sigh, and sing my Complaints about your House.

Gert. Sure you dare not be thus bold !

Wild. By Heav'n, I cannot help it : and look to it ; for this in *Bury* (as all little Towns are full of Tatling and Censure) will bring Scandal to you, at least, if it does not produce Love in you.

Gert. For Love, I am sure it shall not : and for Scandal, I'll remove.

Wild. Where ever you go, you have fast hold on my Heart-strings, and will tug me along with you.

Gert. If I have, I'll tug you, I'll warrant you, till I crack them. These are Flams : I'll to *London* ; there I shall be lost to you, like a Hare in a Hare Warren, and you shall yelp no more after me.

Wild. You are so fair, so bright, above all others, that I shall follow you by your Track of Light, and never miss you.

Gert. Are there any Lovers thus Impudent, to think to procure Love by troubling one.

Wild. Is it Impudence, to own your Power, and my Weakness ? In short, Madam, I am resolv'd to haunt you worse than any Beau, and pelt you with Billets doux some Fifteen times a day.

Gert. What, like one of those odious Creatures, will you Dress at me ? and tye Cravats at me ? and strut like a Turkey-cock, and prune your self ?

Wild. Even so ; and stare, and goggle at you ; and never have my Eyes off you, while I Side-box you in the Play-house.

Gert. What, where the Beaux draw up three Ranks deep every day ?

Wild. Yes.

Gert. Well, and I'll never cast my Eyes upon you for a whole Play together.

Wild. That will be over acted ; and cunning Intriguers will Censure you from that.

Gert. Very fine ! But I assure you, if you joyn with the Beaux, you shall never be look'd upon by me : for there is not upon Earth a more odious sight, than those Boxes full of ugly Beaux. I observe, the Beaux now are the ugliest Hatchet-fac'd Fellows about Town.

Wild. Fellows of five and fifty, with grizly Beards, set up for Beaux : and among these will I herd, when you are at a Play, that I may Ogle you, Fair.

Gert. Then will I leave the Play.

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Wild. So will I.

Gert. And to the Park.

Wild. So will I : where I will Side-glass you, turn when you turn,——

Gert. Then will I leave the Park.

Wild. So will I, and follow you to the Mall.

Gert. You will not dare sure ?

Wild. Yes I will : and strut up to you, with a Slur and a Coupee ; sing a silly new Song or two softly in your Ear, and put on an Air of Gayety, as if I had succeeded.

Gert. I'll soon shake you off, and go to the Drawing Room.

Wild. No sooner there, but I am with you : and 'tis as good a Scene of Ogling, as any.

Gert. Sure, I shall cast you off when I go to Church.

Wild. The Beaux are the most constant Church-men : you shall see Troops of 'em perk'd up in Galleries, setting their Cravats. There you shall be sure to find me : and I will stare you out of your Prayers. In short, my dear, sweet, pretty Madcap, I am resolv'd never to give thee over, while I have breath.

Gert. This is most amazing ! Art not thou a very Impudent Fellow, to talk thus ? Do you call this making Love ? why, this is making War ; worse than Blockades and Sieges, which they write of in Gazettes.

Wild. It is a gentle Siege ; but I will never raise it : I may fall dead before your Fort.

Gert. And that you shall, before you take it.

What dissembling Jade am I now. *Aside.*

Wild. Then will I haunt you at noon, at dead of night——

Gert. You will come a faithful Humble Bee, and Hum, and Buz ; as the *Rehearsal* says. *A noise of one coming up stairs.*

Here comes some body ! I'll not have the scandal upon me, of being taken alone with you. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. Oh, my Lord, I have had the Advantage of you, in stealing from yon confounded Company before you.

Bell. You have so ; but there's great enquiry made after you.

Wild. We were bad enough with our Punning Fools ; but that new Detachment of Drunkards and Visitants, made 'em compleatly the most confounded Company I ever was condemn'd to. Here are the fruits of the Country ! Prethee, my Dear Peer, fling off this melancholy thought of Retirement, and let us enjoy thee again in *London* : let me not lose my dearest Friend, for a Fit of the Spleen, or two.

Bell. Dear *Ned*, if any thing cou'd tempt me to that noisie Town, thou, and some choice Friends, whose Conversation I extreamly value, might do it : but I am weary of it, and dote upon my quiet Retirement.

BURY - FAIR

Wild. Man is not self-sufficient : he was made a Sociable Animal, and must have Conversation.

Bell. And that, by a Man of a good Estate, as you and I have, may be had in the Country.

Wild. Merry Meetings may be had ; but not so frequently, as your Sessions : and when you think you have a choice Company, in rushes some loud obstreperous Hunter, Hawker, or gocky, good for nothing else, and Roars about Dogs, Kites, and Horses, ; and spoils that Meeting. To keep open House, and entertain the neighbouring Coxcombs is worse than being Host of an Inn : and to meet Company elsewhere, is to be poyson'd with damn'd Wine.

Bell. I take care to meet none but good Company ; and where-ever we meet, we take a course to have as good Wine from *London*, as any there : and at my own House, I will entertain none but good Company.

Wild. Then the Country Gentlemen, who are most of 'em ill Company, will hate you, and you will have no Interest.

Bell. He that esteems himself by another mans opinion, is an Ass. My Tenants I make much of.

Wild. But what can be the diversion of a Country Life ? A man must be wak'd at three in a Morning, by the crack'd Voices of Huntsmen, with damn'd Bugle Horns, and the confounded yelps of Curs : and for want of Friendship with Men, divert themselves with their Enmity to Beasts ; and hunt as if the Devil were in 'em, till at dark night they are scarce able to dismount their Horses.

Bell. They are Fops, *Ned*, that make a business of Sport. I hunt with my Harriers half a dozen heats in a Morning, for Health and an Appetite : and, at Dinner time, let 'em be in never such full cry, I knock off.

Wild. There is some Reason in that ; but your true Country Squire lives in Boots all the Winter, never talks or thinks of any thing but Sports, as he calls 'em : and if an ill Day comes, saunters about his House, lolls upon Couches ; sighs and groans, as if he were a Prisoner in the Fleet ; and the best thing he can find to do, is to Smoke, and Drink, and play at Back-gammon, with the Parson.

Bell. These are of the strictest Order of Hunters, such as keep Journals of every Days hunting, and write long Letters of Foxchases from one end of *England* to the other. Tho these are Fops, *Ned*, a Reasonable man may enjoy himself very well in the Country.

Wild. How so ?

Bell. I have a noble House, an Air pure, and uncorrupted.

Wild. Which are to be had in *St. James's-Square* and *Hide-park*.

Bell. I view my stately Fields and Meads, laden with Corn and Grass ; my Herds of Kine, and Flocks of Sheep ; my Breed of Horses ; my Delicate Gardens full of all sorts of Fruits and Herbs ; my River full of

BURY - FAIR

Fish, with Ponds, and a Decoy for Water Fowl, and plenty of Game of all kinds in my Fields and Woods ; my Parks for Venison ; my Cellar well furnish'd with all variety of excellent Drinks : and all my own, *Ned*.

Wild. All these things have we at *London*. The product of the best Cornfields at *Queen-Hithe* ; Hay, Straw, and Cattle, at *Smithfield* ; with Horses too : Where is such a Garden in *Europe*, as the *Stocks-Market* ? Where such a river as the *Thames* ? Such Ponds and Decoys, as in *Leaden-Hall-Market*, for your Fish and Fowl ? Such Game as at the Poulterers ? And instead of Parks, every Cook's Shop for Venison, without Hunting, and venturing Neck or Arms for it. And for Cellars, from *Temple-Bar* to *Aldgate* ; and all that I have use of, my own too, since I have Money.

Bell. But I have pleasure in reading the *Georgics*, and contemplating the Works of Nature.

Wild. I contemplate the chief Works of Nature : fine Women ; and the Juice of the Grape, well concocted by the Sun.

Bell. Your fine Women, are a Company of proud, vain, Fops and Jilts, abominably Daub'd and Painted ; and I had rather kiss a Blackamoor, with a Natural Complexion, than any such : And, besides, many of them are so unsound, that making Love is become as dangerous as making War ; and the Wounds and Scars are dishonorable to boot. Then, for your Wine, 'tis attended with such Surfeits, Qualms, Head-akes, late Hours, Quarrels and Uproars, that every Scene of Drunkenness is a very *Bedlam*.

Wild. Poor *Bellamy* ! thou wert never happy, since thou left'st off those Noble Maxims, *Beati non numerant horas*, measure not your time by Hour-glasses, but by Wine-glasses. Oh, the sweet of a Brimmer at Midnight ! The Night was made for Beasts to sleep in, and for Man to Watch in.

Bell. And if I have no other misfortune but the Head-ake, and Puking in the morning, to hear of this Friend breaking a Collar Bone with a fall, that having his Scull crack'd by the Watch, another run through the Lungs by drunken Bullies ; and all this to 'Treasure up Diseases, if you shall arrive to a miserable Age.

Wild. Who would not be sick ten Days for one good Night, with Men of Wit and Sense ?

Bell. There's no true Pleasure but in Health.

Wild. What shou'd a Man do with Health in damn'd Country Company, which a man ought either to be a very good Philosopher, or none at all, to endure ?

Bell. What good does Wit and Sence do you ? do what you can, the Fops will be at the top of Pleasures ; and the Knaves will be at the head of all Business in spite of you ; and will bear down the World, that a man who has Wit can be good for nothing.

Wild. That makes the business of the World so foolishly done.

BURY - FAIR

Enter Gertrude, and Oldwit's Footman.

Gert. My Father is not here.

Foot. He commanded me to bid you meet him in this Room.

[She offers to retire.]

Wild. Whither goes my pretty Tyrant? 'Tho' your Father be not here, here is (I am sure) one humble Servant of yours.

Bell. That I am sure of, Madam, who is resolv'd to lay himself at your Feet, there humbly to receive his Doom.

Wild. What the Devil does he say? Is my best Friend my Rival? I hope, Madam, you are not in doubt, who that Servant is I spoke of?

Bell. What's this? Are we Rivals? This is the greatest misfortune that could have happen'd! Hold! perhaps it may be only his usual Gallantry to all young Women. Wou'd you cou'd see the Wounds you make in Hearts; then, Madam, mine wou'd expect your pity.

Gert. This is a very pretty Scene; runs smoothly off the Tongue, and is very well Acted: Can you do it over again?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, Mr. *Wildish*! I have been searching, and sending for you, all over the House. What? turn'd Flincher! Faith, I must have you down with me.

Wild. Here's my Lord's a Flincher too.

Old. I wink at that: I can give you some Reason for that, as we go. Daughter, you know what I have said to you of this Noble man: I cou'd not find out in all the Nation, such a Match. Do you mind me?

Gert. Yes, Sir ——— But, by your good favour, I'll find out for my self, for all that. *[aside.]*

Wild. 'Tis evident! What damn'd misfortune cou'd have fallen out like this?

Old. Come, faith, Mr. *Wildish*, you shan't scape so: Brimmers fly about handsomely; and we are a rare Company.

Wild. I must not discover my Love to this Old Fellow yet; I will knock him down, with two or three in a Hand. *[Exit with Oldwit.]*

Gert. How I hate this kind of Fooling! A Woman never makes so silly a Figure, as when she is to look demurely, and stand to be made Love to. *[aside.]*

Bell. Madam, the several Letters I have address'd to your Ladyship's hands, and my good Orator your Father, tho' you never saw me, have let you know who I am; and then you'll guess what I have to say.

Gert. 'Tis true, my Lord, I do guess, and therefore your Lordship need not trouble your self to say it; for all Discourse, about that affair, runs to the same Tune.

Bell. I never lov'd before; nor can I believe that any Man loves like me.

BURY - FAIR

Gert. 'Tis all alike. "Madam, your Beauties ! your excellent Accomplishments ! your extraordinary Merits ! Divine, &c. The lustre of "your Eyes ! and the rest. The honour to kiss your fair hands ! &c. All this we have in Romances, and Love and Honour Plays. Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious.

Bell. Cou'd I incline your gentle Heart to Love, then no Discourse of it wou'd seem so.

Gert. I can't tell that ; but as things stand now, indeed it makes me smile, to think of a grave Mother, or, for want of her, a wise Father, putting a Daughter into a Room, like a Hare out of a Basket, and letting him loose ; that is, to act the Part of a Lover before Marriage, and never think of it afterward. Then is she either to frown, be peevish, or sullen, and make no answers, or very scurvy ones ; or else to blush, hold down her Head, tell the Sticks, and play with her Fan, and say, I have no thoughts of Marriage, I am too young, 'tis time enough.

Bell. But, Madam, a Lady of your VVit and Sence, knows 'tis the great end that VVoman is design'd for ; and 'tis in vain for you to speak against Love ; for every look, and every word of yours, inflames me more.

Gert. There's a word now, Inflames, and Chains, and Fetters ! I warrant you ; One wou'd think a man were a Martyr, or a Slave at *Algiers* at least. VVhat conversation might Men and VVomen have, did not this foolish Love interpose !

Bell. 'Tis impossible for a Man to forbear thinking, or talking of Love, in the presence of so Beautiful, so excellent a Lady.

Gert. I cou'd expect no less : Beautiful ! Excellent ! &c. How sillily one looks, who must stand to hear her self Complemented ! My Lord, you are a Man of Honour, and I will speak plainly to you : I am resolv'd against Love, therefore pray deal frankly with me : Disappoint the Old Gentleman, and let's not have one word of it betwixt us. My happiness or ruin depends upon your Breath. I am too young and giddy, to fix upon so solemn a business ; and the pleasure I find in being free, cannot be bought at any rate.

Bell. Your Father, Madam, I hope may be a prevailing Advocate.

Gert. Hope is a very thin Diet, fit for Love in a Feaver ; but, to tell you true, I am apt to believe there is no such thing as love : but, if there be, I can assure you, you have gone the wrong way ; for my Father is no Outwork of mine : you may take him, but you are ne'r the nearer me. I am a free Heiress of *England*, where Arbitrary Power is at an end, and I am resolv'd to choose for my self. How happily am I reliev'd !

Enter Count, and Mrs. Fantast.

Look you, my Lord, here are a pair of Turtles ! The *French* Count has gotten an absolute Conquest. Let's retire, and hear the Love betwixt

BURY - FAIR

them : they'll divert us upon that subject, better than we can our selves. [They retire and listen.

Bell. I must obey.

Mrs. Fan. Now Monsieur le Count, we are free : we were embarrass'd with Company below, that we cou'd not enjoy our selves ; and some so ill bred, that, eh Gud, they caus'd such a *Chagrin* in me !

Cou. I am very appy in de occasion of kisse your And, in secret ; indeed de *Bury* Ladies be ver fine, ver prettee, and do me de great honeur ; buttè, Madam, your Lustre does outshinè dem, as the great Sun does de leetel Star dat twinkel, twinkel, in the Sky, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Monsieur, the ebat of your VVit will make any thing appear well : I must confess, I never have met such brilliant Conversation, as from your most agreeable person.

Cou. See bee de Victorious Ladee ; butte, begar, see speakè de dam *French* for all dat. *Aside.*

Mrs. Fan. En veritie, you have Charm'd them all ; but, mon foy, I hate the impertinence of a numerous Assemblée.

Cou. Oh, Madam, dere is no plaisir in de Varle, as de retirement vid so bright a Nymph : and, Madam, I must telle dat, now you have steale me out of de Companee, you cannot but perceivè me, dat I have de ver great and signal Passion for your Ladiship ; and I have but de few littel opportunitèe to say, dat, if you takè no Compassion upon me, you breakè mine Art ; and I must killè my self vid de *French* Bayonett, if you make de scorn of me.

Mrs. Fan. I am not so ill bred to scorn one of the Nobless.

Gert. Pray forbear, my Lord, they will come to the point presently ; wou'd you have us play the Fool thus ?

Cou. If you havè no scorn, de Indifferance is fatal, and vill killè me too.

Mrs. Fan. Sincerement, Monsieur, a Lady cannot have indifference for a Person so bien fait, and whose Conversation is Ravissant.

Gert. She comes on handsomely.

Cou. Ah, Madam ! I kissè your sweet And, for dis great honeur : buttè, Madam, if my Ambition might aspire at your Love, I vill be more appy ten Tousand time, den de great Monarch, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. You know very well what the Poet says :

Res est Solliciti plena timoris amor.

Cou. Ver well, Madam, you be de most profound Ladee, and de great Scholar. Morbleu, she vill findè me out ! Begar, I can no read. [*aside.*

Mrs. Fan. No, no assurement, pretty well read in the Classic Authors. Or so. Monsieur *Scudery* says very well : *L'amour est une grande chose.*

Cou. Hee bee ver pretty Poet too. Begar, she will puzzle me. [*aside.*

Mrs. Fan. Poet ! Monsieur, he writ Romances.

BURY - FAIR

Cou. Ah, Madam, in *France* we callè de Romance, de Poesie.

Bell. Oh, Rogue ! that's well come off.

Mrs. Fan. And, as Monsieur *Balzac* says, *Songez unpeu.*

Cou. Dat *Balzac* write de very good Romance.

Mrs. Fan. Indeed, I never heard that.

Cou. Je vous assure. A pox on her reading ! [*Aside.*] But, Madam, let de Poet, de Philosoph, say vat dey vill, begar I am so much in Love vid your Person, dat if you vill no bee in Love vid my Person, begar, I mußt killè my self in two tree day.

Mrs. Fan. Take time, Sir, I beseech you ; we mußt consider on this affair.

Cou. Madame, I have no time to consider ; de grand Monarch, my Maitre, wantè me for a Lieutenan General, to makè de VVar again *Holland* and *Flandre*, to burna de House, and to killè de Man, Voman, and Shilde, as de great Monarch does, for his Glory. And I vill speakè one proud Vord for my self ; he has not one Officier in his Armee dat burn, makè de Ravage, and killè de Man, Voman and Shildè, better den my self ; no indeed.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu !* that is Sanglant cruelle.

Cou. Pardon mee, Madam, is de Discipline of War to puttè de Village and de House in flamè, and vid de Pistolet to shoot de Voman paph in de Eare vid big Bellees, and de oder vid de Shilde in dere Arm paph paph, ver dum, ver dum, paph, paph, and to puttè de Pike an alf Pike into de littel Suck Shilde, and dey sprawl, sprawl, vid deir Arm and deir Leg, and make de ver pretty Shight ; and take de littel Boy and de Garle, so high, soe high, soe high, and stickè, and stickè de Rapier into de Bodee. Madam.

Mrs. Fan. This is very Bloody.

Cou. Oh, no, Madam ; dey bee de Enemee : de great Hero always burne and kille de Man, Voman, and Shilde, for deir Glory.

Mrs. Fan. If you Heroes be so cruel, 'tis enough to fright a Lady.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis de Enemee : buttè to de Maitress, de Heroes be jentle as de Lamb.

Gert. This Rascal mußt be an Impostor : I scarce believe he is a *Frenchman* ; tho' I have seen many a *French* Coxcomb, yet I never saw a *French* Clown before.

Bell. I will assure you, he is so : 'tis *Ned Wildish* his Frolick ; and 'tis fit you know it, before the business go too far. I'll tell you more.

Gert. Oh, the farther the better : I love mischief heartily.

Mrs. Fan. If I shou'd agree to your Honourable Proposal, I mußt lose you presently.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis for mine Honeur, you sall goe to my chatteau, my great House ; for I have several, vid de great Royaltee.

BURY - FAIR

Enter Lady Fantast, with several Ladies more.

L. Fan. These Ladies have entertain'd your, and my Lord Count's absence, with some regret and *Chagrin*, suitable to the occasion.

1 La. Ah, Madam, did you design to ingross my Lord Count?

2 La. That was foul play, indeed, Madam. Well, he's a fine Person!

Lord Bellamy, and Gertrude appear.

Mrs. Fan. Quelle me Impertinence! Why wou'd you bring them, Madam? I shall be a great Woman; he is Captivated to the last degree, he has ten thousand Pistols a year, and great Houses and Castles.

Gert. In the Air. *[aside.*

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye; how her pittiful *English* Lord looks, in presence of my *French* Count.

1 La. Pray, my Lord, do my Husband the Honour to Dine with him to morrow.

2 La. If your Lordship be not ingag'd, be pleas'd to honour my House at a Collation this Night.

3 La. My Lord, your Lordship shall do my Husband a great Honour, to take a Repast with him.

4 La. My Lord Count——

Mrs. Fan. They are all Amoreuse of him: his Eye is *Cupid's* Quiver, and his Beams the Darts.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. So, here's a very fair Assembly!

Mrs. Fan. He's engagee to Night, Ladies.

Cou. Ladee all, you do me de very great honeur: I wish I could divide my self; but I am engagee to wait upon this Lady, and her pretty Moderè. I find, she lovee mee, by dat Lye she makee for me. *[aside.*

Gert. I like your Frolick admirably, for all 'tis yours.

Wild. So well acquainted, to tell secrets, already!

Bell. They are very familiar: ha! 'tis most apparent!

Cou. Serviteur, my Lor: Serviteur, Monsieur *Wildish*. De Ladee make mush of de *French* Count: ma foy, you will see presentlee.

Enter Trim.

Trim. I am not a little afflicted, that I have been constrain'd to borrow my self so long, from your Ladyship's most——

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye! you smell of Tobacco to a great degree.

Cou. Ah, Madam! take my Peruke, and smellè de Pulvilio: here, Madam. *[He plucks his Peruke off, and gives it; she smells to it.*

Mrs. Fan. Mon Dieu! Obligeant! Here is Breeding, to divest himself of his chiefeſt Ornament, to gratifie my sense! 'tis very fine!

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1 *La.* 'Tis admirable, I swear !

2 *La.* Delicate, I vow !

3 & 4 *La.* Very fine !

{ *The four Ladies smell it.*

Cou. Is de ver fine Haire, Ladee : I have a great deal of de best in *England* or *France*, in my Shop.

Gert. How ? in your Shop ! Do you keep Shop, Monsieur ? How do you sell it ?

Cou. Morbleu, vat is dis ? Begar, I vill bitè my Tongue. Shop ! Shop ! I no understand *English*, Shop ! Vat you call de place de Jentilman puttè his Peruke ? Oh, his Cabinet, his Closet.

Mrs. Fan. Now you see, Madam *Gertrude* ; wou'd you have him understand *English* like one of us ? Je vous remercy ; there's your Peruke again.

Trim. Sir, be pleas'd to read that Chartel, and give me such an Answer.

Enter Sir Humphrey Noddy.

Sir Hum. Gentlemen and Ladies, I kiss all your hands.

Cou. Pox takè de Note : Ventre bleu, I can no read ; but I believe is a Shallengè.

Sir Hum. Madam, Udsbud, we have drunk your Health in Bumpers Supernaculum.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, fye ! stand off.

Cou. Hold : de Ladee no lovè de smell de Tobac.

Sir Hum. Are you there, i'faith ? I hate the sight of a *French* Dog, and I will pluck him by the Nose.

Cou. If I draw, dey will partè mee. [*aside.*] Morbleu, mine Honeur ! mine Honeur.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Insolence ! save the Count, save the Count. [*Bell and Wild. part them. The Ladies shriek, and run to the corner of the Stage. Oldwit staggers amongst them drunk. The Women run out shrieking ; with them, Ex. Trim, Sir Hum. Bellamy.*

Oldwit Sings. *There were three Men came out of the West,
To make Salt-petre strong, &c.*

Where are my Drunkards ? where are my Drunkards ? You flinchers, you sober Sots ! Where is my *Jezebel*, my Cockatrice, my Clogdogdo, as honest *Tom Otter* says ? A senceless Jade, with her Wit, and her Breeding : She steals away my Drunkards. Old Spouse, Mummy ; thou that wrap'st thy self every Night in Sear-cloths !

The Servants come in, and hold him.

Cou. Consider I did killè de Count, and have de Blood upon me. Vel, Monsieur, you vill takè de care o de business ; Morbleu, Pox takè

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de Note, me can no read, me can no Fight : vat me can do vid de Shallange ? *aside.*

Wild. You have done rarely ! let me alone ; I'll protect you : but let's fly the fury of this Drunkard. *[Ex. with the Count.]*

Old. Where is my Goad ? my damn'd for better for worse ? She has stolen my Drunkards and my Wits from me. Where are my Drunkards ? Rogues, let me go to my Drunkards, and my Wits, you Rogues.

There were three Men came out of the West,

To make Salt Petre strong ;

To turn it into Gun-powder

For to Charge the King's Cannon.

[The Servants hale him out.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VVildish, Trim.

Wild. **I** Am the Count's Friend, but he will not engage me : he says, he always Kills, for he never gives Quarter ; and he will not be the occasion of my leaving my Country. He must into France, he is a great Officer ; he has laid Horses, and will be ready to escape.

Trim. Is he so inveterate an Enemy ?

VVild. Yes, and Fences like a Provost : he throws in his Passes quick as Lightning, and hits what Button he pleases.

Trim. Then, if I reap the Honour of the Field, my Lawrel will be greater. At the East end of the biggest Church, you say, a quarter of an hour hence : I will not fail. I kiss your Hands, Sir. How ever the unfortunate arrival of this Count, who has prodigiously insinuated himself into my Mistresses affections, may have ruffled and disorder'd the wonted serenity of my Temper ; yet in all occasions that may occur, I assure you, Sir, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil. Your humble Servant : the Time fleets quick away, and Honour calls. *Exit.*

VVild. This formal Coxcomb, I find, is stout ; and the Count will find some trouble in him : but 'twill advance the Farce, to have the Ladies, who are stark mad after him, see or hear he's soundly Cudgell'd. *Enter Sir Humphry.* Sir *Humphry*, if you make not haste, the Count will be before you : he'll wait alone, at the East end of the great Church.

Sir Hum. A Pox on him ; does he Fence so devilishly, and never give

BURY - FAIR

Quarter? Bloody Rogue! But, what care I, I make no more account of this Count, than of a Jackanapes.

Wild. Never without a Conceit!

Sir Hum. Take me without a Jest? But I'll be gone, and make the French Count dance a *Minouet*. Your Servant. *Exit.*

Enter Valet.

Wild. This fellow may be a Coward, by his Vapouring. Have you found the Count?

Val. Yes, Sir: very melancholy at your Lodging, where he has told me the secrets of his Heart: he bewail'd this unlucky Quarrel, which he apprehends so much, that, were he not sure, as he says, of the Love of Mrs. *Fantast*, he wou'd leave his Countship, and run from *Bury* immediately. But he is now coming hither.

Wild. Well; go about your business, and say nothing yet.

Exit Valet.

Enter Count.

Count. Vell, Monsieur, vat is become of dis business vid Monsieur *Jean Trim*?

Wild. I told him, I was your Friend, and I have appointed him a place to meet you in.

Cou. Begar, I vill no meet.

Wild. I have pass'd my Honour, you shall be there.

Cou. Morbleu, I vill no be dere: Jerny, I vill telle you de secret. Dis fine Ladee Maitres *Fantast* is in Lovè vid me: Ventre bleu, I vill no fight; if I do, I am de very great Fool indeed, to lose de great Fortune; for if dis dam Rogue runnè me trough de Bodee, me losè de Maitress.

Wild. How, you Rogue? Lose her! you shall never have her: as great an aversion as I have to her, the Frolic shall not go so far.

Cou. Ma foy, you be mistakè: de Frolic shall go more far; yes indeed.

Aside. I vill no killè de Rogue, or be hanga for de Rascal.

Wild. Don't trouble your self: I have given him that Character of you, that he trembles at you; he'll never dare come. But we must be there, for our Honours sake.

Cou. Is de Coward indeed? *Aside.* Eh Morbleu, Monsieur, me fear no person dat veare de Head; but in dis case is no Prudence.

Wild. I have met Sir *Humphry*, and I have Challeng'd him to Fight with you, for the tweak he gave you by the Nose: and told him, I wou'd be your Second.

Cou. Jerny, vat is dis? Begar, I vill no kille two: I vill no meet dat dam Rogue, ma foy.

Wild. I have appointed him; you must be there: I believe he is a Poultron; but you will be Cudgell'd by all the Men, and scorn'd by all

BURY - FAIR

the Women, if you take the Tweak by the Nose. Come along with me, I'll tell you more.

Cou. Is better to takè de Cudgel upon de Shouldere two tree four time, den to have de Rapier trough de Bodee one time : yes, a great deal better.

Wild. Allons ; here's Company coming. *Exit Wild. and Count.*

Enter Charles.

Cha. There goes the Rival to my Lord : Oh, may he prosper in his suit and cure my Lord of his short Fevor ! I am sure, he can never be so mean to love one who shall love another. But here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Bell. Not all the ill Fortune I have ever met, can equal this ; that he, whom I have lov'd so long, so true a Friend, so much a Man of Honour, shou'd be my Rival ! I cannot blame him for it neither ; he has broken no Trust : and any Man, that looks upon her, must be subdu'd, as I am. But my hope is yet, she is unapt to Love. Oh, *Charles*, did'st thou see *Ned Wildish* this Evening ?

Cha. Yes, my Lord : even now, he went into the *Abby-yard*.

Bell. But, what says my Mistress to the Present, and the Letter, which I sent ?

Cha. She was not at home. Here is your Golden Box, full of Jewels : It is the finest Present I ever saw made to a Lady. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship, let one of your Gentlemen carry 'em.

Bell. Is my service then become irksom to you ?

Cha. Oh, no, my Lord ; pray frown not : I'll plunge into the Deep, I'll run into the Fire, to do you service. Pray be not angry.

Bell. I cannot tell what 'tis shou'd move thee to it ; but thou art still averse to the proceeding of my Love.

Cha. I love you more than ever Servant lov'd a Lord : and 'tis my fear for you. My Cousin in *Northampton shire* is of Kin to her, your Lordship knows ; and I once heard her say, she had too great a Spirit for a Wife.

Bell. She has all the Beauty and Wit, of her whole Sex in her ; and none of all their Vanities. Did'st thou not Observe ?

Cha. I did, my Lord, that which your Lordship did not.

Bell. Ha ! what was that ?

Cha. My Lord, I fear I shall offend.

Bell. Yes, if you tell me not.

Cha. Did you not perceive she made a difference in her looks, and entertain'd not every man with equal sweetness ?

Bell. He stings me to the Heart ! [*Aside.*] Explain your meaning.

Cha. I may mistake ; but yet, methinks, there is one Gentleman, whom she beholds with greater favour, than what seems indifferent.

BURY - FAIR

Bell. It is her gayety of Temper : you are too Jealous.

Cha. It is for you, my Lord : pray pardon me. Alas ! what Interest can I have, but yours ? I shou'd be loth to be Officious.

Bell. What means the Youth ? sure, young as he is, he is in Love with her ; and Love will nourish even the highest Ambition : for why shou'd he be so concern'd ? Where is the Letter, which I order'd you to give my Mistress with the Present ?

Cha. It is here, my Lord. [*Gives him a Note.*] Sure, this will convince him.

Bell. Ha ! what do I see ? 'Tis *Wildish's* hand ! To the fair hands of — How came you by this Note ?

Cha. My Lord, the Note ? Ha ! 'Twas my mistake. I did, at the beginning of my Discourse, intend to show it to your Lordship ; but found you wou'd be too much mov'd. It dropt from Mrs. *Gertrude*, after Dinner, and I took it up.

Bell. Why did you not restore it ?

Cha. I, knowing the Hand, thought I might do your Lordship service in showing it to you. Will you not read it ?

Bell. Did you ?

Cha. Oh yes, my Lord, knowing your Lordship was so highly concern'd ; and found it so familiar——

Bell. It was Impertinent.

Cha. My Lord !

Bell. It was not honest.

Cha. My Lord, my noble Lord, pray pardon my misguided Zeal for you : impute it to my Youth, my small Experience, my mistake of Honour ; Forgive me, or my Knees shall grow to the Earth.

Bell. Rise, and learn better : to open others Letters is mean, and dishonourable.

Cha. How glad am I to have Instruction from you ! You are a Man of strictest Honour ! How shall I expiate my Fault, and gain your Pardon ?

Bell. I pardon you, and will impute it to your want of Knowledge : and to make attonement for it, you shall return it to her, and make her what excuse you can : Go instantly, and find her, and give me the Present, with my Letter. [*Exit.*]

Cha. Into how sad, and how perplex'd a case, has my too headstrong Passion brought me, which every day increases, while my hopes grow less ? What prospect have I now, or glimps of Comfort ? She, in a little time, must love as I do. What shall I say to her ? She will discover me : She said, she never saw one yet so like her Sister, but for the colour of my Hair ; I overheard her : What shall I do ? Hold : If this Jealousie shou'd make him fight with *Wildish*, I am lost ! I'll follow him ; for, sure, I shall be Valiant in his Cause. Oh, wicked rashness ! [*Exit.*]

BURY - FAIR

Wildish and Count, in the Abby-yard.

Wild. 'Tis a fine Moon-light night : these Fellows are Poultrons, and dare not come.

Count. 'Tis de grand pity dat de Coward should be suffer to live indeed, me vould hang de Coward. Begar, is time to go.

Wild. We must stay a little : if they come, I'll run Sir *Humphry* through the Lungs, while you whip the other through.

Cou. Jerny, vat, stay for de Coward ? Begar, I scorn to stay for de Coward : ver well indeed, de man of Courage stay for de Coward ! is no Raison for dat.

Wild. I see two coming toward us ; they are them two.

Enter Bellamy and Charles.

Cou. Pox takè him, he does Lovè de Tilt : Ma foy, is all one for dat ; begar, I vill no meet dem : dey have affrontè me, to make me vait so long time ; and I vill puttè de affront upon dem, an leavè dem now dey be come.
[*Walks hastily away.*]

Wild. Monsieur le Count, come back : What, will you leave me to two ?

Cou. Hum, hum, hum ; me vill no come back. [Wildish overtakes

Bell. Mr. *Wildish.* him, and lays hold on him.

Wild. My Lord.

Cou. O, begar is my Lor ; de Coward vill no come.

Bell. I have somewhat to say to you, which concerns me nearly.

Wild. My Lord, I lately have perceiv'd something of you, that lyes heavy at my heart.

Bell. I never yet met with misfortune which cou'd equal this.

Wild. I know too well your meaning. I never yet had any Cross, which I with ease could not have born before.

Bell. We have been Friends.

Wild. Long Friends, and true.

Bell. I think so.

Wild. How, my Lord, do you but think so ?

Bell. I never, till this day, had the least doubt. What pleasant Conversation, what Endearments, what mutual Kindnesses, have pass'd betwixt us.

Wild. And are you weary of my Friendship, that you resolve to break with me, by doubting it ? How have I lov'd you present ? with what regret have I sustain'd your absence ? how often have we ventur'd our Lives for one another's Honour ? And am I chang'd, my Lord ?

Bell. Oh yes, Friend, we are both Chang'd : I have a Mistress now, so Charming, it is impossible that I shou'd Live without her.

BURY - FAIR

Wild. I have a Mistress too ; so much above her Sex, so Fair, so Witty, so Engaging, that I must Enjoy her, or I perish !

Bell. How ? Enjoy her ! Take heed, Friend.

Wild. I mean all Honour to her.

Bell. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend ?

Wild. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend ?

Bell. How, Sir ? do you Eccho me ?

Wild. The Case, my Lord, is so. Once, there was nothing in the World so dear to me, as you ; but, since I knew my Mistress, I wou'd quit all that is precious in the World, e're I wou'd lose her.

Bell. What do I hear ! Sir, have you then possession of her ?

Wild. A Sanguine man is never out of hope : I have her in Imagination now methinks.

Bell. Methinks, you go too fast, Sir ; you know my Temper : Sir, how long do you think that I can bear a Rival ?

Wild. I can consider nothing but her, and her, and only her

Bell. You slight me, Sir.

Wild. I hope I have more manners.

Cha. Oh, how I tremble ! They will Fight, and I am lost for ever !

Cou. Dey seem in de Passion. If dey two be mad, as to makè de Duel, dey vill takè me for de Second, against dat littel Jentilman, de Page ; and I have seen de Page in *France* Fence like de Diable : he vill putte his Rapier in my Bodee ; me vill steal away. *Steals out.*

Bell. I am agreed upon Articles with her Father, who is her Guardian.

Wild. And I am endeavouring to agree upon Articles with her : which is a shorter way.

Bell. But 'tis not so fair a way.

Wild. How, not so fair ?

Bell. No : nor can any man enjoy her, while I live.

Wild. 'Sdeath ! what do you say ? Defend your self.

Bell. I am always ready to do that. *They fight. Charles runs out.*

Wildish drops his Sword ; then strives to run in to Bell. who offers him his.

Cha. Help ! help ! murder, murder ! help, help !

Bell. Hold, Sir ; hold : you want a Sword ; pray make use of mine.

Wild. You are generous, my Lord ; my Life's yours, and so it was before, and whatsoever I cou'd call mine was so ; except my Mistress.

Bell. Let us be still such Friends : there's not a man on Earth I value equal with you.

Enter Charles.

Cha. They are embracing ! bless'd Heav'n ! I hope my Lord's not hurt.

Bell. What remains then, but we proceed like men of Reason ; each

BURY - FAIR

take his way to gain the Divine Creature's Love ? And, since one must be for ever miserable, let her be Arbitress of our two Fates.

Wild. You still possess the same Honour which you ever had ; I am now your most unhappy, but most faithful Friend. *They embrace.*

Enter the Count.

Cou. Is de Fight done ? Oh, dey embrace, is no dangere.

Wild. You most impudent Cowardly Dog ! if you had not run away, you might have parted us, and not have suffer'd Friends to Fight.

Kicks him.

Count. Hold, hold : is ver well, you kickè de *French* Count ! Begar, you show de Breeding : Kickè de Count ! you takè mè for de Barbier ; ver fine, yes indeed.

Wild. Sirrah, you shall be Count no longer : this Frolic shall not turn to earnest.

Cou. I will be gone, an gettè de Ladee, for all dat. Adieu : Jerny, me vill no stay to be kickè.

Wild. My Lord, I must take off this Rogue, my Honour may be question'd : for, tho I hate the Affected Creature, I wou'd not have this go on to a Marriage, or a Contract. I'll follow him.

Bell. You have reason : by what I over-heard, 'twill come to one of them, if you prevent 'em not. *Exit Wildish.*

Come *Charles*, come along with me : this Evening all the Company will be in the Fair, and there I must meet my Mistress.

Cha. What deadly sound is this ! On every side I am lost ! *Exeunt.*

Trim in the Church-yard ; and Sir Humphry standing close under a Pillar of the Church.

Trim. I could not have imagin'd, that this French Count should be so devoid of Breeding, and the Decencies which become all Gentlemen, as to make me wait so long, upon so important an occasion.

Sir Hum. This damn'd *French* Count will stay here for ever, I think : A Pox on him, for a Blood-thirsty Rascal ! But I will outstay him, and face him down, that I waited here for him ; and there may be hopes it may be taken up. Gad take me, he's a Murdrous Rogue, and I will not Fight ! I durst have sworn he had been a Coward.

Trim. Will he never appear ?

Enter La. Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, two Men Servants.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, I am ruined, if my dear Count shou'd Fight ! my Passion is extream, as his for me.

L. Fan. I cannot blame thee, Daughter : he is the most Charming Person, that ever my eyes beheld !

BURY - FAIR

M. Fan. Oh, Madam, shou'd he fall, I never can survive him ! *Helas, mon pauvre Ceur !*

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey* was seen come into the Church-yard.

Trim. Here is Company : I must retire.

Sir Hum. Ounds, the Rogue will find me out ! he comes upon me !

[*He stands up close : Trim comes upon him.*]

Trim. Ha ! who's this ?

Sir Hum. Oh pox is it he ? *Jack, Jack, little Jack, nown Jack, my Lad !*

Trim. *Jack ! Jack ! Jack !* Sir, you are too familiar, and by your Apish Gesticulations have endeavour'd to expose my Person on all occasions ; for which, now we are opportunely met ; I will Chastise you, as becomes a Gentleman.

Sir Hum. Why *Jack ! nown Jack !* what, art thou mad ? Pr'y thee kiss me.

Trim. I will salute you in another manner. *Strikes him with his Sword.*

Sir Hum. Why *Jack, Jack,* prethee leave fooling.

Trim. Draw : or I will Sacrifice you to my just Revenge, this very individual Moment. Have at you.

Sir Hum. Hold, hold ! this Rogue will kill me. [*He draws. Trim pushes at him, and his Sword falls : Sir Humphrey takes it up.*]

Mrs. Fan. Oh Heaven ! there they are Fighting ! Run, run, and save the Count ! Oh, save the——— [*She runs, and L. Fan. after her.*]

L. Fan. Oh, save the Count ! save the Count !

Sir Hum. Take your Life ; I give you your Life : and learn how you provoke me another time.

Mrs. Fan. Pish ! are these two here ?

Sir Hum. Take notice I give him his Life.

Mrs. Fan. Is this all ? Madam, let's go.

L. Fan. Come on.

Exeunt hastily.

Trim. Sir, you have good Fortune only, but no Valour, to boast of.

Sir Hum. Sir, I have disarm'd you, and there's an end on't.

Trim. You will return my Rapier, as becomes a Gentleman ?

Sir Hum. Gad take me, not I, till you come in the Fair : for ought I know, a Whim may take you to fight again.

Trim. Sure, I have a greater share of Honour, and a greater stock of Breeding, than to commit such an Error against him whom Fortune has presented with that advantage.

Sir Hum. Uds bud, I'll not trust you : follow me. But I am resolv'd to Cudgel this damnable Count, for a Coward.

Trim. And I likewise : and surely Cudgels will render him obnoxious to the Hate and Scorn of Madam *Fantast.*

Sir Hum. I'll lay him on. Come, follow me. [*Exit.*]

Trim. That Persons shou'd frequent *Bury*, and suck in no more Breeding, is I must confess Prodigious ! [*Exit.*]

BURY - FAIR

Scene, the Fair.

[They Cry their several Wares.

Enter Wildish : to him, the Count.

Wild. Where is this damn'd Count ? Oh, here. Do you hear, Sirrah ? I am told, you have succeeded so far with this Fantaſtick foolish Creature, that she will Marry you.

Count. Den, begar, I have makè de *French* Count ver vel.

Wild. If you make any farther application, I will cut your Throat. But, in the first place, I will un-Count you, and cut off your Train, Sir.

Count. Vel, vel, vat you please : ma foy, she Lovè me ver vel. Sall I makè de Fornication vid her ? begar, I vil no Marry upon my Honeur.

Wild. I had rather you shou'd do that, than Marry her ; but I will have no more Love to her : and then carry on your Countship as much as you will ; you may have your choice of others. But be sure to use the Cowards scurvily.

Count. I warrant you, I vil beatè dem.

Wild. Then Cudgelling will ensue.

[Aside.

Count. Jerny, he cuttè my Troat ! Begar, me makè de great Laugh at dat : he no dare behanga ; me vil havè de Ladee for all dis ; me know de Law.

Enter four Ladies.

1 *Lady.* Oh, Monsieur le Count, *Serviteur* !

2 *Lady.* Monsieur, your humble Servant.

3 *Lady.* Monsieur, I am your's, I assure you.

4 *Lady.* Oh, my Lord, we thought the Fair had loſt you.

Count. Madams, me kisse all your Hande : me wou'd be two tree four Count for your saka ; begar, me vil makè two tree four Cuckold, and Marry de Ladee too.

[He walks forward, with two on each hand.

Enter Gertrude.

Wild. Oh, my most cruel Mistress !

Gert. Oh, my most ungracious Servant ; can I come no where, but you muſt cross me with your unlucky Countenance ?

Wild. You can come no where, but I will indeavour to Bless my self with the sight of your's, or I muſt die.

Ger. Oh, that it were in my Power to make a Lover hang himself ! then I wou'd Triumph for the rest of my poor deluded Sex. They talk of being Martyrs, and Dying, and Dying, and such ſtuff ; but wou'd I cou'd see one of 'em Die once : that wou'd be worth the seeing.

Wild. My pretty Charming Tyrant, sure you are not so bloody minded !

Ger. Well, I am of opinion, that a Lady is no more to be accounted a

BURY - FAIR

Beauty, till she has kill'd her Man ; than the Bullies think one a fine Gentleman, till he has kill'd his.

VWild. I must beg leave to be a little more serious with you.

Ger. Never ; why, you'll come to the Point then, which I can never endure : Love in Jest, is but just Tolerable ; but serious Love is duller than a Rhyming Play.

VWild. My case is now more desperate than I thought : I have discover'd, that my greatest Friend, a man of Worth and Honour, is my Rival.

Ger. Ne'r the more the desperate for that ; 'twas full as desperate before : but, if you be a true Friend to him, give over troubling me.

VWild. How ! have you then made choice of him ?

Ger. Of neither : but, if I can be once rid of you, he is somewhat modeſter, and I doubt not but to shake him off. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

VWild. These free-spirited Ladies are hard to be subdu'd : a Man may get Ten modeſt, meek, and shamefac'd Ladies, e're he can conquer one of these ; they have not the Heart to deny.

Ger. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship, no Love in the Fair.

Bell. How hard is my Condition ; who have so Cruel a Mistress, and so deserving a Rival ! and, which is most unfortunate, my greatest Friend too !

VWild. In the first part of my Character, you do me too much Honour : but in the later, you are Just.

Ger. So ; here's a fine Subject for a Love and Honour Poet ! But you are in no danger of him ; for I am resolv'd to keep my self free, and incline to none : Methinks 'tis Air I tread ! how light I am without a yoke !

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, my little *Gatty* ! Ha, my Lord ! here's Flesh and Blood for you ! will she not make a rare Bedfellow ?

Ger. Fy, Sir, what do you mean ? Farewel. *[She walks out.]*

Old. You must both Sup with me, my Lord, and you, Sir. I have had Company with me ; and we have had such a Discourse about Wit : they, of the New Wit ; and I of the Old Wit, and my own things I writ in the last Age.

VWild. Well, and you run 'em down, I make no doubt.

Enter Lady Fantaſt, and Mrs. Fantaſt.

La. Fan. Servant, Ladies.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Monsieur Le Count*, I am o'rejoy'd, to see you safe !

BURY - FAIR

Count. Safe, Madam ! Begar, *Trim* and *Sir Noddy* be de two great Coward indeed, and me beata dem like two Dogua ; yes, fait.

Mrs. Fan. If your pretended passion have Reality, follow me to our House : you are in danger for my sake, and I will stick to you with my Life and Fortune ; come instantly, there are Spies upon us. Madam, come away.

La. Fan. I come, dear Child.

Exit La. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.

Coun. Poor Rogua ! she lovè me extrememant ! Begar, *Monsieur Vildish* is an Ass, an me vil have de Ladee for all him. *Aside.*

Old. What ? a *French* Barber and Puke-maker, and no Count ! Hang him, he would not Drink, I thought there was no good in him.

Wild. I am to beg a Thousand Pardons of you : 'twas my Frolic, but 'tis gone too far ; for, if you don't prevent it, he may marry *Mrs. Fantast.*

Old. Nay, faith, 'tis no great matter if he does : wou'd he cou'd marry the Mother too ; for, under the Rose, never man was so plagu'd with a couple of Impertinent, Fantastical Jades, as I with them : And to compleat the Affliction, they must pretend to Wit before me, and will allow me to have none !

Wild. That indeed is most unsufferable.

Old. Ay, is't not ? *The Count is very busie talking with the four Ladies. On Trim's Entrance, he makes up to him.*

Enter Trim.

Wild. Now is your time, Count, to put an affront upon that Coward.

Count. Lette me alone for dat. Begar, I am amaze, dat de Coward dare show his Face any where : Begar, I vill plucke you by de Nosè, because you no dare meeta me.

Trim. And I will make that return which becometh a man of Honour to do in like cases. *He Cudgels him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.*

Count. Jerny, vat is dis ! vat you do ? You Canè de Count ! Begar, you show de Breeding. Hold, hold : vat you do ? *Monsieur Vildish, my Lor, stand by me. He draws, and Trim lays him on : He runs away, and meets Sir Humphry on the other side of the Stage, who cudgels him too. He runs backward and forward, and is Cudgell'd on both sides. The Constable with a Guard Enters, and knocks Trim and Sir Humphry down, and the Count escapes.*

Sir Hum. Are you there, you Coward ?

Coun. Eh, Morbleu ! vat is dis ?

Bell. Now it works.

Oldw. Passing good, i'faith ! Come, let's to my House.

Ex. Wild. Old. & Bell.

BURY - FAIR

Const. Come, Gentlemen, you shall go before the Alderman : he'll teach you to make a Disturbance in the Fair.

Trim. Sweet Mr. Constable : Sir, Sir ; Mr. Constable, Mr. Constable !

Const. Away with 'em, I say. *They hale 'em out. Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Oldwit, and Mrs. Gertrude.

Old. I Shall have nothing but Uproars and Quarrels in my Family : *Trim* and Sir *Humphry* have quarrell'd with the Count, about Madam *Fantast*, with a Pox to her ; and even now my Lord *Bellamy* and Mr. *Wildish* have fought about you, as the Page said, and I heard it.

Gert. How ? Fought about me !

Old. So I say, I shall have my foolish Family the whole Discourse of this Tittle-Tattle Town. Look you, Daughter, I knew not of Mr. *Wildish's* Love to you ; they have both very good Estates : but Mr. *Wildish* is a Wit, a great Wit, ifaith. I leave you to your Choice.

Gert. I thank you, Sir : then I chuse neither of 'em, nor any other.

Old. Thou art so wild, and such a skittish Filly, you must be Tam'd and Marry'd. Come, come, determine your choice suddenly, which they have past their Honours shall determine them, or Battel and Murder may ensue about you.

Gert. I am not so vain, to believe that.

Old. Be not so foolish to believe otherwise. Look you, they are coming in, and you are to sit upon Life and Death : be an upright Judge, and do not delay Justice ; I must have an end of this Suit presently. Farewel.

Exit.

Gert. A very grave Judge shall I be, without doubt ! But I think the Petticoat may vye for Wisdom and Sincerity, with the Long Robe, before our late Restauration.

Enter Charles.

Char. Madam, this Letter, which fell from your Ladship accidentally, came into my Lords hands ; and he commanded me to deliver it to you, unread, and unopen'd, tho he knew the Hand. *Exit.*

Gert. How ? my Note fallen into his hands ! How unlucky was this ! Ha, gone ! How strangely this Youth resembles my Sister *Philadelphia* ! This is handsomely done of my Lord, and like a Man of Honour.

BURY - FAIR

Enter Lord Bellamy, and Wildish : Charles steals in after them.

Wild. Madam, behold a pair of Rivals, hand in hand, and Friends.

Bell. Who come to prostrate themselves at your Feet, and must from your fair Mouth expect their Doom.

Char. Oh, she will chuse my Lord, and I must perish ! *[Aside.*

Wild. To whom ever you shall give leave to continue your Servant, the other will quietly Retire, and suffer his hard Fate with all the Patience that he can : But if I am Rejected, I shall be for ever miserable.

Bell. And to me, Heaven knows, not all the World besides, can recompence the loss of you.

Char. Ah me ! *[Aside.*

Gert. Are you resolv'd to be in Earnest, and wou'd you make me so ? I have not yet determin'd to marry any one.

Wild. Must we then both iue on, and try by constant Service to obtain your Heart ?

Gert. No, no : you will oblige me more, if you will both desist. I have that Joy in Freedom, that I cannot think of parting with it yet.

Bell. You are born to Command, and always must be Free.

Wild. I love so, Madam, I must be your Slave for ever.

Gert. Yes, if you Love, so long I may keep you at my Command : but this same Whorson Marriage kills all Love, and makes best Friends fall out.

Bell. Nothing can ever make my Love decrease.

Gert. Yes, if I love again : as Fire takes out Fire.

Wild. Not all your Cruelty can Tame my Love : which, if it be so Raging now, what wou'd your Kindness make it ?

Gert. Oh, Marriage is a Sovereign Julep ; and Thirst grows less apace by Drinking.

Bell. Not where 'tis a Distemper, a Violent Fever ; as all Love is, sure.

Gert. Too violent to last.

Wild. Madam, in short, if you do not determine which of us shall have leave to sue, implicitly you give it both of us.

Gert. Is that your Logic, Sir ? No : in the first place, I never will give you leave to make the least Address to me more.

Char. Oh, I am lost ! *Swoons, and falls down upon a Chair.*

Bell. What's the matter ?

Gert. Your Page is in a swoon : Help, help : Open his Breast. Oh Heav'n ! this is a Woman !

Bell. & Wild. A Woman !

Gert. She comes to herself.

Char. Oh, Madam, I am your Sister : for Heavens sake, conceal me ! *[In whisper.*

Gert. Run up privately into my Chamber quickly. I am amaz'd ! This is Prodigious !

BURY - FAIR

Bell. A Woman ! Madam, I was never so surpriz'd.

Gert. No doubt, you are surpriz'd ; and so was she : I believe she is run out of doors in haste enough.

Bell. Accurs'd misfortune ! I am undone for ever ! I'll hasten and have a full account of all this matter. *Exit hastily.*

Gert. Aside.] I hope, he knew her not. My Sister ! This is an admirable Lover ! Let my wise Father keep him to himself, I have done with him.

Wild. Will you be pleas'd then to begin with me ? I am the truest Lover of my Sex.

Gert. If you are, I'll keep you so : for, shou'd I think of Marrying you, I give up my Dominion. No, no : I will Domineer seven years first.

Wild. 'Sdeath Madam, seven years ! What, do you take me for a Patriarch ; serve seven years ? They might stay, who begun at Fourscore to get Sons and Daughters : but I have but a short time to live.

Gert. I am sure, if I shou'd Marry you, I shou'd have but a short time to Reign.

Wild. Consider, Madam.

Gert. I have consider'd : Farewel.

Exeunt.

Count, Mrs. Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. How glad I am, to see you safe ! Your Life is beset, for my sake ; and I am bound in Honour to protect it.

Count. Madam, you havè de great share of Honeur, and de great share of de Beautee ; but for de Rival, I vill beat and killè dem all.

Mrs. Fan. They are a greater number, Monsieur, than you imagine.

Count. Begar, all dat look upon you are de Rival ; butte dey dat makè de Love, I vill makè de Example : I had killè two of dem jußt now, but de Fair all rise upon me, and make me makè de Retreat.

Mrs. Fan. Heav'n grant you be not *blessee*, Monsieur.

Count. Me havè no Wound, Madam, but vat you givè me trough de Art : de Dangere of de Rival, Morbleu, me despisè ; me vill runne dem trough de Bodee dus, in Quart, Second, Tierce ; hah, hah, hah. *He thrusts with his drawn Sword.* Butte you can no savè my Life, if you no Lovè my Person, and Marry vid my Person.

Mrs. Fan. Oh *je suis rouge*, you make me blush : I fear, you have *decouvre* more of my Tendress, than I wou'd have had you.

Count. Madamma, if you will makè me your Husband, you stoppe all de insolance of de Rival, and makè me appy beyond de Varle : else, me vill be bound in Honeur to killè two tree Rival every day, every day, Madam, and dat vill be Bloody varke ; butte is all one for dat, if you no Marry vid me, me am desperate.

M. Fan. Tho, I mußt confess, I never met such Charms in any Person ;

BURY - FAIR

yet I shou'd be censur'd for being too precipitous, in agreeing so soon to your Honourable Proposals.

Count. Vee vill go into *France*, beyond de Censure, to de great Chatteau of min, as big as *Amptong Coor*, vid de great Canaille, de great Park, & de grand Royalty, vid two tree grand Chatteau beside : butte it must be sodain ; for de grand Monarque expectè me.

Enter Lady Fantast.

L. Fan. Come, Daughter, I have been acquainted before with my Lord Count's Honourable Passion towards you ; and he is a Person of undoubted Excellence : you have full Ten Thousand pounds ; and I shall think your Fortune and your Person well bestow'd, upon a noble Gentleman of such grand Merit.

Count. Oh, faire Madamma, you do me de great Honeur : me no care for de Moneè, it is de Person : dis hope makè me all on Flamè. Madam, gettè de Parson, de Minister, to dispatchè de businesse presantleè.

L. Fan. Sir, it is Night : 'tis not de Canonical hour.

Count. Is all one : de good Roman Catolique Priest vill do it presantlee.

M. Fan. No, by no means ; not till to morrow, Madam.

Count. Breakè de Gold, and makè de Contract den now : dat vill breakè de Art of all de Rival, and makè dem sneakè, likè de pitiful Roga, Begar.

L. Fan. Let it be so, Daughter : if by any accident you shou'd lose the Count, we were undone.

M. Fan. *Ouy sans doubt*, I shou'd be most miserable.

Enter Luce, and Page to the Count.

L. Fan. Oh, *Luce*, you are come in season.

Luce. My Lord Count, your Page is here to speak with you.

Count. Let him come in. Hey, Page. Let all be witness of de Contract : me vill be no Fourb, no Frippon. Upon de Knee me Swearè to Marry dis Ladee Madam *Fantast*, to morrow in de morning. [He kneels.

L. Fan. Daughter, you must Promise : Come, never be asham'd of so transcendent a Choice.

M. Fan. I am Obedient : I swear to marry this Noble Person *Mounsieur le Count de Cheveux*, to morrow morning. [She kneels.

Count. Ah, Madamma, now breake de Gold, de Broad Piece : so, is done ; and now, rise up ma cher Countess.

M. Fan. *Eh, mon Chere Count !*

L. Fan. Millions of Joys fall on you both. I weep for Joy.

Nich. Master, they have got the Report now all over the Town, that you are a Barber, and Peruke-maker ; your Equipage is revolted : Mr. *Wildish's* Men talk it every where, and my Lord *Bellamy's* Men ; and 'tis in every Body's mouth.

BURY - FAIR

Count. Begar, dey be de Rogua, de Scoundrella : but begon from dis House, and be seen no more here ; and say, you can no findè me. [*Exit Page.*]

M. Fan. Somebody's coming up ; a Rival, I believe ; [*A noise of some coming up Stairs.*]
Pray, go into my Closet.

Count. Where, where is de Closet ? Begar, I vou'd killè de Rival before your Face, but is not Decent, Madam.

M. Fan. Madam, I beseech you entertain 'em, while I retire with *Mon cher Count.* [*They retire into the Closet, where they peep out to listen.*]

Enter Trim.

Trim. Madam, I kiss your Ladships fair hands.

L. Fan. Your Servant, sweet Mr. *Trim.*

Trim. Cou'd I think to have liv'd to have seen this inauspicious Day, who had so long admir'd the Beauty, and ador'd the Mind of my Divine *Dorinda* ? That I, having devoted not only my Heart, but all the Actions of my Life to her Service, shou'd be thus Sacrific'd to a *Frenchman* !

L. Fan. 'Tis a most fatal Mistake : she bears a most profound Respect towards the worthy Mr. *Trim.*

Trim. At his first approach, her sad indifference appear'd in the Bud, which since has sprouted up to compleat Scorn ; And all for this *Frenchman*, this false Count, this Impostor !

L. Fan. How ? False Count !

Count. Lettè me go : Begar, I vill runnè him trough de Bodee.

M. Fan. You shall not stir.

Trim. Yes ; he is a false Count, and a true Barber and Peruke-maker.

Count. Jerny, dam Roguè, makè de great Lyè of me ! Lettè me go, Madamma ; me vill killè de Roguè, for dis affront.

M. Fan. I will not part with you out of my Arms.

L. Fan. Sir, be not so temerarious : he is one of the Nobless, and his Nature's vindicative in Honour's Cause.

Trim. Hang him, Snip-snap Rogue, I contemn him ; I Challeng'd him : he is a Coward, and durst not answer my Chartel to meet me ; for which, I exercis'd him plentifully with this numerical Cane.

Count. O de dam Lyè Roguè ! Begar, me must killè him, for mine Honeur. Morbleu, Madamma, me did beata dis Rascal, likè de Spaniel Dogue, indeed.

M. Fan. Let him Lye on : I'll revenge it.

L. Fan. You must pardon me, Sir, if I give not Credit to what you say : I am assur'd, he's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword, and a great Commander.

Trim. I do averr, That he's a Barber in *Pickadilly.*

BURY - FAIR

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha : that's a Jest ! My Daughter and I mistake in Breeding and Quality !

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Oh, Madam, I am come to vent my just Resentments, for the Slight your Daughter has put upon me for this damn'd Rascally Count, whom I tweak'd by the Nose last Night. I Challenge'd him : he dar'd not meet ; but, by Crossbiting, made *Jack* here, little *Jack* and me meet, and fall out ; and you saw me give him his Life.

Trim. If you hold your own at any rate, boast not once more : if you persist, you will awaken my Fury till it may destroy you.

Sir Hum. Prethee, *Jack*, hold thy peace : thou art the peevishest Fellow ! But after all, this Count of yours is a Rogue, a Cheat ; he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha : as if my Daughter and I cou'd take a Barber for a Count ! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Udsbud, this Fellow's a Barber : I can prove it upon him.

Count. Oh, Madamma, me beg upon de Knee dat you vill lettè me but killè dese two, and me vill killè no more, upon mine Honeur. De Devil can no makè de Lye so.

Sir Hum. Nay, Gad take me, I don't much care ; I have a good Estate, and I shall have Women enough Court me, where I need not apprehend a *French* Count, made of a Barber and a Peruke-maker ; a damn'd Coward too, that durst not meet me ; but I Cudgel'd him so in the Fair, *Jack*, hah ! that he will not be very Active awhile.

Count. Ah, Madam, dey provokè me beyondè de Patiance.

Mrs. Fan. Go in, I say ; and let me alone with them. [*She locks him in.* I have over-heard you ; and wonder much you dare Calumniate a Person of such Breeding, Quality, and Honour, as the Count ! Your Lives were not worth a Farthing, if he heard you. Is this like Gentlemen ?

Sir Hum. Honour ! hang him, Scoundrel : Gad take me, I Cudgel'd him, till my Arm akes ; a damn'd Cowardly Barber and Peruke-maker.

Trim. And I chastis'd him in like manner most exorbitantly.

M. Fan. You are insolent, thus to Traduce a Person of his Worth !

L. Fan. Call you this Breeding ; to Challenge and abuse a Person of Quality in my House, for his Gallantry to my Daughter ?

M. Fan. How dare you commit the Insolence, to Challenge a Person whom I favour ? and then to blacken his unspotted Fame ? when I know you dare not meet him, and he cudgel'd you.

Trim. Admir'd *Dorinda*, the Faculties of whose noble Soul did use to shine more bright, than to be led into so gross an Error as to mistake a Barber for a Count——

M. Fan. Ha, ha, ha : My Lady and I mistake Breeding and Quality,

BURY - FAIR

and take a Barber for a Nobleman ! *Mondieu*, this is Malice, meer Envy of my Favours.

L. Fan. If my Daughter and I can mistake in such material Points, who can be Judges ?

Sir Hum. Nay, for my part, Madam, if you must love a Cudgel'd Barber, and take him for a valiant Count ; make much of him, I shall desist : there are more Ladies, Heav'n be thanked.

Trim. Yes, Sir, there are more Ladies : but, if any man affirms, that my fair *Dorinda* has an Equal ; I thus fling down my Glove, and do demand the Combat for her Honour. This is a nice point of Honour I have hit. [*Aside.*

Sir Hum. Why, *Jack, Jack*, nown *Jack* ; what, art thou Mad ? *Jack, Jack* !

Trim. Prethee *Jack* me no *Jacks* ; but speak with Honour of my Mistress, or Draw.

L. Fan. What, more Quarrels in my House !

Sir Hum. Prethee, *Jack* : why, I gave thee thy Life, Man. What, a Devil, if you be so peevish. Fare you well. Ladies, your humble Servant : and a Pox of all Cowardly *French* Peruke-makers, I say.

M. Fan. Quell insolance ! I will not hear his Honour lessen'd so.

Trim. 'Tis an undoubted Verity, most inevitably true, that he is a Barber, Madam.

M. Fan. 'Tis false. 'Tis the basest malice to blacken men in absence : he is a Person, in whom all Charms are met.

Trim. He Charms ! Alas, *Dorinda*, whither do you stray ?

M. Fan. Begon : avoid my Presence.

Trim. Can my *Dorinda*.——

M. Fan. I say, begon.

Trim. Will you not hear ?

M. Fan. No.

Trim. I obey : I say no more at present. [*Exit.*

M. Fan. Monsieur, my dear Count come forth.

Count. Ah, Madam ma Chere, mine Honeur ! de Barbier ! de Peruke-man ! Morbleu, vy do dey no callè me de Tinkre, de Jugler, vat dey vill ? If you please lettè me kille dese two Rogua, you vill obligè me ver mush indeed, my dear Countess.

M. Fan. Wou'd you kill me, by bringing your self into that Danger ? No ; Let the happy Lovers, Love and Revel :

——*Hi sunt de pace triumphi,
Bella gerent alios.*

L. Fan. Here's some coming : keep my Lord Count in your Lodging, till Three in the morning, I will have a Coach ready to carry you to be Marry'd.

BURY - FAIR

Count. I beseech you, let me but kill one Rogua.

M. Fan. In, into the Closet.

Count. But one, Madam. Callè de Count, de Barbier ! Jerny bleu, vat is dis ?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Where is my most Wise and Subtle Spouse, with her Witty well Bred Daughter ?

L. Fan. What have you to do with Wit, or Breeding ?

Old. Such counterfeit Breeding and false Wit, as you, old doting Fop, with the most Affected and Fantastick Thing your Daughter do possess, I utterly renounce.

L. Fan. What says the Antiquated Wit, with his Shreds of old Poets ?

Mrs. Fan. *Helas !* you be de very fine Judge indeed ! Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Judge ; ha, ha, ha ! Have a care of losing your *English*, before you have gotten another Language. But, do you hear ? In earnest, do you two think that you two have either Wit, or Breeding ?

Mrs. Fan. Think ! we know we have ; and that you want both, is too evident by your Question.

L. Fan. Yes, thou old Lumber full of Frippery, we have : while, Heav'n knows, you have neither.

Old. Ounds ; what, I no Wit ?

L. Fan. No.

Mrs. Fan. No.

Old. No, no ! why, thou piece of Clock-work, thou hast no Teeth, no Hair, no Eye-brows, no Complexion, but what cost thee Money : and, but for Iron Bodice, art as crooked as a Bugle Horn ; and I have made an Epigram upon thee.

She's bent, like a Nine-pence ; and had been quite broken,
Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token :
Sure, Heav'n in its Indignation hath made her,
And in her Mam's crooked Paunch Neck and Heels laid her.

There's Wit, old Sybil, for thee.

L. Fan. That VVit, you silly old Fumbler ! You are an *Opprobrium* to the name of VVit, thou ill-bred old Sot.

Mrs. Fan. You a VVit ! Eh Gud ! The very Spirit of *Grubstreet* Reigns in you.

Old. Thou young *Jezebel*, with nothing natural about thee ! thou look'st as if thou wert painted by some leud Painter for the Sign of Folly, with such turning up of Eyes, and screwing of Faces, with Convulsions in your Mouth :

She makes wry Mouths, and chews every word,
Like an old Sow, that simpereth with a new T——

BURY - FAIR

You understand me. There's Wit for you both now, you Brace of Flirts. I no Wit, quoth they !

Mrs. Fan. If Rudeness, Railing, and Ill Breeding, may pass for Wit, you are plentifully endu'd ; but I despise it.

L. Fan. An old Soaker, with a white Head, a red Face, a Brain clouded with Fumes, and empty of Wit, full of Whims and Maggots.

Old. Come, come, you brace of Fopdoodles, where's your *French* Barber you are both so fond of ; and you are to Marry, Mrs. Wit ? A pox on him : if he cou'd Marry you both, with all my Heart.

L. Fan. What, have you gotten that silly story too ? Ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. This is rais'd by some *London* Wit, some Laughter ; They call it Shamming.

L. Fan. & Mrs. Fan. A Barber ! Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. Can we be deceiv'd in Quality and Breeding ?

L. Fan. Not know a Mechanick, a Barber, from a noble Count ! very likely. *Both Laugh.*

Old. mocking them. Ha, ha, ha ! You most abominable brace of Conceited, Affected Fools ! What a Pox, my House will become Ridiculous, the Scorn and Laughter of the whole Country : Here are Twenty People in Town, can prove he is a Barber.

L. Fan. Go, Doatard, go : A Barber ! Ha, ha, ha !

M. Fan. O silly ! a Barber ! Ha, ha, ha. *Mondieu.*

Old. Ounds, you make me Mad, you most incorrigible pair of Fools. Well, for once, I'll take more care of you, than you of your self : I'll have this Rogue Barber, if he be above ground, and make an Example of him. *[Exit.]*

Enter Wildish.

Old. Here's one can tell you who your Count is.

Wild. Why, he is my Puke-maker, and he is a Barber : I put him upon this Frolick, thinking to make Sport in the time of the Fair ; but never thought it wou'd have come to Earnest.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha : this is finely carry'd on indeed !

M. Fan. Envy, Malice ! Believe a *London* Wit ! a Jeerer ! a Scoffer ! a Shammer ! ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ounds, I'll have no more Fooling about this Business : Produce this Barber ; he came into my House, has not gone out since, and you must have hid him.

M. Fan. I hide a man in my Apartment ! I defie you, insolent.

Old. I'll see ; is he not behind the Bed ? or in it ? Hah, I cannot find him. He must be somewhere in these Rooms.

L. Fan. What can provoke you to abuse my Daughter thus ?

M. Fan. Must I, who have been Admir'd (I may say Ador'd) for Virtue, have my Reputation question'd thus by you ?

BURY - FAIR

Old. Are you angry to be kept from marrying a Barber ?

L. Fan. How dare you Domineer in my House thus ?

Old. Stand by, Old Fool. Who is in this Closet ? let me see. [*Breaks it open.* Oh, Sheep-biter, are you here ?

L. Fan. Oh Heav'n, the Count here !

M. Fan. *Mon dieu !* how came you here ?

Old. Come, Mr. Barber, instead of *Monsieur Le Count.*

Cou. Vat you mean ? Begar, I vill have de satisfaction : and, vere it not for de Reverence to de Ladeè, Begar, me vou'd cut all your Troat, Morbleu.

Wild. Why, Sirrah, Rascal, are you not my Barber and Peruke-maker ? Did I not set you up for a Count ? Is not that my Sute of Cloths ?

Count. Do not provokè me to runne you trough de Bodee : me am amazè ! Ventre bleu, Madam, dey be all starkè mad ; dey Dream, and dey talk in deir Sleep : Jerny, me can no tell vat dey mean. Do dey Treat de *French Count* in *England* dus ? Oh Brutal !

Wild. If you dare persist in this business, I will cut your Throat infallibly.

Count. Lettè me alone : Begar, you no dare be Hanga.

M. Fan. Nay, then 'tis time to speak. Good Mr. Impudence, what have you to say to my Husband ?

Old. & Wild. Your Husband !

L. Fan. Yes, Sir, her Husband : So he is.

Count. Yes, vat you say to dis Ladee's Husban ? Ha ! Morbleu !

Old. Oh thou damnable betrayer of thy Daughter ! I warrant you, I'll have a Trick for him, and have him in the Pillory : you shall see your Husband peep through Wood, I warrant you. Come, Sir, let's go.

Exit Wild. & Old.

M. Fan. He is gone with some wicked Design, or other : Let us fly.

Count. Me vill do vat you pleas ; but *Monsieur le Count* did never fly before.

L. Fan. Come, hašte and escape, while he's gone out. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Gertrude, and her Sister Philadelphia ; and Lord Bellamy.

Phil. Had not my Sister, against my will, surpriz'd me with the sight of you ; I ne'r had seen your Eyes again, but had found out some melancholy hole, and dy'd for shame.

Bell. I had been then compleatly miserable. She's excellently Fair :

Phil. With what Confusion must I look on you ! I never shall behold you, but with a Face cover'd with blushes.

Bell. The infinite Honour you have done me, o'rewelms me with such shame ; that, being conscious how little I deserve, I cannot bear it : But, Madam, I will never rise from hence, till you have pardon'd me for every Command I had the Impudence to lay upon you.

BURY - FAIR

Phil. There is no colour for a Pardon : I owe you all the Thanks I am capable of expressing ; and I can forgive all the World, but my self. I beseech your Lordship, impute the rashness of my Conduct to my Madness ; that Madness which my Father drove me to, who wou'd have forc'd me to marry a Fop I hated : You I had seen in public places often. What mov'd me to run to you, I know not ; pray think the best.

Gert. Come, Sister, Comfort your self ; such things have been done : the knowledge of this is in a narrow compass ; you differ from your self so in this habit, you cannot be known to have worn the other.

Bell. It is so much to my Advantage, that I will enquire no farther of the Cause ; but such it is, that makes me owe my Life, and all I have to you : which I shall prostrate at your Feet.

Phil. My Kinswoman, my Lady *Loveland*, had never assisted me in my rash design ; but that, (Distracted) I know not how, she thought I wou'd have kill'd my self, had she not answer'd my desires.

Bell. A Thousand Blessings on her.

Phil. My Lord, I beseech you, do me the right to believe, That I intended to have dy'd ere you shou'd have discover'd me : for so, Heav'n knows, I did.

Bell. That was unkindly design'd, to lock up my chief Happiness.

Gert. Here are some coming ; pray retire quickly. *Bell. and Phil. retire.* This is a happy turn ! The House is in some Uproar, whate're's the matter.

Enter Lady Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, and four Ladies.

L. Fan. 'Tis true ; this damn'd Count is a Barber ! The Barber in *Cook-row* knows him, and has seen him often at *London*.

Mrs. Fan. I am undone for ever ! Lost ! Wretched ! Miserable ! Oh me ! I will hide my Head within some Hole, and ne'r be seen again.

Gert. How ? what, this man of Quality and Breeding, a Barber !

L. Fan. What's that to you, Minx ?

Gert. Cou'd you mistake in Quality, and Breeding !

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Impertinante* !

1 *La.* What, marry'd to a Barber !

Gert. How ? Marry'd !

2 *La.* What pity 'tis ?

Enter Count.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I shall burst ! He is not my Husband : I only said so, for fear my Father-in-law and *Wildish* shou'd have Murder'd him in their Rage.

Count. Vat, you Renouncè me ? Begar, me vill makè you know, dat me am your Husband.

Mrs. Fan. Avant, thou Impudent Fellow.

BURY - FAIR

Gert. I cou'd burst my Spleen at this ; but I have more serious business. *Exit.*

Enter Oldwit.

Count. Is all one, Morbleu, if you no lette me havè your Person, me vill havè your Monee, Testebleu.

Old. Say you so, Sirrah ? I have confin'd you from flying, and have Officers now to wait on you : and I will have your Ears, and have you whipt.

Count. Is all one for dat : me vill loosè de two Earè, and be wippe two, tree, four time, for Ten Tousan pound ; and, begar, me vill havè de Portion, do vat you vill.

Old. Enter : here, take him away to Jayl.

[Officers Enter, and hale the Count away.]

3 *Lady.* 'Tis no great matter : she was a Proud, Fantastick Creature.

4 *Lady.* Nay, for my part, I am glad on't.

Enter Trim, and Sir Humphrey.

1 *Lady.* How sneakingly he looks ! He is but a pitiful Fellow !

2 *Lady.* He looks like a Barber, methinks : Lord, that I shou'd not discover it before !

3 *Lady.* I think, I was bewitch'd, for my part.

4 *Lady.* That I shou'd ever take him to be a Count !

Trim. Madam, as in Duty bound, I wish you happy in your Choice.

Sir Hum. Madam, much Joy to you, and your Count Barber : Ha, ha, ha.

M. Fan. I'll run away, and never see the Face of Man again. *[Exit.]*

L. Fan. Mr. *Oldwit*, farewell ; Let me have my Coach, I'll never see *Bury*, or you, after this Hour.

Old. Who waits there ? Bring the Coach and six Horses to the Door ; and, Grooms, be ready instantly.

L. Fan. Farewel for ever.

Old. We'll Kiss at parting, faith. *[They kiss : she goes out in haste.]*
Heav'n be prais'd, for this great Deliverance ; no more shall I be plagu'd with their damn'd Wit and Breeding !

Enter Wildish.

Wild. What, on your Knees ?

Old. Ay, faith : and never had more Reason in my life.

Gert. Pray, Sir, down on your Knees once more. *[Enter Mrs. Gertrude, Conducting Philadelphia, and Lord Bellamy in.]*

Old. Say'st thou so, my Girl ?

Gert. Do you know this Face ?

Old. My Daughter ! Oh Heav'n ! Ten Thousand Welcomes ! as many

BURY - FAIR

Blessings on thy Head ! Rise, dear Child, where hast thou been ? when did'st thou come ? which way ? I am o'rjoy'd !

Gert. Ask no Questions ; 'tis no time to ask Questions : here she is.

Old. Canst thou forgive me, Child ? I'll ne'r endeavour more to force thy Inclinations : Thou art free.

Phil. 'Tis I must ask your Pardon, Sir.

Old. Oh, name it not.

Bell. Now, Sir, can you part with what you love so dearly ? If so, I beg her on my Knees ?

Old. How's this ? I am amaz'd ! astonish'd ! my Head turns round ! How came this about ?

Bell. By Love and Fate, that Govern every thing. I lov'd this Daughter, while she was lost to you and me : and, if she will accept of me, I have all I wish on Earth.

Old. Have I my Senses, my Lord ?

Gert. Again asking Questions ! Come, come, do the Duty of a Father, and bestow your Daughter, when she has, like a free Woman, chosen for her self.

Old. My Head turns round ! but come, Daughter : are you willing, *Phil.* ?

Phil. Yes ; here I will Obey.

[*Gives her hand.*]

Old. All Joy be with you. I am not my self !

Wild. Joy to my Friend. This is a happy Turn !

Bell. I was Passionate to Marry the other Sister, because I lov'd her ; but I think it more reasonable to Marry this, because she loves me.

Old. Call all my Servants, lay down all my Meat to the Fire, set all my Hogsheads abroach : Call in the Fidlers ; let's Revel for a Month at least.

Enter Servants.

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir, a little. Madam, Madam. [*Pulls Gert. by the*

Gert. Have you any thing to say to me ? *Sleeve.*

Wild. Can you find in your Heart to dispose of your Sister to my Friend, and not of your Self to me ?

Gert. Time enough to think on that, after I have tam'd you, and brought you up to hand : you are too Wild for me, a great deal.

Old. Come, Daughter, let me persuade you : Let it be a general Night of Joy.

Gert. I think I had as good : he is the most Importunate Lover, I shall never be quiet for him. Well, I will Dissemble no longer : here's my Hand.

Wild. And here's my Heart : which you shall ever Reign in, while I live.

Gert. No Raptures. And know, for all my vapouring, I can obey, as well

BURY-FAIR

as e'r a meek, simpering Milksop on 'em all ; and have ever held *Non resistance* a Doctrine fit for all Wives, tho for nobody else.

Old. Cail in the Fiddlers : I am Transported ! I am all Air ! Sirrah, go you, and set the Bells a going in both Churches : Call in all my Neighbours, I'll have him hang'd that's Sober to Night : let every Room in my House Roar, that it may keep the whole Town awake. Here are the Fiddles : fall to Dancing presently ; lose no time.

Let all this Night be spent in Mirth, and Wine.

[*Dance.*

Let's lose no part of it in beastly Sleep.

This is the happy'st Day of all my Life ;
I've found my Daughter, and have lost my Wife.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountfort.

I Was our Authors Advocate last year,
And then ye very gentle did appear.
To him ye now should more Indulgence show,
Eight months he has been sick, and well we know
How very little a sick man can do. }
But could he Write with never so much Wit,
He must despair of seeing a full Pit :
Most of our constant Friends have left the Town,
Bravely to serve their King and Country gone.
Our unfrequented Theatre must mourn,
Till the Brave Youths Triumphantly return.
Soft Men of Peace enough are left at home,
Daily to cram our House, if they'd but come :
They eagerly elsewhere in throngs resort,
Crowding for Places in the well fill'd Court.
Here one who has been fifty years a Knave,
Strives for a Place, with one foot in the Grave.
Another there, who did what e're he cou'd
Against the Sovereign Author of our good.
Some who rode Westward at least ten miles down,
Some made Blue Coats at him, and staid in Town.
All these would have preferment, as if they
Had to this Glorious Change prepar'd the way :
Thus there are more admirers to each place,
Than e're a Celebrated Beauty has.
And they who cannot that advancement gain, }
They think their mighty Merits ought t' attain,
Steal to some Grumbling Club, and there complain.
Pox on't, things go not well, I'll change my side,
I thought they would for my great Worth provide.
Pray have less Vanity, and learn more Wit, }
Come here, we've Places for you all most fit
Within our empty Boxes and our Pit.
But you who use to hiss, pray keep away,
And try to Write before you damn a Play ;
'Twill then so hard a task to you appear,
You will not have the Heart to be severe.

TEXTUAL NOTES

The Woman-Captain

OF *The Woman-Captain* there is no edition of any value save the First Quarto, 1680. This comedy was not reprinted in Shadwell's lifetime, but the First Quarto is included (No. 12) in "The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq., Late Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal . . . LONDON, Printed for James Knapton, . . . 1693."

The Woman-Captain is the fourth play in vol. III (pp. 339—432) of the 12mo "The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq.," 1720.

The Lancashire Witches

p. 87, l. 1. *The Lancashire Witches.* There was a second issue in the same year, 1682, which corrects many of the more flagrant misprints of the first quarto.

The title-page is as follows :

THE | Lancashire Witches | AND | Tegue o Dively | THE | Irish PRIEST.
| A | COMEDY | Acted at the | DUKE's Theater. | [rule] | Written by
THO. SHADWELL. | [rule] | —*Nihilò quæ sunt metuenda majis quam* |
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntq; futura. | [rule] | LONDON : |
Printed for John Starkey at the Miter in Fleetstreet near | Temple-Barr.
MDCLXXXII. |

The title-page of the third quarto, 1691, is : THE | Lancashire Witches,
| AND | Tegue o Dively | THE | Irish PRIEST : | A | COMEDY | Acted at
the | DUKE's Theatre. | [rule] | Written by THO. SHADWELL. |
[rule] | —*Nihilò quæ sunt metuenda majis quam*—*Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant,*
finguntq; futura. | [rule] | LONDON, | Printed for Robert Clavell, Jonathan
Robinson in St. Paul's | —Church-Yard, Awnsham and John Churchill in
Pater-Noster | —Row. 1691. |

- p. 99, l. 25. *ordained.* 1691 : "Ordained."
- p. 100, l. 9. *intended nothing less.* 1691 : "intended the contrary."
- p. 100, l. 39. *deminishing.* 1691 : "diminishing."
- p. 101, l. 5. *Alchymist.* 1691 : "Alchymists."
- p. 102, l. 26. *Ropedancers.* 1691 : "Rope-dancers."
- p. 103, l. 1. *sence.* 1691 : "sense."
- p. 105, l. 12. *curtesie.* 1691 : "Courtesie."
- p. 105, l. 14. *melancholly.* 1691 : "Melancholy."
- p. 106, l. 1. *Parson.* 1691 : "person."
- p. 106, l. 35. *Clothes.* 1691 : "clothes."
- p. 107, l. 18. *welcom.* 1691 : "welcome."
- p. 109, l. 34. *ungratious.* 1691 : "ungracious."
- p. 110, l. 10. *Couzen.* 1691 : "Cousin."
- p. 110, l. 32. *Guinnies.* 1691 : "Guinneas."
- p. 111, l. 18. *Small wares.* 1691 : "small Wares."

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

- p. 111, l. 19. *somebody*. 1691: "some Body."
 p. 111, l. 39. *Plc.* 1691: "I'll."
 p. 112, l. 3. *Bellfort.* 1691: "Belfort."
 p. 112, l. 29. *Tomas.* 1691: "Romas."
 p. 112, l. 33. *Sflesh.* 1691: "'s Flesh."
 p. 113, l. 8. *yeou.* 1691: "you."
 p. 113, l. 18. *an awd.* 1691 omits "an."
 p. 113, l. 21. *Jeffery.* 1691: "Jefery."
 p. 113, l. 32. *womens.* 1691: "womans."
 p. 114, l. 31. *Schollard.* 1691: "Scolard."
 p. 114, l. 39. *prickt.* 1691: "prikt."
 p. 115, l. 37. *Wooll.* 1691: "Wool."
 p. 116, l. 35. *Storme.* 1691: "Storm."
 p. 117, l. 12. *Saylers.* 1691: "Sailers."
 p. 117, l. 12. *rowl.* 1691: "roll."
 p. 117, l. 34. *Countrey.* 1691: "Country."
 p. 118, l. 12. *Collar-bones.* 1691: "Collar-bone."
 p. 118, l. 17. *Whally.* 1691: "Whalley."
 p. 118, l. 23. *Tennants.* 1691: "Tenants."
 p. 119, l. 23. *yeou.* 1691: "yeow."
 p. 119, l. 30. *han yeow.* 1691: "han you."
 p. 119, l. 32. *yeou'st.* 1691: "yeou'l."
 p. 120, l. 6. *sixt.* 1691: "sixth."
 p. 120, l. 12. *rights.* 1691: "Rites."
 p. 120, l. 18. *et.* 1691: "&."
 p. 121, l. 18. *Schoolmen.* 1691: "School-men."
 p. 122, l. 35. *and huge.* 1691: "with huge."
 p. 122, l. 36. *Jail.* 1691: "Gaol."
 p. 122, l. 43. *guilt.* 1691: "gilt."
 p. 123, l. 2. *pair.* 1691: "pare."
 p. 123, l. 3. *Tobacco.* 1691: "Tabaco" throughout.
 p. 123, l. 15. *slick'd.* 1691: "flick'd."
 p. 123, l. 18. *quible.* 1691: "quibble."
 p. 123, l. 20. *Plums.* 1691: "Plumbs."
 p. 123, l. 20. *panes.* 1691: "pains."
 p. 123, l. 25. *stew'd.* 1691: "stu'd."
 p. 124, l. 11. *set.* 1691: "sate."
 p. 124, l. 16. *Broath.* 1691: "Broth."
 p. 124, l. 18. *mollify.* 1691: "mollifie."
 p. 125, l. 17. *with honest.* 1691 misprints "witbut."
 p. 125, l. 25. *Stomack.* 1691: "Stomach."
 p. 126, l. 1. *paws.* 1691: "pause."
 p. 126, l. 22. *errant.* 1691: "errand."
 p. 127, l. 5. *Now you look.* 1691 omits "you."
 p. 127, l. 17. *fancied.* 1691: "fansied."
 p. 127, l. 29. *I think.* 1691 misprints: "I thing."
 p. 127, l. 31. *jesting shews.* 1691 misprints: "Justice shews."
 p. 128, l. 11. *Two Leggs.* 1691: "two Legs."
 p. 128, l. 18. *Porta.* 1691: "porta."
 p. 128, l. 20. *talk of my face.* 1691: "talk of Face."
 p. 128, l. 24. *violl.* 1691: "Viol."
 p. 128, l. 28. *Sizars.* 1691: "Sizers."

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 128, l. 31. *Arsa*. 1691: "*Assa*."
- p. 129, l. 3. *Loathsom*. 1691: "loathsome."
- p. 129, l. 13. *lye*. 1691: "lie."
- p. 129, l. 26. *Hay, what*. 1691: omits "Hay" and prints "What."
- p. 130, l. 7. *shore*. 1691: "shoar."
- p. 131, l. 21. *Scæne*. 1691: "Scene."
- p. 131, l. 37. *suct*. 1691: "suckt."
- p. 132, l. 13. *nailes*. 1691: "nails."
- p. 132, l. 17. *Doggs*. 1691: "Dogs."
- p. 132, l. 17. *Cocks-crowed*. 1691: "Cocks crow'd."
- p. 132, l. 24. *blood*. 1691: "bloud."
- p. 132, l. 33. *Tail*. 1691: "Tayl."
- p. 133, l. 8. *Sabaths*. 1691: "Sabbaths."
- p. 133, l. 15. *Beesoms*. 1691: "Besomes."
- p. 134, l. 13. *Eucrates*. 1682: "Ecrotos."
- p. 134, l. 21. *Villicū*. 1691: "Villicis."
- p. 135, l. 23. *de Nat. Animal*. 1682 misprints: "*Anincal*."
- p. 135, l. 24. *matri praeseptus*. 1682 mistakenly: "*mater*."
- p. 135, l. 26. *teneri fronte*. 1682 misprints: "*teucris*."
- p. 135, l. 29. *Equae*. 1682 wrongly: "*aeque*."
- p. 135, l. 40. *dæmonum*. 1682 misprints: "*daemoruim*."
- p. 135, l. 42. *propicinis*. 1682: "*propisinis*."
- p. 136, l. 34. *Mary-bones*. 1691: "Marrow-bones."
- p. 136, l. 37. *Sur-loyn*. 1691: "Sur-loin."
- p. 137, l. 11. *defy*. 1691: "defie."
- p. 138, l. 7. *Popish-Priest*. 1691: "Popish Priest."
- p. 138, l. 18. *heare*. 1691: "hear."
- p. 138, l. 31. *Naam*. 1691: "Naame."
- p. 138, l. 31. *Shalvaation*. 1691: "Shalwation."
- p. 138, l. 41. *Saint Ty-burn*. 1691: "St. Tyburn."
- p. 138, l. 43. *Saint Tegue*. 1691: "St. Tegue."
- p. 140, l. 21. *bloody-minded*. 1691: "bloudy-minded."
- p. 140, l. 27. *joyn*. 1691: "join."
- p. 141, l. 5. *Tearms*. 1691: "Terms."
- p. 141, l. 11. *obleige*. 1691: "oblige."
- p. 141, l. 35. *Morrow-night*. 1691: "morrow night."
- p. 142, l. 32. *loath*. 1691: "loth."
- p. 142, l. 41. *your Servant; to tell*. 1682: "Servant to, tell."
- p. 143, l. 18. *Shalvaation*. 1691: "Shalwaation."
- p. 143, l. 29. *Smithfeild*. 1691: "Smitfeild."
- p. 143, l. 31. *Canonical*. 1691: "Caninical."
- p. 143, l. 40. *Friends*. 1691: "Frinds."
- p. 144, l. 9. *dee*. 1691: "thee."
- p. 144, l. 25. *Chreest*. 1691: "Chrest."
- p. 145, l. 24. *bewitcht*. 1691: "bewitched."
- p. 145, l. 27. *Tooths*. 1691: "Tooth."
- p. 145, l. 29. *Snush*. 1691: "Snuch."
- p. 145, l. 31. *Quill*. 1691: "Quil."
- p. 145, l. 34. *Sir Jeff*. Who is this. 1691 transposes these speeches, putting Sir Jeffery's question second and Sir Edward's answer first.
- p. 146, l. 41. *protty*. 1691: "pretty."
- p. 146, l. 43. *labour*. 1691: "labbour."

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

- p. 147, l. 3. *Fellow*. 1691 : "Felow."
- p. 147, l. 7. *Vitch*. 1682 misprints "Vich."
- p. 147, l. 26. *shome*. 1691 : "some."
- p. 147, l. 28. *Posbts*. Some copies of 1682 read "Pots."
- p. 147, l. 38. *prethee*. 1691 : "prithee."
- p. 148, l. 12. *conference*. 1691 : "Conference."
- p. 148, l. 18. *fow Queen*. 1691 : "fow Wheane."
- p. 148, l. 23. *nere*. 1691 : "near."
- p. 148, l. 31. *waife*. 1691 : "waif."
- p. 149, l. 26. *conno*. 1691 : "con no."
- p. 149, l. 27. *Beans*. 1691 : "Beens."
- p. 149, l. 30. *wounded*. 1691 : "waunded."
- p. 149, l. 36. *Aromatick*. 1691 : "Aromatick."
- p. 151, l. 15. *skim*. 1691 : "skin."
- p. 151, l. 17. *sollid*. 1691 : "solid."
- p. 152, l. 27. *Felle wood?* 1691 : "Fellewood?"
- p. 152, l. 30. *Hobbell?* 1691 : "Hobbel?"
- p. 153, l. 9. *Hypsipile*. 1691 : "Mypsiphile."
- p. 153, l. 43. *profane*. 1691 : "prophane."
- p. 154, l. 13. *Ceres*. 1691 misprints : "Cores."
- p. 154, l. 26. *Asses*. 1691 misprints : "Ashes."
- p. 154, l. 33. *Cyprus*. 1691 misprints : "Coprus."
- p. 154, l. 39. *Wolf*. 1691 : "Woolf."
- p. 155, l. 3. *contum*. 1691 misprints : "cantum."
- p. 155, l. 8. *alienum*. 1691 : "aliens."
- p. 155, l. 9. *dorsis*. 1691 : "dorcis."
- p. 157, l. 25. *Harfort*. 1691 : "Hartford."
- p. 157, l. 40. *Sweetheart*. 1691 : "Sweat-Heart."
- p. 158, l. 11. *livelyhood*. 1691 : "livelihood."
- p. 159, l. 10. *Ladiship's*. 1691 : "Ladyship's."
- p. 159, l. 34. *ſprightly*. 1691 : "spritely."
- p. 162, l. 1. *very strong*. 1691 misprints : "veay."
- p. 162, l. 25. *flyes*. 1691 : "flys."
- p. 162, l. 28. *te pessimum ſpiritum*. 1682 : "pessimum in Te Spiritum."
- p. 163, l. 5. *shee*. 1691 : "she."
- p. 164, l. 2. *Chaplin's*. 1691 : "Chaplain's."
- p. 164, l. 14. *Jealousy*. 1682 : "Jealously." 1691 ; 1720 : "Jealousie." Halliwell, 1853 : "jealousy."
- p. 164, l. 30. *Choyce*. 1691 : "Choice."
- p. 166, l. 21. *meeghty*. 1691 : "meety."
- p. 166, l. 30. *of women in the Ayr*. 1691 : "of a woman."
- p. 166, l. 34. *Dame*. 1691 : "dame."
- p. 167, l. 10. *Bellfort*. 1691 : "Belfort."
- p. 168, l. 11. *wee'l*. 1691 : "we'll."
- p. 169, l. 3. *who's there?* 1682 : "Whose there?"
- p. 169, l. 9. *Gaalant*. 1691 : "Gaallant."
- p. 169, l. 27. *nobody*. 1691 : "no Body."
- p. 170, l. 10. *alarm'd*. 1691 : "allarm'd."
- p. 170, l. 38. *surprise*. 1691 : "surprize."
- p. 172, l. 1. *Hah, bah*. 1691 : "Hah, ha."
- p. 172, l. 16. *do*. 1691 : "doe."
- p. 172, l. 22. *Beautious*. 1691 : "Beautuous."

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 175, l. 19. *taaken*. 1691: "taken."
 p. 175, l. 33. *Puckling*. 1691: "Pukling."
 p. 175, l. 38. *night*. 1691: "neeght."
 p. 176, l. 4. *Marryed*. 1691: "Married."
 p. 177, l. 17. *I am a Drunkard*. 1691 omits "a."
 p. 177, l. 30. *blew*. 1691: "blue."
 p. 178, l. 3. *screek*. 1691: "sbriek."
 p. 179, l. 20. *what she pleases*. 1691 misprints "he."
 p. 179, l. 37. *you'l*. 1691: "you'll."
 p. 181, l. 6. *Uncle*. 1691: "Unckle."
 p. 181, l. 17. *Witches habit*. 1682: "Weitches."
 p. 181, l. 30. *Holy-Wax*. 1691: "Holy-wax."
 p. 181, l. 35. *braave*. 1691: "brave."
 p. 182, l. 7. *arm*. 1691: "Arm."
 p. 182, l. 15. *Teates*. 1691 misprints: "Treats."
 p. 183, l. 2. *Lacrimandum*. 1691: "Lacrymandum."
 p. 183, l. 28. *Shalvaation*. 1691: "shalvaation."
 p. 183, l. 31. *malice*. 1691: "Malice."
 p. 183, l. 37. *Mentall*. 1691: "Mental."
 p. 183, l. 41. *presence*. 1691: "Presence."
 p. 183, l. 42. *eyes*. 1691: "Eyes."
 p. 184, l. 3. *Innocent*. 1691: "innocent."
 p. 184, l. 6. *Oathes*. 1691: "Oaths."
 p. 184, l. 18. *only*. 1691: "onely."
 p. 184, l. 19. *love*. 1691: "Love."
 p. 184, l. 21. *honour*. 1691: "Honour."
 p. 184, l. 27. *Good morrow*. 1691: "good Morrow."
 p. 185, l. 8. *Hub?* 1691: "Hob?"
 p. 185, l. 31. *Tennants*. 1691: "Tenants."
 p. 185, l. 31. *Country*. 1691 misprints: "Contrey."
 p. 185, l. 34. *welcom*. 1691: "welcome."
 p. 186, l. 10. *I'lc*. 1691: "I'll."
 p. 186, l. 27. *Thieves*. 1682 misprints: "Reives."
 p. 187, l. 17. *then life*. 1691: "than life."
 p. 187, l. 27. *Chaplin*. 1691: "Chaplain."
 p. 188, l. 2. *Presbiterian*. 1691: "Presbyterian."
 p. 189, l. 3. *Skilful*. 1691: "Scilful."
 p. 189, l. 11. *Fryer*. 1691: "Fryar."
 p. 189, l. 24. *alas*. 1691: "alass."
 p. 189, l. 29. *Vertuous*. 1691: "vertuous."
 p. 189, l. 32. *place*. 1691: "Place."
 p. 189, l. 33. *follies*. 1691: "Follies."
 p. 189, l. 34. *Nonsense*. 1691: "Nonsence."
 p. 189, l. 35. *ſportful*. 1691: "ſportfull."
 p. 189, l. 38. *The End*. Not in 1691.
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The Squire of Alsatia

- p. 201, l. 2. *White-fryers.* 1693 : VWhite-fryers ; and the word "Was" is written VV throughout.
- p. 206, l. 16. *entayled.* 1693 : entailed.
- p. 206, l. 19. *abominably.* 1692 ; 1693 : abominable.
- p. 207, l. 16. *solicits.* 1692 ; 1693 : sollicit.
- p. 207, l. 24. *Ruth.* Omitted by 1688.
- p. 209, l. 4. *Shamwell.* 1693 : Shamwel.
- p. 209, l. 11. *than.* 1693 misprints "that."
- p. 210, l. 24. *Goodsookers.* 1692 ; 1693 : Godsookers.
- p. 211, l. 39. *dy'd.* 1693 : dyed.
- p. 211, l. 40. *these six.* 1692 ; 1693 : this six.
- p. 212, l. 7. *bowzy.* 1693 : bowsie.
- p. 212, l. 28. *Herald.* 1692 ; 1693 : Herauld.
- p. 213, l. 23. *breake.* 1692 ; 1693 : break.
- p. 214, l. 3. *sen yeow ?* 1688 omits "yeow."
- p. 215, l. 3. *dye.* 1692 ; 1693 : die.
- p. 215, l. 21. *Perriwig-maker.* 1692 ; 1693 : "Peruke" instead of "Perriwig" throughout.
- p. 215, l. 31. *hugg.* 1692 ; 1693 : hug.
- p. 216, l. 5. *Friers.* 1692 ; 1693 : Fryars.
- p. 216, l. 16. *Summs.* 1693 : Sums.
- p. 216, l. 35. *Affidavit-men.* 1693 : Affidavit men.
- p. 217, l. 29. *Neece.* 1692 ; 1693 : Niece.
- p. 220, l. 31. *you have Adopted.* 1688 omits.
- p. 220, l. 42. *Monsters.* 1692 ; 1693 : Monstrous.
- p. 220, l. 43. *govern by Love.* 1693 misprints "my."
- p. 221, l. 7. *Custom.* 1693 : costom.
- p. 221, l. 15. *squanders.* 1693 : sqanders.
- p. 224, l. 18. *Absence.* 1693 : Absent.
- p. 225, l. 14. *Musick.* 1692 ; 1693 : Music.
- p. 226, l. 19. *welcome.* 1693 : Welcom.
- p. 226, l. 42. *and by stealth.* 1688 omits "and."
- p. 227, l. 12. *spoyl.* 1692 ; 1693 : spoil.
- p. 228, l. 27. *Unkle.* 1692 ; 1693 : Uncle.
- p. 230, l. 1. *mad man.* 1692 ; 1693 : Mad Man.
- p. 230, l. 38. *our Family.* 1693 : your Family.
- p. 230, l. 42. *an excellent.* 1693 misprints "and."
- p. 232, l. 5. *Sailor.* 1692 ; 1693 : Saylor.
- p. 235, l. 29. *Musicians.* 1692 ; 1693 : Musitians.
- p. 237, l. 7. *Brother.* 1692 ; 1693, give speech-prefix *Bro.*
- p. 239, l. 13. *suffered.* 1693 : suffred.
- p. 239, l. 13. *Sacrificed.* 1692 ; 1693 : sacrificed.
- p. 239, l. 30. *Lyar.* 1692 ; 1693 : Lyer.
- p. 240, l. 9. *Your own man.* 1693 omits "own."
- p. 241, l. 32. *saen.* 1692 ; 1693 : sain.
- p. 244, l. 2. *dream.* 1693 : Dream.
- p. 244, l. 21. *bowzy.* 1692 ; 1693 : bowsie.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 245, l. 35. *melancholly.* 1692; 1693: melancholy.
 p. 246, l. 7. *and Cock-bawd.* 1693: a Cook-bawd.
 p. 246, l. 24. *Persuade.* 1692; 1693: Perswade.
 p. 247, l. 33. *going home.* 1693 misprints "going whom."
 p. 249, l. 31. *Poetry.* 1688 misprints "Poerry."
 p. 250, l. 1. *Casement.* 1693: Casements.
 p. 250, l. 4. *Fore Rooms.* 1692; 1693: fore Rooms.
 p. 251, l. 24. *Jail.* 1693: Jayl.
 p. 251, l. 28. *Cosin.* 1692; 1693: Cousin.
 p. 252, l. 29. *must.* 1693 misprints: "mnst."
 p. 252, l. 34. *thee soon.* 1693 misprints: the soon.
 p. 253, l. 12. *Battel.* 1693: Battle.
 p. 254, l. 21. *ones parts.* 1693: one parts.
 p. 255, l. 28. *extreamly.* 1692; 1693: extremely.
 p. 258, l. 37. *Unkle.* 1693 prints: "Uncle."
 p. 260, l. 6. *Ter. Thou art safe.* 1693 wrongly: "*Term.* Thou art safe."
 p. 261, l. 11. *inhuman.* 1693: inhumane.
 p. 262, l. 1. *begon.* 1692; 1693: be gone.
 p. 264, l. 9. *mannage my Natural.* 1692; 1693: *manage.*
 p. 265, l. 24. *He's told me.* 1693: Has told me.
 p. 266, l. 36. *Gentlemen.* 1693 misprints: *Gntelemen.*
 p. 266, l. 37. *Footmen.* 1692; 1693: *Footman.*
 p. 268, l. 15. *Honour.* 1692; 1693: Honor.
 p. 268, l. 23. *soveraign.* 1688 misprints "sovereingn."
 p. 269, l. 30. *Bail.* 1692; 1693: Bayl.
 p. 270, l. 2. *lively.* 1692; 1693: livelily.
 p. 271, l. 22. *Tenaceous.* 1692; 1693: Tenacious.
 p. 272, l. 38. *Hackum.* Cheatly's entrance here is not marked.
 p. 273, l. 1. *Cosin.* 1693: Couzen.
 p. 274, l. 2. *Marry'd.* 1693: Married.
 p. 274, l. 22. *deliver'd.* 1692; 1693: delivered.
 p. 276, l. 14. *Beautiful, and Witty.* 1693: Beautiful, VVitty.
 p. 277, l. 22. *examine.* 1693: examin.
 p. 278, l. 38. *ne'er.* 1692; 1693: never.
 p. 280, l. 34. *hales 'em away.* 1693: *hales 'em out.*
 p. 280, l. 36. *rejoice.* 1693: rejoyce.
 p. 281, l. 9. *Virtuous.* 1692; 1693: Vertuous.
 p. 282, l. 34. *frown.* 1692; 1693: *Frown.*
 p. 283, l. 3. *Chit chat.* 1693: Chit Chat.
 p. 283, l. 5. *language.* 1692; 1693: *Language.*

Bury-Fair

Of *Bury-Fair* there is no edition of any value save the First Quarto, 1689. This comedy was not reprinted in Shadwell's lifetime, but the First Quarto is included (No. 14) in "The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq., Late Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal . . . LONDON, Printed for James Knapton, . . . 1693.

Bury-Fair is the second play in Vol. IV. (pp. 113-215) of the 12mo "The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq." 1720.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The Woman-Captain

- p. 15. ANTHONY LEE. Who doubtless acted Gripe.
- p. 17. MRS. BARREY. In the Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Barry, who played Lavinia, to Otway's *Caius Marius*, which very shortly followed *The Woman-Captain*, there is a reference to this comedy : *For t'other Day I was a Captain too.*
- p. 17. BIRTH-DAY SUITS. Suits worn at Court upon the birthday of the King or Queen. So in *The Rape of The Lock*, Pope's Belinda in her dream sees

A Youth more glitt'ring than a *Birth-night Beau*.

- p. 19. BREWIS. Translated by John Withals, *Dictionary in English and Latin*, 1568, as "*Offulæ adipatae*," Bread soaked in boiling fat pottage, made of salted meat.
- p. 20. TAKE AWAY THE FOOL. No doubt in allusion to Olivia's "Take the Fool away," *Twelfth Night*, I, v.
- p. 20. PULVILIO. A fragrant powder. *Polviglio*. In *The Country Wife*, VI, 1, Lucy, who has just attired her mistress on her wedding morning, says : "Madam, now have I dress'd you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of essence, and pulvilio."
- p. 20. TUBEROSE. To this fashionable perfume there are many references. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, V, 1, where Belinda says the country-ladies offered her carnations and gillyflowers. "I begg'd their Pardon, and told them I never wore any Thing but Orange-Flowers and Tuberose."
- p. 20. ORANGE-FLOWER WATER. Greatly in vogue as a perfume and fragrant lotion. Ure, *Dictionary of Arts*, 1839, tells us : "The oil of orange-flowers, called neroli, is extracted from the fresh flowers of the *citrus aurantium*. . . . The aqueous solution, known under the name of orange-flower water, is used as a perfume." Addison, describing a ladies' toilet, *Spectator*, 328, Monday, 17 March, 1712, says : "I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal Preparations as Salves, Cerecloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, Ratafia, Persico, Orange-flower, and Cherry-Brandy." It will be remembered that Cherry-brandy was an essential feature of Lady Wishfort's toilet, *The Way of the World*, III. Persico is a cordial made from the kernels of peaches, apricots, etc., macerated in strong spirit.
- p. 20. NERO'S. In allusion to Petronius, who was traditionally said to be the Arbiter Elegantiarum of Nero's court, and to invent new pleasures for his master.
- p. 21. PYE-CORNER. West Smithfield, between Giltspur Street and Smithfield. "Pie Corner,—noted chiefly for Cooks' shops, and Pigs drest there during Bartholomew Fair." Styrpe, Book III. Cf. *The Alchemist*, I, 1, where Face says to Subtle :

But I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie-corner
Taking your meale of steeme in, from cookes stalls,
Where like the father of hunger, you did walke
Piteously coſtive.

Also Massinger's *The City Madam*, I, 1 :

Lady Frugal. What cooks have you provided ?

Holdfast. The best of the City ; they've wrought at my Lord Mayor's.

Anne. Fie on them ! they smell of Fleet-lane and Pie-corner.

THE WOMAN-CAPTAIN

- p. 21. LEICESTERSHIRE PEASE-FED SHEEP. Various old manuscripts speak of "Leycetershire full of benys": and "Bean-belly Leicestershire" is a common name for the county.
- p. 21. SWEETINGS AND HORSE-PLUMBS. Sweetings are a particular kind of apple of a luscious flavour. Palsgrave, 1530, 278/1, explains: "Swetyng an apple, *pomme douce*." The horse-plum is a small red variety of plum. Palsgrave, 232/2: "Horse plome, frute, *jovroise*." Britton and Holland, 1886, give: "*Horse Plum*, a small red plum."
- p. 21. SUFFOLK CHEESE. Which was generally considered to be of very poor quality. Swift uses the simile "As bad as *Suffolk* cheese."
- p. 21. RAM-ALLEY. Mitre Court, Fleet Street. Ram Alley was famous for its cook-shops, and being a privileged place for debtors it was of no very good repute. There is a famous comedy by Lording Barry with this title. It was first printed 4to, 1611, and again in 1636 and 1639. *Ram Alley* shows that its author had an intimate acquaintance with legal procedure and with life in the Inns of Court.
- p. 22. DOUSETS. Sweetbreads. Especially the testicles of a deer. Cf. Ben Jonson, *The Sad Shepherd*, 1637, I, 2, where Maid Marian speaking of venison says: "All the sweet morsels call'd tongue, ears, and dowcets." Phillips, 1678, has: "*Doulcets*, the stones of a Hart or a Stag."
- p. 22. WHITE HAWS. A kind of rich sausage made with suet. A North Country delicacy.
- p. 22. VELVET HEAD. The head of a deer whilst the horns are still covered with velvet, and therefore young and tender. Also, rarely, of a kid.
- p. 22. KELL. This northern form corresponds to "caul," and here means the skin and fat of the deer, which being retained, none of the richness of the meat is lost, and it does not come to table dry, but juicy and succulent.
- p. 22. CHICKENS IN THE GREASE. Engraisés. So in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, IV, "chickens in the grease" are mentioned in a list of particular delicacies.
- p. 22. CLUSTER'D EGGS. Raw eggs, which, it is considered, excite to venery. Odell in *The Prodigal*, 8vo, 1744, has "butter'd eggs." Cf. Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, folio 1647, I, 2, where Lopez the miser is roasting a single egg by a candle, and Penurio, the hungry servant, when the old man demands his wife's attendance, mutters to himself

The very sight of this egg has made him cockish;
What would a dozen butter'd do?

- p. 22. POWT. Obsolete for Poult, a young bird, especially a chicken, or the young of game-birds, the turkey, pheasant, guinea-fowl, and others. Carew, *Cornwall*, 1602: "Of wild [birds Cornwall hath] Quaile, Raile, Partridge, Powte, etc."
- p. 22. SOLON GOOSE. Solan-goose, the gannet, a sea-bird.
- p. 22. PUFFIN. A north-Atlantic sea-bird, with a large furrowed parti-coloured bill.
- p. 22. WHEAT-EAR. A small bird, the stone-chat or whitetail.
- p. 22. BECA FICA. Beccafico, a small migrant bird, esteemed as a great delicacy, and especially valued by epicures in Italy.
- p. 22. LINCOLNSHIRE FOWL. All kinds of water fowl which abound in the "drowned lands of Lincolnshire."
- p. 22. BRETT. Sometimes identified with brill, sometimes with turbot. Cotgrave, 1611, has: "Bertonneau, a bret or turbot." But other writers distinguish the two fish. Yarrell, *British Fishes* (1836; ed. 1859), I, 642, says that the Brett is another name for the Brill.

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- p. 22. ORGAN LING. Corrupted from orgas ling, orgas = orgays. A large kind of ling. Moufet and Bennet, *Health's Improvement* (1655), ed. 1746, p. 245 : "Standing every Fish-day as a cold Supporter at my Lord Mayor's Table, yet it is nothing but a long Cod, whereof the greater sized is called Organ-Ling, and the other Codling, because it is no longer than a Cod, yet hath the Taste of Ling." Rogers, *Agriculture and Prices*, 1887, V, 419, notes : "Ling, sometimes called organ or great ling."
- p. 22. STURGEON. This fish was supposed to be extremely stimulating and provocative.
- p. 22. OISTERS. Oysters have always been recognized as being aphrodisiac.
- p. 22. PEARL AND AMBER. This idea seems to be taken from Sir Epicure's fanciful speeches in *The Alchemist*, II, 2.
- p. 22. LUSCIO. Spanish *lucio* ; the luce or pike. Probably only here.
- p. 22. CHAR, TENCH. The char is a small fish of the trout kind. Known in books only since the 17th century. Phillips, 1662, has : "*Chare*, a kind of fish which breeds most peculiarly in Winandermere in Lancashire." The tench is a thick-bodied freshwater fish, *Tinca vulgaris*, allied to the carp, inhabiting still and deep waters. See Walton's *Angler* (1653), IX, 175-6. The tench is nicknamed "the fishes' physician," because, says Best, *Angling*, 1787, "his slime is said to be very healing to wounded fishes."
- p. 22. CALVERD SALMON. To calver salmon is to treat or cook it in a special mode, which apparently differed at different periods. The word is by no means infrequent. Cf. Robert May's *The Accomplisht Cook*, or the Art and mystery of cooking, 8vo, 1660 : "To calver salmon to eat hot or cold." In *The Parson's Wedding*, folio 1663, III, 2, the Captain being asked to order his favourite dishes, says : "Provide me then the chines fry'd, and the Salmon calver'd." Shadwell probably remembered *The Alchemist*, II, ii, 80 : "My foot-boy shall eate phesants, calverd salmons."
- p. 22. TORECELLS. Wood-peckers. Italian, *Toricollo*.
- p. 22. INDIAN BIRDS-NEST. Rather Chinese.
- p. 22. TARTONPHILY. A corruption of the Venetian *tartufola*, which sometimes signifies a potato, and sometimes a truffle. Truffles are intended here. Brillat-Savarin, *Physiologie du Gout*, Paris, 1826, I, p. 180, Méditation VI, writes "De la vertu érotique des Truffes," and decides : "La truffe n'est point un aphrodisiaque positif : mais elle peut, en certaines occasions, rendre les femmes plus tendres et les hommes plus aimables."

"Buvons à la truffe noire
Et ne soyons pas ingrats :
Elle assure la victoire
Dans les plus charmants combats.
Au secours
Des amours,
Du plaisir la providence
Envoya cette substance :
Qu'on en serve tous les jours."

Thus lightly sings Boscary de Villeplaine.

- p. 23. LANGOON. A kind of white wine from Langon, a town on the Garonne. E. Smith, *Compleat Housewife* (14th ed.), 1750, speaks of "the best lagoon white wine." Cf. *Gallantry-a-la-Mode*, *A Satyrical Poem*, 1674, has :

Suspition then I *washt* away,
With old *Lagoon*, and cleansing *Whey*.

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- p. 23. VIN D'AYE. Vin d'Ai. A kind of champagne. The vineyards whence comes Vin d'Ai are even now conspicuous on the left bank of the river Marne in the Epernay district. In the Marquis de Sade's *Justine* (with *Juliette*), 10 vols. [Paris], 1797, the Comte de Gernande washes down his Gargantuan feasts with a dozen bottles of wine, of which four bottles of Ay accompany the meat courses.

- p. 23. FRONTINIAC. A muscat wine made at Frontignan, in the department of Hérault, France. Cf. Davenant, *The Wits*, licensed 9 January, 1633-4, and produced a little later in the same month, 4to, 1636, IV, 1, where Pallatine the Younger taunts his brother with

Nothing could please your haughty Pallat
But the Muskatelli and Frontiniack Grape.

In Wycherley's Poem *The Bill of Fare*, we have :

His common *Port*, was luscious as his *Sack*,
And the same Stum impos'd for *Frontiniac*.

Cf. *Gallantry-a-la-Mode*, *A Satyrical Poem*, 12mo, 1674 ; Part II :

And you shall with *Frontinniack Wine*,
From *Sorrows dross* Phil's *Heart refine*.

* * * * * * *

Frontiniack, and rich *Florence Wine*,
Did with their *Flavours* so combine,
Had envious *Cynnick sipt*, he must
Have *Extasies* at ev'ry *gust*.

- p. 23. CELERY. Sillery.

- p. 23. VIN DE BON. Beaune, from Beaune on the river Bouzoise, which town is one of the chief seats of the Burgundy wine trade. Cf. the host's song, III, in Porter's *The Villain*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields Saturday, 18 October, 1662 :

Here's vin de Bon, vin de Champaign,
And vin de Celestine,
And here is that they call Bouru,
Which to Loves Sports incline.

- p. 23. VIN CELESTINE. Odell in *The Prodigal*, 8vo, 1744, in the parallel passage has "*Vin de Beaune*." This wine derived its name from being vintaged in the vineyards belonging to the Celestine monks, a branch of the Benedictines, founded by Pope S. Celestine V, 1215-1296. This Order became very popular in France, and long enjoyed many privileges. One of their chief houses was at Rouen, whence they generally exported their wine. The Celestinians disappeared from Germany about the time of the religious anarchy, but in France they remained until 1766, and are found even later in Italy.

- p. 23. HERMITAGE. A French wine from a hill near Valence which has a ruined hermitage on the summit. In *Gracieuse et Percinet*, by Madame D'Aulnoy, the Duchess, offering the king the choicest wines in her cellar, says : "Voilà du Canario, du St. Laurent, du Champagne, de l'Hermitage, du Rivesalte, du Rossolis, Persicot, Fenouillet. Duquel voulez-vous ?"

- p. 23. HIS SHIRT AND HER SMOCK. This is a very old story.

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- p. 24. RANK BALL. Ballum rancum, which the *Lexicon Balatronicum*, 1811, defines as "A hop or dance, where the women are all prostitutes. N.B. The company dance in their birth-day suits." An Adam and Eve ball. In Duffett's burlesque *The Mock-Tempest*, 4to, 1675, III, Mousetrappa jeers Beantosser : "I never danc'd naked at the *French* house for Mild-Sixpences, good Lerry-come-twang." Cf. also Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1677-8, V, where Aldo says to Woodall : "We'll divide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches and *Ballum Rankum* every Night." And later when Aldo says to Mrs. Pleasance "Thou shalt be us'd, little *Pleasance*, like a Sovereign Princess : Thou shalt not touch a bit of Butchers Meat in a Twelvemonth ; and thou shalt be treated——" "Not with *Ballum Rankum* every Night, I hope !" the lady interrupts. Pepys, 30 May, 1668, notes : "And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers ; Harris telling me how it was by a meeting of some young blades, when he was among them, and my Lady Bennett and her ladies ; and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world." Harris was Henry Harris, the famous actor of the Duke's Theatre ; "Lady" Bennett was a well-known procuress of the day, to whom there are many references, e.g. Pepys, Saturday, 22 September, 1660 ; Luellin "told me how the pretty woman that I always loved at the beginning of Cheapside that sells child's coats was served by the Lady Bennett (a famous strumpet), who by counterfeiting to fall into a swoon upon the sight of her in her shop, became acquainted with her, and at last get her ends of her to lie with a gentleman that had hired her to procure this poor soul for him."
- p. 24. RUB'D AND CAWDLED. Cf. the scene in Wilson's *The Cheats*, 1662, I, 5, where when Mr. Scruple, the Nonconformist minister, appears very tired and heated after preaching, all the women pull him down into a low chair, rub him with towels, and dose him with sack and cider out of a great bowl to prevent any chance of his catching cold.
- p. 24. MILLENERS. At the levée of Lord Foppington, *The Relapse* (Drury Lane Dec., 1696), there appeared a tailor ; Mrs. Callicoe, a sempstress ; a shoemaker ; Mr. Mend-legs, a hosier ; and Mr. Foretop, a periwig-maker. Hogarth in *The Rake's Progress*, 1735, II, shows us his rake surrounded by dancing-masters, fencing-masters, musicians, a prizefighter, a jockey, a landscape gardener, peruke-makers, milliners, tailors, and many tradespeople who usually attend upon persons of quality.
- p. 25. BATHS. Cf. *The Alchemist*, II, 2, where Sir Epicure says :
- My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapor'd 'bout the roome,
 To lose our selves in ; and my baths, like pits
 To fall into : from whence, we will come forth,
 And rowle us drie in gossamour, and roses.
- p. 25. BLEW COATS. The blue coats worn by beadles and constables are alluded to very frequently. In *King Henry IV*, II, v, 4, where the beadles drag away Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, the cyprian abuses her captor as "you blue-bottle rogue." In Dekker and Middleton's *The Honest Whore*, Part II, the final scene, we are shown a Bridewell where the beadles and constables lead out a number of bawds and prostitutes who are to be set to beating hemp. Hogarth, *A Harlot's Progress*, 1731, IV, depicts a Bridewell scene where his heroine and other prisoners are employed in beating hemp.

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- p. 26. A NATURAL DEATH. Mr. Gripe was of the same opinion as Mr. Squeers, who, "being amiably opposed to cruelty to animals, not unfrequently purchased for boy consumption the bodies of horned cattle who had died a natural death."
- p. 27. FERKIN BUTTER. Butter in a firkin. A small measure of inferior butter.
- p. 27. APICIUS. The name of three notorious gluttons. The first lived in the time of Sulla. The second and most renowned, M. Gabius Apicius, flourished under Tiberius. After squandering upwards of £800,000 upon banquets he found that little more than £80,000 remained, wherefore, despairing of being able to satisfy the cravings of hunger upon such a pittance, he incontinently hanged himself. Certain delicious cakes (*Apicia*) and sauces long kept alive his memory, and his name has passed into a proverb connected with the pleasures of the table. There was a third Apicius, a notorious *gourmand*, a contemporary of Trajan. The treatise *De Re Culinaria*, which is now extant and goes under the title "Caelii Apicii," is probably of the third century, and was compiled by some Caelius, who added the name Apicius to indicate the subject-matter of the book.
- p. 27. ILIACA PASSIO. The colic. The ordinary Latin phrase. See the works of the physician Caelius Aurelianus (A.D. 420?), *Acutae Passiones*, II, xvii. 171; III, xxi, 206. He also has *iliacus dolor*, III, xx, 195.
- p. 28. GLASSMEN. Actually there is, of course, no foundation for this statement, which is not meant seriously, being one of Gripe's cozening arguments. Cooks and glassmen are spoken of as living in great heat and being very prone to anger by Tribulation in *The Alchemist*, III, 1, and Shadwell no doubt had this passage in mind.
- p. 28. STOOL-BALL. Stool-ball is an old country game, something resembling cricket, often played by the lads and wenches at Easter, when a tansy was the stake. It still persists in rural places, and is a favourite with women and children, especially in Sussex. See Herrick, *Hesperides*, 1648, No. 692 (Lawrence and Bullen, II, p. 45), *Stool-Ball* :

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar-cakes and wine :
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss, or thine, or mine.

Poor Robin's Almanack, 1677, 19 April, has :

Young men and maids Now very brisk
At Barley-break and stool-ball frisk.

The Encyclopædia of Sports (1898), II, describes the modern variety of stool-ball.

- p. 29. 'TWOULD MAKE ONE SCRATCH. It makes me scratch where I do not itch "Nollem factum. Nihil est miserius quam animus conscius carpentis seipsum." J. Clarke, "*Paraemiologia Anglo-Latina . . . or Proverbs English and Latin*," London, 8vo, 1639.
- p. 31. WHAT IS THE WORTH. *Hudibras*, II, 1, 465-6 :

For what is *Worth* in anything,
But so much *Money* as 'twill bring?

This famous couplet is also quoted by Betty Jiltall in D'Urfey's *Love for Money*, I, Drury Lane, 1689.

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- p. 32. ITALIAN EUNUCH. Italian singers from the Restoration onwards became increasingly popular and fashionable in England. On Monday, 12 October, 1668, Pepys went to the King's house, "and there we did hear the Eunuch (who, it seems, is a Frenchman, but long bred in Italy) sing, which I seemed to take as new to me, though I saw him on Saturday last, but said nothing of it; but such action and singing I could never have imagined to have heard." Two days later he notes: "Went all of us to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Faythful Shepherdess' again, that we might hear the French Eunuch sing, which we did, to our great content, though I do admire his action as much as his singing, being both beyond all I ever saw or heard." This so-called "French" Eunuch was the celebrated Baldassare Ferri of Perugia (1610-1680), a castrato of magnificent soprano voice, which, we are told, had "an indescribable limpidity, combined with the greatest agility and facility, a perfect intonation, a brilliant shake and inexhaustible length of breath."
- p. 32. TRILLO'S. A trill, shake or quaver. Blount, *Glossographia*, 1656: "Trillo, an excellent grace in singing; being an uniform trembling or shaking of the same note." Cf. Pepys, Sunday, 30 June, 1661: "Myself humming to myself (which now-a-days is my constant practice since I begun to learn to sing) the trillo, and found by use that it do come upon me." In John Playford's *Brief Introduction To the Skill of Musick*, Fourth Edition, 1664, p. 57, we have: *Directions for singing after the Italian manner with the Trillo and Gruppo, and other Graces.*
- p. 32. THEORBO'S. The theorbo was a two-necked bass lute. Having gut strings, it was played with the fingers. There are many references to the theorbo in Pepys. Monday, 5 March, 1659-60, he notes: "Early in the morning Mr. Hill comes to string my theorbo, which we were about till past ten o'clock, with a great deal of pleasure."
- p. 34. PRIGG. A pert coxcomb. "An Explanation of the Cant"; *The Squire of Alsatia*. "A Nice beauish, silly Fellow, is called a meer Prig." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 34. NATURAL. "A Name for a Mistress, or rather a Whore." *Squire of Alsatia*.
- p. 34. PORKER. A sword. *Idem*. Odell, *The Prodigal*, 8vo, 1744, here uses the later slang "poker."
- p. 34. OYLIE. A cant name for a cyprian; a common harlot. So in D'Urfey's *Love for Money; or The Boarding School*, 4to, 1691, Oyley is the woman to Betty Jiltall, a mercenary Town Jilt, kept by Jack Amorous.
- p. 34. BUTTOCK. A Whore. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 35. PUREST BAWDY SONGS. "Purest," as meaning "finest, best," was very fashionable slang at the time. A "Pure" was a Mistress; a "Purest Pure" "a Top-Mistress, or Fine Woman."
- p. 35. A BOAT, A BOAT. This very popular old tune has already been mentioned in *The Miser III*, where Timothy Squeeze cries: We "can be as merry as the best of you; we can, I'faith, and sing *A Boat, a Boat*." See Vol. II, p. 53.
- p. 35. CARAVAN. A slang term for a whore.
- p. 36. MOBILE. The common folk, now shortened into mob. Latin, *mobile vulgus*.
- p. 37. GO-DOWNS. Draughts of liquor. Cf. Motteux, *Rabelais*, (1708) Prologue: "Take me off your Bumpusy nine go-downs."
- p. 38. BY COCK AND BOTTLE. Cock is a form of God. Cf. Ophelia's song, *Hamlet*, IV: "By Cock they are to blame."

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- p. 40. ROUS. A bumper. Cf. *Hamlet* (1602), I, 4: "The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse." Also Glapthorne's *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640, V, 2: "My Lord, . . . take me off this lusty rowse to your owne health."
- p. 40. COUNTRY DANCE. Literally a Dance of the Country. On its introduction into France the name was perverted to *contre-danse*, which has since been erroneously assumed to be the original form. The name is especially applied to dances in which a number of couples stand up face to face in two long lines, as in *Sir Roger de Coverley*.
- p. 40. SCANDERBEG. Scanderbeg is a common term for a militant warrior or conqueror from George Castriota (1404-67), an Albanian hero, whose prowess checked the Ottoman advance in Europe. He was at first a commander, Iscander Bey, under Amurath II, but he renounced Islam, and distinguished himself as a Christian champion.
- p. 41. IMPALES. Fences in the common land.
- p. 41. GRIPE LEADS RICHARD. One may compare the scene in *The Countrey-Wife*, Act V, where Mrs. Pinchwife, masked and muffled, deceives her husband and is led away by him who thinks she is his sister.
- p. 42. SMOAK. Pay for it; as in Dryden's *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1669, I, where Mrs. Bibber threatens Loveby, dunning him for his lodging, and telling him that as they have to pay their way "so shall you, or some shall smoak for 't."
- p. 44. OUTLARIES. Outlary, outlarie, obsolete forms of Outlawry.
- p. 44. NORMANDY GLASS. There were two kinds of flat glass known respectively, in the middle ages and later, as "brode-glas" and "Normandy" glass. Normandy glass in England was originally made from glass circles or disks, and when, in after years, the process was perfected the glass was usually termed "crown" glass. Phillips (ed. Kersey), 1706, has: "*Crown-glass*, the finest sort of glass for windows." *The Freethinker*, No. 95; 283 (1718), describes how "A poor Barber . . . had above Fifty Shillings Worth of Crown-Glass demolished." Normandy glass or Crown-glass is circular in form with a thick lump called a bull's-eye in the centre.
- p. 45. ALL THE KNOCKERS. In *The Atheist*, Dorset Garden, 1683, V, the last scene, among the sins laid to the charge of Daredevil are "thy rubbing out Milk-scores, and lamb-blackening of Signs in *Covent-Garden*; thy breaking of Windows." In *Nicholas Nickleby* (Chapter XV) Miss Petowker asked: "What do you call it, when Lords break off door-knockers and beat policemen, and play at coaches with other people's money, and all that sort of thing?"
- "Aristocratic?" suggested the collector.
- "Ah! aristocratic," replied Miss Petowker.
- p. 46. HALF A PIECE. A piece was popularly applied to an English gold coin, originally to the *unite* of James I, and afterwards to the sovereign, and guinea, as the one or the other was the current coin. Chambers, *Cyclopaedia* 1727-41, gives "*Coin*, guinea or piece." Cf. Pepys, Wednesday, 14 March, 1659-60: "I got half-a-piece of a person of Mr. Wright's recommending to my Lord to be Preacher of the Speaker frigate."
- p. 46. SCOT AND LOT. A tax levied by a municipal corporation in proportionate shares upon its members for the defraying of municipal expenses; also as Shot and Lot. So in Foote's *The Minor* (1760) old Mother Cole in evidence of her respectability declares: "Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the Parish of S. Paul's."
- p. 46. GATEHOUSE. A prison near the West Corner of Westminster Abbey by the

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way leading into Dean's Yard, Tothill Street, and the Almonry. It was built in the reign of Edward III, and ordered to be demolished in July, 1776, although a wall was actually standing fifty years later. There are continual references to this jail, which is fully described by Stowe.

- p. 50. **WHEN I GIVE MY HANDKERCHIEF.** The Oriental summons to share the royal bed. In Dryden's *An Evening's Love ; or, The Mock Astrologer*, produced at the Theatre Royal in June, 1668, II, Wildblood says to Bellamy : " A great Prince, a great *Turk* ; we shall have thee within these two Days, do grace to the Ladies, by throwing out a Handkerchief ; 'life I could feast upon thy Fragments." To which his friend answers : " If the Women come, you shall be sure to help me to undergo the Burden." Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682, IV : Julia is unveiled. " *Carlos*. Hah ! what do I see, *by Mahomet*, she's fair. . . . Receive my handkerchief. [*Throws it to her*,] *Francisco*. His Handkerchief ! Bless me, what does he mean ? *Guzman*. To do her honour to lie with her to-night." Also *The Spectator*, LI (Steele), Saturday, 28 April, 1711 : " It is remarkable that the writers of least Learning are best skill'd in the luscious Way. The Poetesses of the Age have done Wonders in this kind ; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*, for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his handkerchief as a Signal for his Mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish Majesty went off with a good Air, but, methought we made but a sad Figure who waited without. This Ingenious Gentlewoman in this piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the same Sex, who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost." *Ibrahim the Thirteenth Emperour of the Turks* (corrected to Twelfth in the Preface, 4to, 1696) by Mrs. Mary Pix, was produced at Drury Lane in 1696. The scene of Blunt's disappointment is one of the most prominent episodes in Mrs. Behn's *The Rover*, Part I, produced at the Duke's house in 1677. Blunt was acted by Underhill.
- p. 50. **LURE.** An apparatus used by falconers to recall their hawks. It consists of a bunch of feathers, to which is attached a long cord or thong, and from the interstices of which, during its training, the hawk is fed. Swinburne, *Garden of Proserpine*, 1865, has : " Time stoops to man's lure."
- p. 50. **TRUSS.** To truss (of a bird of prey) is to seize or clutch (the prey) in its talons. Cf. Dryden's *Secret Love ; or, The Maiden Queen*, produced at the King's Theatre, Saturday, 2 March, 1666-67, III, 1, where Flavia says of Celadon, who is squiring Olinda and Sabina, " Look, look, how he peeps about to see if the Coast be clear ; like an Hawk that will not plume, if she be look'd on. So—at last he has truss'd his Quarry."
- p. 51. **PEAKING.** Sneaking and prying, equivalent in this sense to " peeking." The two words have indeed been confused, for they are of different derivations. The *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, 1700, has : " *Peeking Fellow*, a meer Sneaks, one that peeps in every Hole and Corner."
- p. 52. **WARRANT 'EM MAIDS.** Cf. the scene in *The Humorous Lieutenant* where Leucippe, a procuress, agent for the King's lust, is providing maids for the court service. In Foote's *The Minor* (1760), I, Loader says to Mrs. Cole : " Prythee, Mol, did not I see a tight young wench in a linen gown knock at your door this morning ? " Mrs. Cole answers : " Ay, a young thing from the country." " Could we not get a peep at her this evening ? " inquires the gentleman. " Impossible ! " protests Mrs. Cole, " she is

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engaged to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months." Loader sneers: "Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the Knight." The lady is shocked: "Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on me, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?"

- p. 54. STRAITEN YOUR FILES. Walk abreast smartly; keep well "in file."
 p. 55. ON TICK. An early instance of the phrase. In Dryden's *An Evening's Love*, June, 1668, III, when Jacintha asks Wildblood for money with which to game, he replies: "Play on tick, and lose the *Indies*. I'll discharge it all to-morrow."
 p. 55. I NICKT YOU. To nick in the game of hazard is to win against the other by casting a nick. A nick is a throw which is either the same as the main, or has a fixed correspondence to it. In *An Evening's Love*, IV, Wildblood is dreaming of his future success at the tables: "My Don he sets me ten Pistols; I nick him; Ten more, I sweep them too. Now in all reason he is nettled, and sets me twenty: I win them too."
 p. 56. SNAPS. A snap is a rogue; a sharking fellow. Cf. *The Spanish Curate*, licensed by Sir John Ashley, 24 October, 1622, II, 1:

Take heed of a snap, Sir; h'as a cozening countenance:
 I do not like his way.

- p. 57. O. GRIPE. Old Gripe.
 p. 59. INTER ARMA. "Silent enim leges inter arma." *Pro Milone*, IV, 10.
 p. 59. SUTLER'S WIFE. A sutler was a camp follower who sold provisions and drink.
 p. 61. A SCARF. The military scarf, significant of the rank of an officer. *London Gazette*, 1689, No. 2445/4, advertises: "Lost . . ., an Officers Scarf with four gold Fringes round the Waist, set on Crimson Silk, and a very deep Fringe at each end." Cf. Pope's *Essay upon Man*, 1732, II, 279:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper years.

- p. 63. WHIFFLING. Fiddling, fussy, and so paltry, insignificant. Crowne, *Juliana*, 1671, I, 8, has: "A pittiful whiffling small-beer Duke." Miss Baker, *Northamptonshire Glossary*, 1854, gives: "Whiffing, slight, slender, insignificant. A little whifling fellow."
 p. 68. BANDELEERS. Bandoleers. Shoulder belts with cartridge loops.
 p. 69. AFRAID OF SPIRITS. Cf. Dryden's *Amphitryon*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, early in October, 1690, III, 1, where Sosia says: "I went darkling, and whistling, to keep my self from being afraid." Cf. also Robert Blair's *The Grave*, 1743:

The Schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to keep his courage up.

- p. 72. TOUSES. Pulls about and rumples somewhat rudely, but no doubt none the less pleasantly. Cf. *The Country-Wife*, 1675, II, 1: "He told me none but naughty Women sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd"; also Ramble's couplet, *The London Cuckolds*, 4to, 1682, V:

How I'll Mouse her and Touse her and Tumble her till Morning,
 But little dreams the Bridegroom he is to be horning.

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- p. 72. SIR FORMAL. Sir Formal Trifle, "The Orator, a florid Coxcomb," in *The Virtuoso*.
- p. 75. THE TEMPLE OR ALSACIA. Both these districts were privileged places. The Lord Mayor was not allowed to carry his sword, the symbol of civic authority, in the Temple.
- p. 77. WOODEN-HORSE. A military instrument of torture, also called *timber mare*, being a wooden frame upon which soldiers were made to ride, as it were, as a punishment. For an account of this Wooden Horse see Fortescue's *History of the British Army*, pp. 281-2. Jenkyn, *Blind Guide* (1648), III, 33, has: "A wooden horse for unruly Souldiers is no living creature." Cf. D'Urfey's *Love for Money: or, The Boarding-School*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1689, V, 2, where old Brag the Grenadier enters drunkenly bawling: "A Son of a Whore to run away from his Colours, almost before he was well listed; 'oons I'll hang him myself, I'll make him ride the Wooden-Horse twelve Hours together, with a dozen of Musquets ty'd to each Leg." Also Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, produced at Drury Lane, April, 1706, V, 4, where Captain Plume threatens: "Look'e, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life." Grose, *Military Antiquities*, 1788, II, 200, says: "The remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade at Portsmouth, about the year 1760." J. T. Raven in his *History of Suffolk* (1895), says: "If they were suspected of falsifying their accounts, they might be tortured by a kind of rack called the horse." The Italian tortures known as "la capra" (see Campanella, Preface to *Atheismus Triumphatus*), and "la Veglia" were much on the same principle but far more severe.
- p. 84. TEMPLE HALL. Middle Temple Hall built in 1572, one of the best specimens of an Elizabethan hall in England. Famous Christmas revels were formerly held in this hall, to which there is constant allusion.
- p. 84. BANES. Banns of marriage. Saintsbury when, in Dryden, he met this spelling, which is of course quite common, very absurdly thought that some silly joke was intended.

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- p. 87. NIHILO. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, II, 57-8.
- p. 99. MASTER OF THE REVELS. Charles Killigrew, the son of Thomas Killigrew by his second wife, Charlotte de Hesse. 24 February, 1676-7, he had been appointed Master of the Revels in place of his father, who resigned. His authority is often appealed to, and he seems to have kept a strict eye upon the theatre. He was buried in the Savoy, 8 January, 1724-5.
- p. 100. THE THREE FIRST DAYS. The third day of a play was always the benefit of the dramatist. There are very many allusions to this custom. Thus in the epilogue to *Caius Marius*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, Otway asks:

But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's Pawn for fifty Pound?

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Also *A Satyr upon the Poets*, speaking of the unfortunate Otway, says :

He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,
Had not kind Banker *Betterton* supply'd,
And took for pawn the embryo of a play,
Till he could pay himself the next third day.

p. 100. THOMPSON, OR MASON. Richard Thompson, Vicar of S. Mary Redcliffe and S. Thomas, at Bristol, and afterwards Dean of that City, entered Wakefield School, Yorkshire, about 1663, and thence passed as a Scholar to University College, Oxford. After having proceeded to the degree of Master he was ordained 14 May, 1670, by Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln, in King Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster. He was for a time curate of Brington in Northamptonshire, but when Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen, and vicar of Brington, was made Dean of Salisbury in 1675, Thompson accompanied him, and in 1676 was appointed a Prebend of that Cathedral. In 1677 he travelled with John Norborne of Calne through France, returning the following year upon his nomination as Vicar of Bedminster, Bristol. Whilst he was abroad, persistent reports were spread that he had studied at S. Omers or Douai, and there was much idle gossip of a mysterious visit to Italy on a secret commission. It was stated that he frequented Catholic churches in Flanders, where actually he had never been, and upon his return he was so persecuted by the Protestants that it became necessary for him to vindicate his opinions in print. He declared he was a True Protestant, "So that 'tis mightily to be wondred at, how it comes about that he is *traduced* for a *Papist*, or *any ways Popishly Affected*." In September, 1679, he published certificates from the Bishop of Chichester, late of Bristol, and from Sir John Lloyd, Mayor of Bristol, to attest to his equity, and exemplary conduct. He was especially accused by his enemies of having pronounced a home-truth, that there was no Popish Plot, but a Presbyterian conspiracy. However "several of his Auditors upon 30 January, 1679," at S. Thomas, Bristol, set their hands to a paper to "Certifie and Declare that we do not remember that the said Mr. Thompson did then say in his Prayer or Sermon, *that there was no Popish Plot, but a Presbyterian Plot*, or any thing to that, or the like effect." This was sealed and signed 13 November, 1680. In a MS. Satire, *A Litany*, 1681, Thompson is thus vilipended :

From a young Boy ordain'd who Beard yet has none,
A Journeyman Preacher to som Dignify'd Drone,
Who, whatever Text he preaches upon,
Still talks of Rebellion and Forty One.

Libera &c.

Charles Mason, born at Bury in Suffolk about Christmas 1616, was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. 1 November, 1642, he was created a D.D. of Oxford. Distinguished for his loyalty, he suffered as one of the five Fellows of King's ejected by the Parliament in 1644. On the Restoration he was created a D.D. of Cambridge, presented by the King to the rectory of S. Mary, Woolchurch, 15 June, 1661; and given the prebend of Portpool in S. Paul's Cathedral, 31 December, 1663. His church, S. Mary Woolchurch, having been burned down in the Great Fire, he was, on 14 May, 1669, presented to the rectory of S. Peter-le-Poor, Bread Street, which he held until his death. This took place in the winter of 1677, or early the next year. The exact date is unknown. Having always been a

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staunch loyalist it was natural that he should be detested by Whigs and Puritans, and his memory long aspersed. Certain of his sermons and other works are in print.

p. 100. TANTIVY. Reckless, dare-devil. This word is said by Dr. Johnson to be derived from the sound of a hunting-horn. In Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, Dorset Garden 1682, the old Whig Sir Timothy describes his Tory nephew as "perverted with ill Custom, Tantivy Opinions, and Court-Notions." Tantivy, says Roger North, implied "Riding Post to Rome."

p. 100. KELLY. On the 17th October, 1678, the corpse of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was discovered in a ditch among the fields at the bottom of Primrose Hill. (It seems plain that the unfortunate magistrate had been murdered by Titus Oates and his vile gang to lend colour to their abominable plot.) A mad panic seized on London, and the wildest nonsense, provided that it was anti-Catholic, was immediately believed by the fanatics who swayed the rabble. Indiscriminate arrests followed on all sides, and among those who were clapped up in jail was the unfortunate Miles Prance, a silversmith of Covent Garden, apparently because, being in liquor one day at a tavern, he had said in somewhat loud tones that the Jesuit Fathers "were very honest men." Prance, who seems by nature to have been weak and vacillating, a person easily wrought upon and confused almost to distraction, was declared by Bedloe, a perjured criminal, to have been present at the murder of Godfrey. The poor wretch was accordingly put in the condemned cell at Newgate, loaded with irons, bullied and interrogated, probably not without torture, until he evolved an amazing and impossible yarn. Amongst other fairy-tales he deposed that about nine o'clock in the evening of the 12th October, a priest named Gerald, with various other accomplices, who had compelled him to join them by threats and menaces, decoyed the defunct magistrate into Somerset House. In the courtyard were seated Berry the porter, and an Irishman whose name Prance did not know. When they had arrived at a dark spot Green, presumably the sub-sacristan in the Queen's chapel, suddenly threw a twisted handkerchief round Godfrey's neck and strangled him. The Irishman with all the rest aided in the assassination. "Gerald and Hill and Kelly and all were there." (*VII, State Trials*, 172. Prance's *True Narrative*, 15.) When examined, Green identified this mysterious Irishman mentioned by Prance as Father Kelly. According to Prance, on Wednesday, 16 October, he himself with Father Kelly, Father Gerald, and Green conveyed the corpse in a sedan chair to Soho Church. A confederate met them there with a horse, on which he put the body and rode off with it to Primrose Hill. It is hardly necessary to add that this detailed romance was contradicted in every particular by other witnesses, and is of course rank fiction from start to finish.

p. 101. SURLY. *The Alchemist*, II, iii :

Mammon.

I but come,

To ha' you confute this gentleman.

Surly.

Who is,

Indeed, sir, somewhat caustive of believe

Toward your stone : would not be gull'd.

p. 101. CATACHRESTICALLY. Catachresis is the improper or abusive employment of a word.

p. 101. PHARMACEUTRIA. The second Idyll of Theocritus.

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- p. 101. SADDUCISMUS TRIUMPHATUS. The famous work of the great Joseph Glanvill, 1636-1680. In 1666 he issued a tentative volume *Some Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft*, but unfortunately the first edition almost entirely perished in the Great Fire. Immediately reprinted, it had reached a fourth edition in 1668-9 when it took a new title, *A Blow at Modern Sadducism*. In the spring of 1681 the work was republished as "*Saducismus Triumphatus* : or, Full and Plain Evidence Concerning Witches and Apparitions. In Two Parts. The First treating of their Possibility, The Second of their Real Existence. By *Joseph Glanvil* late Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society. With a Letter of Dr. *Henry More* on the same Subject. And an Authentick, but wonderful story of certain *Swedish* Witches ; done into English by *Anth. Horneck*, Preacher at the *Savoy*."
- p. 101. CHURCH OF CHRIST. It is superfluous, I hope, to point out that there has been not the slightest tittle of alteration, and could not be.
- p. 103. CRIPPLED PIECE. Since much of the dialogue was very properly excised.
- p. 106. A GIRDLE. The clerical surcingle. In the illustration to *The Scornful Lady*, vol. I, Beaumont and Fletcher, 8vo, 1711, Sir Roger is depicted in his cassock and girdle.
- p. 106. A MECHANICK DIVINE. Mechanick in this sense is almost equivalent to "automatic."
- p. 106. BELWEATHER. The wether with a bell hung about his neck who leads a flock of sheep.
- p. 106. FORTY POUND. One is sensibly reminded of Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* (1769), where the preacher was "passing rich with forty pounds a year." At the age of fifty Mr. Abraham Adams was "handsomely provided with an income of three and twenty pounds a year."
- p. 107. THE SECRETS OF THE FAMILY. *Scire uolunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri*. Juvenal, III, 113.
- p. 107. PITCH'D SURPLICES. Apparently in allusion to the persecution of the Christians under Nero, when the martyrs were put to death in this manner. Being swathed in garments which had been soaked in inflammable oils and smeared with pitch, they were tied to high stakes and crosses in the royal gardens, and at dusk these were set on fire, so that they served as living torches. Nero had accused the Christians of being the authors of the great fire which devastated Rome. There is no doubt that he himself was the incendiary, but so terrible proved the fury of the people that he was obliged to find victims to satisfy their rage. Tacitus, *Annals*, XV, 44, writes : "Ergo abolendo rumori Nero subdidit reus, et quaesitissimis poenis affecit, quos per flagitia inuisos, uulgus Christianos appellebat. . . . Igitur primo correpti qui fatebantur, deinde indicio eorum multitudo ingens, haud perinde in crimine incendii, quam odio humani generis conuicti sunt. Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contacti, laniatu canum interirent, aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies in usum nocturni luminis urerentur. Hortos suos ei spectaculo Nero obtulerat, et Circense ludicrum edebat, habitu aurigae permixtus plebi, uel circulo insistens." Of the same occasion Sulpicius Severus writes : "Multi crucibus affixi, aut flamma usti. Plerique in id reseruati, ut cum defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur."
- p. 108. SONS OF THUNDER. Boanerges, S. James and S. John. *S. Mark*, iii, 17.
- p. 110. ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS. There were very many editions of this immensely popular book, which is referred to in Brome's *A Jovial Crew* : or, *The merry*

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Beggars, acted at the Cockpit in 1641, Act II, where Rachel speaks of "Verses out of the *Academy of Complements* or some or other of the new Poetical Pamphletters." *Term Catalogues*, Midsummer (June), 1670, announce "The Academy of Complements newly Refin'd; wherein Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Schollars, may accommodate their Courtly Practice with Gentile Ceremonies, Complemental Expressions, and forms of speaking, or writing Letters, most in fashion. Also a New School of Love, and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons, Fancies, and Devices; with an Interpretation of the most delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets. This new Impression is exactly revised, and enlarged with Additions of the choicest Catches and Songs a la mode. In Twelves. Price, bound, 1s. 6d. Printed for A. M. [*the Author*]. To be sold by most booksellers in London." In the following year, 1671, "The Academy of Complements, with many new Additions of Songs and Catches a la mode; with significant Letters upon several occasions. Composed for Ladies and Gentlemen. In Twelves. Price, bound, 1s. 6d." (*Term Catalogues*, Easter, 30 May, 1671.) This little manual, with many variations that made it practically a new book, was republished in 1697 and 1705. "The new academy of Complements, . . . stored with variety of courtly and civil Compliments, eloquent Letters of Love and Friendship," 12mo, was published early in 1699. A "New Academy of Complements; with an exact Collection of the newest and choicest Songs a la mode, both Amorous and Jovial," price 1s. 6d., had been issued in February, 1669, and there are many similar books long before this. In fact, "Academy of Compliments" was a somewhat vague title, corresponding to the modern "Manuals of Etiquette," and "Manuals of Letter-writing." The book to which Isabella refers is no doubt the issue of 1670, one of the best known of these tractates which profess to teach wit and manners.

- p. 110. THE KINGS DOGS. Charles II was proverbially fond of dogs, and from him the "King Charles' spaniel" became fashionable. Wednesday, 4 September, 1667, Pepys was in the Council-Chamber, and he notes, "all I observed there is the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business." In summing up the character of Charles II, Evelyn, in a famous passage, remarks: "He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking." Sometimes the royal dogs were stolen, and there are extant advertisements requiring their return.
- p. 112. SPAW. Scarborough. The development of Scarborough as a watering-place dates from the discovery in 1620 by Mr. Farren, a resident, of mineral springs. These springs, of which there are two, occur near the shore of the South Bay, and now a handsome Spa House in pleasant gardens contains them. See Thomas Hinderwell's *History of Scarborough*, Scarborough, 1832. In 1668 W. Simpson, "*Philo-Chymico-Medicus*," published an octavo volume *Hydrologia Chymica*, or *The Chymical Anatomy of the Scarborough and other Spaws in Yorkshire*. The following year was issued: "*Pyrologia Mimica*, or *An Answer to Hydrologia Chymica of William Simpson*, in defence of *Scarborough Spaw*: wherein the Five Minerall Principles of the said Spaw are defended against all his Objections, by plain Reason and Experiments. . . . By Robert Witty, Dr. in Physick."
- p. 112. NETTLE. G. Clarke. *Phraseologia Puerilis*, 1638, has: "He casts beyond the

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- moon that hath pist on a nettle." *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* gives :
 "He has pist upon a Nettle, he is very uneasy, or much out of Humor."
- p. 112. BY'R LADY. One may notice the persistence of the good old pre-Reformation oath. Catholicism lingered hard, and even flourished in Lancashire, where in many cases the chain has remained unbroken even until the present day.
- p. 112. BLACK JACKS. A black jack is a large leather jug for beer and other tippie, coated externally with tar. In *Pasquil's Palinode*, 1619 (ed. 1877), "The great blacke Jack well fild with Sack" is mentioned. The name is said to have been in use at Winchester as late as 1840.
- p. 112. SHOVEL-BOARD. Shovel-Board was a game in which a coin, a counter, or some other disk was driven by a smart blow with the hand along a highly polished board, or table, marked with transverse lines. Among the Herbert documents is a licence for the "Use of one Shovelboard," *Dramatic Records*, edited by T. Q. Adams, 1917, p. 131.
- p. 113. MAKE YOUR LEG. To make a leg is a very common term for to bow. It occurs as late as *Edwin Drood* (c. XVIII): "'I beg pardon,' said Mr. Datchery, making a leg."
- p. 113. WOOD. Mad; distracted; in great anger. This old word occurs several times in Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*. Prologue, 184:

What sholte he studie, and make himselven wood.

Also Prologue, 636:

Than wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.

In the Wife of Bath's *Prologue* we find "wood" with the meaning "mad with anger," 313-4:

Thou shalt nat bothe, thogh that thou were wood,
 Be maister of my body and of my good.

Also in *The Romaunt of the Rose* it is said of Envy, 274-6:

For she is in so greet turment
 And hath such (wo), whan folk doth good,
 That nigh she melteth for pure wood.

"For pure wood" is equivalent to "for very rage." Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, I, iv, 34, says that cruel Wrath

Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood.

Again, II, iv, 11, we have:

It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood.

- p. 113. HARE. In Somersetshire there was a belief until quite a recent date, and I understand it still persists, that a hare might be a witch under that form. At any rate to my own knowledge when a hare has been seen in a field a farmer and his men will turn out to hunt the animal away lest it should bring ill-luck to, or cast a spell upon, the stock and cattle. In Glanvill's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, 1681, Part II, p. 191, there is an account of Julian Cox, an old witch who was tried at the Taunton Summer Assizes in 1663, and executed. "The first Witness was an Huntsman, who swore that he went out with a pack of Hounds to hunt a Hare, and not far off from Julian Cox her house, he at last started a Hare. The Dogs hunted her very close, and the third

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ring hunted her in view, till at last the Huntsman perceiving the Hare almost spent, and making towards a great Bush, he ran on the other side of the Bush to take her up, and preserve her from the Dogs. But as soon as he laid hands on her, it proved to be *Julian Cox*, who had her head groveling on the ground, and her globes (as he exprest it) upward. He knowing her, was affrighted, that his Hair on his Head stood on end; and yet spake to her, and askt her what brought her there. But she was so far out of Breath, that she could not make him any answer. His Dogs also came up with full cry to recover the game, and smelt at her, and so left off hunting any further. And the Huntsman with his Dogs went home presently, sadly affrighted." James Device, one of the Lancaster Coven of 1613, confessed that the devil appeared to him as a hare. On Maundy Thursday his grandmother, a notorious old witch, bade him go to Communion, but to keep the Bread, and after church "there met him a thing in the shape of a Hare who spoke vnto this Examinee, and asked him whether hee had brought the Bread."

p. 113. PLECK. A plot or plat of ground. This word, which is cognate with M. Dutch *plecke*, a piece of ground, is noticed in the *Provincial and Dialect Dictionaries*.

p. 113. HOPKINS. The notorious Matthew Hopkins was the son of James Hopkins, minister of Wenham, Suffolk. Little is known of Hopkins' early life, but it seems probable that he practised the law, at Ipswich for a while, and afterwards at Manningtree, Essex. His attention appears to have first been drawn to witchcraft in March, 1644, when he conducted a prosecution of witches in his own town. From this he acquired great glory, and he shortly extended his operations into Suffolk, whence he proceeded to Norfolk. He hurried from place to place with extraordinary speed, and kept urging on trial after trial with fatal rapidity. His favourite methods were "watching the witch," and "swimming the witch." He had constituted himself a public witch-finder, and such magistrates as there were pliantly played into his hands. He caused something like a reign of terror in East Anglia; and all the while Hopkins, whilst of course so diligent for conscience' sake, true to his Puritan principles, was netting considerable sums of money. In 1646 opposition at length arose, and his efforts began sensibly to relapse. He died in 1647 at his old home in Manningtree. Stearne, who was one of his chief companions, says that he passed away "peaceably, after a long sickness of a consumption." Bishop Hutchinson, *Historical Essay*, 1718, gives us the tradition that Hopkins was seized upon by the irate people, accused of witchcraft, and put to the water-ordeal, when he was drowned. Probably this story merely shows how infamous his name had become, and Butler's well-known allusion (*Hudibras*, II, iii, 139-54) need not imply more than that Hopkins died hated and in obscurity. Early in 1647 was issued his tract: "*The Discovery of Witches: . . . By Mathew Hopkins, Witch-finder. For The Benefit of the whole Kingdome.*"

p. 113. BODIN. Jean Bodin, born at Angers in 1520, died at Leon in 1596. He was a famous legal writer, but is even better known by his erudite work *De la Demonomanie des Sorciers*, which, first published at Paris, 4to, 1580, ran into many editions, Paris 1581, 1582, 1587, 1598 (bis.); Antwerp 1586, 1593; Lyons 1593, 1598; Rouen 1604.

Remigius. Nicolas Remy, born at Charmes in 1530; died 1612. In 1575 he was appointed a member of the supreme judicial court of Nancy, and made himself renowned for his extraordinary activity in prosecuting

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witch-trials throughout Lorraine. His most famous work is *Daemonolatriae libri tres*, Lyons 1595. There are several editions, and it was reprinted at Hamburg as late as 1693.

Martin Anton Delrio, S.J., born at Antwerp 17 May, 1551; died at Louvain 19 October, 1608. This famous scholar wrote a large number of works, Biblical Commentaries, devotional treatises, a *Historia Belgica*, as well as editing many Latin authors. His *Disquisitionum Magicarum Libri Sex* was published at Louvain in 1599.

John Nider, O.P., 1380-1438. He was the author of many theological works, and is esteemed as one of the leading scholars of his time. His *Formicarius*, which deals with questions of sorcery, may be described as a treatise upon the philosophical and social problems of his day. The most convenient edition is 5 volumes, Douai, 1602.

Institutor. Rather Institor, *i.e.* Heinrich Kramer, who with James Sprenger published the *Malleus Maleficarum* at Nuremburg in 1494. There are many editions of this all-important work of the two great Dominicans. It was reprinted at Nuremburg in 1496; Cologne 1489 and 1494; Frankfort 1582; Cologne 1511 and 1520; Lyons 1595 and 1620. There is also an excellent edition (with several other treatises), 4 volumes, 1669.

Godelman. Johan Georg Godelmann, whose *Disputatio de Magis* was published at Frankfort in 1584.

Henry More, 1614-1687, the Platonist, Fellow of Christ's, Cambridge. He led a very retired life, refusing all preferments, and indeed seemed seldom absent from his college. He was a keen believer in witchcraft, and carefully investigated all cases of occult happenings that came under his notice. In this he was, no doubt, largely influenced by the great Glanvill, to whose *Saducismus Triumphatus* he contributed.

For fuller accounts of the above writers see my two works *The History of Witchcraft*, 1926; and *The Geography of Witchcraft*, 1927.

- p. 114. ANTIDOTE AGAINST ATHEISM. An *Antidote against Atheism: or, An Appeal to the Natural Faculties of the Mind of Man, whether there be not a God*. 1653. 2nd edition with Appendix, 1655. This is one of More's most celebrated works.
- p. 114. WHEINT. Queint. Dialect: Strange, odd, queer. Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*, where examples are given.
- p. 114. WEE'L SEARCH HER. During the Essex trials before Sir Matthew Hale in 1645, Ann Leach confessed "that her imps did usually suck those teats which were found about the privie parts of her body." Two women searched Mary Greenleife "and found that the said Mary had bigges or teates in her secret parts." A woman searched Margaret Moone, and "she found three long teates or bigges in her secret parts, which seem to have been lately sucked. . . . Upon the searching of her daughters, this informant found that two of them had bigges in their privy parts as the said Margaret their mother had." These few examples from Howell may stand for many; throughout the English trials there is an immense amount of accumulative evidence.

In Matthew Hopkins' *The Discovery of Witches*, 1647, he advises those who are dealing with a witch, to "keepe her 24 houres with a diligent eye, that none of her Spirits come in any visible shape to suck her." At Manningtree, Essex, they apprehended a witch "found to have three teats about her, which honest women have not: so upon command from the *Justice* they were to keep her from sleep two or three nights, expecting in that time to

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see her *familiars*, which the fourth night she called in by their severall names." He notes, moreover, that the witch-marks "are most commonly insensible, and feele neither pin, needle, aule, &c, thrust through them."

Of swimming witches Hopkins notes: "King *James* in his *Demonology* saith, it is a certaine rule, for (saith he) Witches deny their baptisme when they Covenant with the Devill, water being the sole element thereof, and therefore saith he, when they be heaved into the water, the water refuseth to receive them into her bosome, (they being such miscreants to deny their baptisme) and suffers them to float, as the Froath on the Sea, which the water will not receive, but casts it up and downe, till it comes to the earthy element the shore, and there leaves it to consume."

- p. 115. SIR EDWARD'S CELLAR. Cf. *The Ingoldsby Legends*, *The Witches Frolic*, where Madge Gray, Goody Price, and Goody Jones, feast in the vicarage pantry:

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view
In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew!

- p. 116. BLACK LAMB. Cf. Horace, *Sermonum*, I, viii, The Sabbat of Canidia and Sagana on the Esquiline:

scalpere terram
Unguibus et pullam diuellere mordicus agnam
Cooperunt; cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manis elicerent, animas responsa daturas.

- p. 117. A STORM. Witches naturally love foul weather. So in Otway's *Caius Marius*, Dorset Garden 1679, I, Marius enters saying:

There *Rome's* Daemons go,
Like Witches in ill weather, in this Storm
And Tempest of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Destruction higher: for this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*.

- p. 117. THE TOP OF A TREE. In a well-known story by Dr. M. R. James, *Castling the Runes*, a man who is bewitched by a student of magic suddenly, as it would seem in a fit of madness, climbs up a tree in a country road, a rotten branch breaks, he falls and is killed. There is no explanation of what chased him, or so alarmed him that he acted in this remarkable way.

- p. 117. CLEMD. Or, Clam, an ordinary north country word for "to be very hungry."

- p. 119. BUGGARTS. Boggarts. Spectres of the night. In popular use in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other northern counties. Related to Boggle, Bogle; a goblin. In dialect a sprite supposed to haunt some particular gloomy spot. *Whitby Glossary*, 1855, has "*Boggle, Boggart*, a fearful object, a hobgoblin."

- p. 119. THEN EEN AT YATE. Then have turned in through the gate.

- p. 119. ANGEL. A gold coin stamped with a device of S. Michael piercing the dragon. It was last coined by Charles I. It varied in value but usually stood at about 10s. There are innumerable allusions and puns.

- p. 122. GROGRAM. A coarse fabric of silk, of mohair and wool, or of these mixed with silk. It was often stiffened with gum. Cf. *Every Man in His Humour*, acted in 1598, II, I, where Kitely the merchant says:

He shall ha' the grogram's, at the rate I told him.

In *The Magnetic Lady*, IV, 1, there is mention of "A new silke-Grogoram Gowne."

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- p. 122. DARNEUX. Darnock, dornick, or dornex, a worsted or woollen fabric used for curtains, hangings and the like, so called from Tournai, where chiefly manufactured. In Mrs. Behn's *The Luckey Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1686, I, 3, Bredwell, describing Gayman's poor bed in his Alsatian lodging, says: "there had been Dornex Curtains to't in the days of Yore; but they were now annihilated." Also cf. *Wit and Drollery* (1681): *Penelope to Ulysses*:—

The Stools of *Dornix* which that you may know well
Are certain stuffs Upholsterers use to sell.

- p. 122. CHAMBLET. Camlet, defined by Dr. Johnson as "a kind of stuff originally made by a mixture of silk and camel's hair; it is now made with wool and silk." *The Draper's Dictionary* says: "In (the) production (of camlets) the changes have been rung with all materials in nearly every possible combination."
- p. 122. IN PANES. *I.e.*, Patterned with squares or diamonds.
- p. 123. CARPET. A table-cloth. Chambers' *Cyclopaedia*, 1727-51, defines "Carpet, a sort of covering . . . to be spread on a table, trunk, an estrade, or even a passage, or floor." Fuller, *Holy and Profane State* (1642), IV, x, 287, has: "A Communion-Table will not catch cold with wanting a rich carpet."
- p. 123. PAIR OF TABLES. Tables is the old name for backgammon or tric-trac. Pepys, Monday, 11 September, 1665, notes: "I by water to Woolwich, where with my wife to a game of tables and to bed." Cf. also the Duke of Newcastle's *The Country Captain*, 12mo, 1649: "*Underwit*. Two *payre of Tables*; Tables? for what? *Thomas*. Oh, Sir for ticktack." Tric-trac was a variety of backgammon. It was played on a board with holes along the edge, in which pegs were placed for scoring. The rules are given in *The Compleat Gamester*, 2nd edition, 1680, p. 112.
- p. 123. LAUDS. The third edition of "A Relation of a Conference between *William Laud*, late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. *Fisher*, the Jesuite," was published folio 1673. This, the most celebrated of Laud's works, is inconclusive enough.

Peter Heylyn, a busy theologian and miscellaneous writer, was born in 1600, and died in 1662. An ardent supporter of Laudian principles, he won a considerable name in controversy, and during the Rebellion he suffered for his beliefs. Among his best known works are a history of the Reformation entitled *Ecclesia Restaurata*, 1661; a history of Protestantism, *Ecclesia Vindicata*, 1657; a history of Presbyterianism, *Aerius Redivivus*, 1670; and a life of his patron, Archbishop Laud, *Cyprianus Anglicanus*, 1668.

Lancelot Andrews, the famous Anglican writer, 1555-1626. In 1609 he became Bishop of Ely, and was translated to Winchester in 1618. His works, which are numerous, are said to be informed with sincere piety, and his *Devotions* were particularly well known. They proved extraordinarily obnoxious to the Puritan party.

Thomas Fuller, 1603-1661. A very voluminous author, especially celebrated for his *The Holy State and the Profane State*, 1642. His great collection *The History of the Worthies of England* was posthumously published in 1662.

It will be noticed that all these authors are of the "High Church" school of thought.

- p. 123. A PIECE OF AUSTIN. One of the works of S. Augustine.

- p. 123. KEMB'D AND SLICK'D. To kemb is to comb. The word is quite common.

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Cf. Unkempt. Fuller, *Worthies* (1662), III, 228, has: "Not able to kembe his own head."

To slick is to smooth; to make glossy. Holloway, *Provincial Dictionary*, 1838, gives: "To slick, to comb, or make sleek the hair."

p. 123. PANES. Walls.

p. 123. FLYING ALE. Bubbling, frothy ale. The word is very rare in this sense. Ripley, *Compleat Alchemist*, 1471, *apud* Ashmole (1652) speaks of "Spyrits whych fleying are," *i.e.*, volatile. The lemon-pills, which are said to bottle the ale, were taken to prevent any flatulent indigestion, as also to sweeten the breath. In Moufet's *Health's Improvement*, 1655, p. 201, lemon peel and juice are recommended for the breath. In the *Secrets of Alexis*, 1595, p. 62, there is mention of "orange pilles." Cf. *The Dutchesse of Malfy*, 4to, 1623, II, 1, where the Duchess cries to Bosola, who is smoothing her ruff: "Thy breath smells of lymmon pils."

p. 124. ST. AGNES' NIGHT. 20 January. S. Agnes' Day is 21 January, but liturgically the feast commences with the First Vespers. Hone, *Everyday Book*, 1825-7, under 20 January, notes: "Formerly this was a night of great importance to maidens who desired to know whom they should marry. Of such it was required that they should not eat on this day, and those who conformed to the rule called it fasting, S. Agnes' Fast." Cf. *Cupid's Whirligig*, 4to, 1607, where Peg says: "I think an ill star reigned when I was born: I cannot have as much as a suitor. This master Miccome, that you forsooth so much scorn, I could find in my heart to pray nine times to the moon and fast three S. Agnes' Eves so that I might be sure to have him to my husband." William Henderson tells us in his *Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, 1866: "S. Agnes' Fast is thus practised throughout Durham and Yorkshire: Two young girls, each desirous to dream about their future husbands, must abstain through the whole of S. Agnes' Eve from eating, drinking and speaking, and must avoid even touching their lips with their fingers. At night they are to make together their 'dumb cake,' so called from the rigid silence which attends its manufacture. Its ingredients (flour, salt, water, etc.) must be supplied in equal proportions by their friends, who must also take equal shares in the baking and turning of the cake, and in drawing it out of the oven. The mystic viand must next be divided into two equal portions, and each girl, taking her share, is to carry it upstairs, walking backwards all the time, and finally eat it and jump into bed." Keats' exquisite poem must not be forgotten in this connexion, and Tennyson also has made this tradition the subject of a very lovely lyric. In some cases in the north of England, the same charm was in use on S. Faith's Day, 6 October; and in some districts the eve of S. Anne's Day, 26 July, was favoured, but these are exceptions. S. Agnes' Day is the general occasion to practise this divination.

p. 124. QUILL'D. To quill is to goffer. Cf. *The Spectator*, No. 478 (Steele), Monday, 8 September, 1712: "It might have been as expensive in Queen Elizabeth's Time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or Neck-Handkerchiefs."

p. 125. ASPENWOLDS. Mr. H. Marryat, an eminent authority upon the Watchmakers of the Seventeenth Century, writes to me as follows: "I have no knowledge of any Watchmaker by the name of 'Aspenwold,' but there were several 'Aspinwells' in the seventeenth century. If the correct name is 'Aspenwold' he was not at all a prominent maker nor connected with the Clockmakers' Company. Possibly the name was synonymous with something

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cheap and common, and therefore used in comparison with Tompion the leading maker. Pinchbeck was a Watchmaker, who invented imitation gold, and the word 'Pinchbeck' has since been synonymous with something imitation."

- p. 125. **TOMPIONS.** Thomas Tompion, 1639-1713, "the father of English watch-making," was made free of the Clockmakers' Company on 4 September, 1671. His reputation during his day was immense. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted his portrait, now in the Horological Institute. A full life of Tompion will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

- p. 127. **BUTTER WOULD NOT MELT.** This old phrase is found in Latimer's *Sermons*: "Butter should scant melt in their mouths." Cf. also Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Faire Maide of the Inne*, IV, folio, 1647, where Forobosco says:

It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit
Shall look as if butter would not melt in's mouth.

- p. 127. **CROOKED LANE.** Cannon Street, City. It is spoken of as early as the fourteenth century. It is, of course, an absurd place for a peruke-maker to live in.

- p. 128. **BAPTISTA PORTA.** Giovanni Battista della Porta, the famous Neapolitan physicist, born at Naples in 1538, and died there 1615. His *Magia Naturalis*, in which he treats incidentally of physiognomy, was highly esteemed. First published at Naples in 1558, the second (and much-enlarged) edition followed in 1589. In *An Evening's Love*, Theatre Royal, 1668, V, Bellamy says of Wildblood, who is fantastically supposed to be an apparition: "Do but look upon his Physiognomy, you have read *Baptista Porta*: Has he not the Leer of a very lewd debauch'd Spirit?" Cf. also the Preface to the *Fables*, 1700, where Dryden says of Chaucer: "All his pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other: and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Phisiognomies and Persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have describ'd their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them."

- p. 128. **LYRA VIOL.** The lyre viol is a viol with extra open bass strings, holding the same relation to the viol as the theorbo does to the lute. In 1650 John Playford published *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*. Pepys often mentions his lyre viol. Saturday, 17 Nov., 1660: "So home and wrote letters by the post. Then to my lyra viall, and to bed."

- p. 128. **THE MOTHER.** The common term for hysteria as in *King Lear*, 1605, II, 4:

O how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow.

In Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, I, Lady Duncce says of her husband: "One kiss of him were enough to cure the fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Asa fatida*."

- p. 131. **HOBBISTS.** Followers of the teaching of Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, 1588-1679. Hobbes was accused of atheism, and the charge is not ill founded, for this is certainly deducible from his writings, although he has covered his tracks with great cunning. With regard to the *experimentum crucis* of a state-command to deny Christ, Hobbes, in the *Leviathan*, gives us to understand that he would excuse conformity as a thing occasionally proper. It is true that in the *Behemoth*, published after his death, he says: "If the obedience due to civil rulers conflict with faith, the remedy is not to resist the prince, but to go to Christ by martyrdom." This is very pretty,

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but if it were carried out, there need be no martyrs, and it is clear from the whole tenor of his thought that Hobbes was a mere sceptic.

- p. 136. KALANDAR. The noble Kalandar's gardens in Sidney's *Arcadia* are described at great length, and it has been well said "Versailles in comparison is simplicity itself." Kalandar and his guest go round the place, and "as soone as the descending of the staires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits : but scarcely they had taken that into consideration, but that they were suddenly stept into a delicate greene ; of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaicall floore. . . . In the midst of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking cristall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens, one in deed, the other in shadowes. And in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus : a naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautifull veines of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed, having begun to sucke, to leave that, to look upon her faire eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, meane while the breast running." *Arcadia*, eighth edition, 1633 ; Book I, 8.
- p. 136. LITTLE PLATES. In *The Relapse*, Drury Lane, December, 1696, II, Lord Fop-pington says : "Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner, at *Lacket's*, and there you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, stap my Vitals, they can compose you a Dish no bigger than a Saucer, shall come to Fifty Shillings."
- p. 137. WATER-WORKS. An ornamental fountain or cascade. A very common term. Cf. *New General Atlas*, 1721 : "The Gardens are pleasant and stately, adorn'd with exquisite Water-Works."
- p. 139. SHOME GREAT PEOPLE. This impudence was no doubt aimed at Queen Catherine, who was known to have a devotion to the Jesuit Fathers and the other Venerabili who were martyred owing to Oates' plot.
- p. 141. SHAM. Sham and the verb to sham were coming into general use. In *The Squire of Alsatia* "to cut a sham" is used as a slang term. When the lawyer in *The Plain Dealer* says to Manly : "I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and shamm'd me all night long," Manly asks the gentleman to explain the meaning of the phrase. Freeman expounds : "Shamming is telling you an insipid, dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the flie Wag the Author only laughs at himself ; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest puts the Sham only upon himself."
- p. 142. WESTPHALIA. Since this Prussian province was famous for its breed of swine and cattle one of the dishes at the dinner given to Queen Anne, 16 August, 1709, by young Lord Buckhurst was "1 Westphalia Ham and five fowls" which cost £1 6s. See *Knole and the Sackvilles*, 1923, p. 159.
- p. 142. PAUCA VERBA. A slang phrase, common among the Elizabethans and for a century later. See *The Silent Woman*, III, 1, where Otter cries : "Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba*." Also *Every Man in his Humour*, IV, 2, where Welbred speaks of the "Bencher's phrase : *pauca verba, pauca verba*." It is also referred to by Shakespeare (*Merry Wives*, I, 1 : *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, 2) and other writers. Actually *pauca* is generally used alone, e.g., Aulus Gellius, V, xv, 9, quotes Ennius : *Philosophandum est paucis. Nam omnino haud placet*.
- p. 143. THE JESUITS DYED INNOCENT. The names of the Jesuit martyrs who suffered

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- owing to Oates' plot were William Ireland, S.J., 24 Jan., 1679; John Gavan, S.J., William Harcourt, S.J., Anthony Turner, S.J., Thomas Whitehead, S.J., John Fenwick, S.J., 20 June, 1679. In that year the Rev. Adam Elliot was fined £200 for saying that "Oates was a perjur'd Rogue, and the Jesuits who suffered, justly died Martyrs." But in August, 1681, Israel Backhouse, master of Wolverhampton Grammar School, when charged with uttering the same sentence, was acquitted, and in January, 1682, Elliot successfully prosecuted Oates for perjury.
- p. 143. PAPIST PLOT. History has shown that Smerk's judgement is the true one.
- p. 143. VID A T. In allusion to the Rev. Richard Thompson of Bristol, for whom see *supra*, p. 394.
- p. 145. THREE GREAT TOADS. The toad frequently appears as a familiar in witch-trials. Ursley Kemp, one of the St. Osyth witches (1582), had a spirit Pygine "black like a Toad." Ales Hunt, another Essex witch, said "that her sister (named Margerie Sammon) hath also two spirites like Toades, the one called *Tom*, and the other called *Robbyn*." Giffard, *Dialogue concerning Witches*, tells us: "The witches have their spirits, some hath one, some hath more, as two, three, foure, or five, some in one likenesse, and some in another, as like cats, weasils, toades, or mise, whom they nourish with milke or with a chicken, or by letting them suck now and then a drop of blood."
- p. 145. SUCKLED A GREAT BLACK CAT. Jennet Dibble, one of the witches who tormented the Fairfax family in 1621, had "her spirit in the shape of a black cat called Gibbe, which hath attended her now above 40 years." Margaret Johnson, a Lancashire witch of 1633, "alsoe saith, yt when her devill did come to sucke her pappe, hee usually came to her in ye liknes of a cat, sometymes of one colour, and sometymes on an other." Alice Duke, one of the Somerset witches of 1664, "confesseth that her Familiar doth commonly suck her right Breast about seven at night, in the shape of a little Cat of a dunnish colour, which is as smooth as a Want, and when she is suckt, she is in a kind of Trance." In 1665 Abre Grinset, of Dunwich, Suffolk, confessed that the devil "Appeareth to her in the form of a blackish Gray Cat or Kitling, that it sucketh of a Tett and hath drawn blood." Samuel Petts, *A faithful Narrative*, 1693. There are innumerable instances of witches suckling great cats, and Hogarth in his *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism*, shows us a hag mounted on a broomstick giving the teat to a weasel familiar.
- p. 145. KIND TO MY WIFE. In the famous Bull of Innocent VIII, *Summis desiderantes affectibus*, 1484, one of the particular charges brought against witches is that "they hinder men from performing the sexual act and women from conceiving, whence husbands cannot know their wives, nor wives receive their husbands."
- p. 145. SCOTT. *Discoverie*, Book IV, c. 8. "*Cures, for them that are bewitched in their privities*. Item, the smoke of the tooth of a dead man. Item to annoint a man's bodie over with the gall of a crow. Item, to fill a quill with quicke-silver, and laie the same under the cushine, where such a one sitteth, or else to put it under the threshold of the doore of the house or chamber where he dwelleth. . . . Item to pisse through a wedding ring."
- p. 145. RACHDALE. Rochdale, ten and a half miles north-east of Manchester, is a place of great antiquity. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it became very prosperous owing to the rapid increase of the woollen manufacture. For a history of the town see Whitaker, *History of Whalley*, II, pp. 410-458.
- p. 146. THATCH OF HER HOUSE. Cf. *The Witch of Edmonton*, acted in 1623, IV, where

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a countryman enters with thatch and a lighted link, crying : " A handful of thatch plucked off a hovel of hers ; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in." They set fire to the thatch, and " Enter Mother Sawyer running."

p. 146. SCOTT. " A charme to find her that bewitched your kine. Put a pair of breeches upon the cowes head, and beate her out of the pasture with a good cudgell upon a fridaie, and she will runne straight to the witches doore, and strike thereat with her hornes." Scot, *Discoverie*, Book XII, c. 22.

p. 146. WONS. Wone, to live or to dwell. Cf. Chaucer, *The Freres Tale* ; 275 :

" Brother," quod he, " heer woneth an old rebekke."

Also *The Knightes Tale* ; 2926-7 :

Disherited of her habitacioun,
In which they woneden in reste and pees.

p. 146. CLIPT. Embraced.

p. 146. SOUKES. Sucks. The cat is the witch's familiar.

p. 147. GO THROUGH STICH. Lancashire dialect for " to do a thing thoroughly." Wright, *Dialect Dictionary*, gives " *all through the stich*, entirely, completely." He gives an example : " It wur bad o through th' stich," South Lancashire.

p. 147. MULLEIN is the common name of various species of the genus *Urbascum* which have woolly leaves and an erect raceme of yellow flowers.

Longwort, or better lungwort, the English name of various plants, perhaps here Black Hellebore, but now obsolete in this signification.

Moly, wild garlic, *Allium Moly*. It may be remembered that garlic is shunned by vampires.

p. 148. FOW QUEEN. Dialect for a " vile quean."

p. 148. ABBY. Whalley Abbey, a thirteenth-century Cistercian foundation, whose ruined walls still bear their witness. The last Abbot, John Paslew, a martyr, was hanged outside its walls in 1537 for taking part in that heroic endeavour known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. The property was then seized for the use of Henry VIII. Quite recently Mass has once more been offered within the venerable enclosure.

p. 149. SHOCK. A rough-haired dog ; often a spaniel.

p. 149. CAPO. The Lancashire dialect form of Caple, an obsolete word meaning " a horse, a working horse." Wright, *Dialect Dictionary*, quotes this passage. Gaelic, *capall* = a mare. Icelandic, *kapall* = a nag, hack.

p. 149. WAUNDED. Lancashire dialect for obsolete " wounded," a word derived from the contracted oath " God's Wounds," and used adjectively or adverbially to mean " excessively ; exceedingly ; very." Cf. Woundily ; woundy. Although obsolescent, forms of the word persisted late.

p. 149. OINTMENT FOR FLYING. The formulæ are given by Weyer, whence they were copied by Scott.

p. 150. LIBBARDS BANE. Libbard is an archaic variant of " Leopard." Libbard's bane is a plant of the genus *Doronicum*, especially *Doronicum Pardalianches*. Turner, *Names of Herbes*, 1548, has : " The one kynde [of Aconitum] is called Pardalianches, which we may call in Englishe Libardbayne or one bery." Cf. Jonson, *The Masque of Queens*, 2 February, 1609, where the Ninth Hag says she has been plucking for a charm " Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's bane."

p. 150. THE DEVIL TAKES HER HANDS. Francesco-Maria Guazzo, *Compendium Maleficarum*, 1608, I, 7, tells us that " all witches vow obedience and subjection

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into the hands of the Devil ; they pay him homage and vassalage." I have dealt at length with all these ceremonies in my *History of Witchcraft*, Chapter III.

- p. 152. DIVE-DAPPERS. Didappers, the small diving water-fowl.
- p. 152. FELLEWOOD. Is the fellow mad ?
- p. 152. HOBELL. Fool, dunce, idiot. Hobbil, chiefly Yorkshire and Lancashire. Lancashire : "Thew'd no may a hobbil on meh." Tim Bobbin, *View Dial.* (1740). Peter Levins, *Manipulus Uocabulorum*, 1570, gives : "An hobbel, a cobbel, dullard, *haebes, bardus.*"
- p. 155. QUOTED. To quoit is to chuck about, to throw. Cf. Wycherley's *Hero and Leander*, 4to, 1669 :
- As he stalk'd on he sometimes fell a Quaiting
Round Tiles, to be undmindful of his Waiting.
- p. 156. TEN BONES. *I.e.*, the fingers. Cf. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 4to, 1639, IV, 2, where the servant asseverates "By these ten bones, Sir."
- p. 156. SOUND. A swoon.
- p. 157. AS SWEET AS A COW. So Herrick, *Hesperides* (II, 213, ed. Grosart),
- And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
- p. 158. ROGER A COVERLY. In a tract of 1648 against a knight, Sir Hugh Caulverley, there is a reference to a tune called *Roger of Caulverley*; Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, II, 268-9. It appears as *Roger of Coverly* in the *Second Part of the Dancing Master*, 1696, and is referred to as a popular air in the *Life of Robert Powel*, a satire on Harley.
- p. 158. IF I COULD FIND SUCH A MAN. The lady's remark may be compared with Mr. Tupman's wooing of Miss Wardle : "There lives at least one being who can never change—one being who would be content to devote his whole existence to your happiness—who lives but in your eyes—who breathes but in your smiles—who bears the heavy burden of life itself only for you."
- "Could such an individual be found?" said the lady.
- "But he *can* be found," said the ardent Mr. Tupman, interposing. "He *is* found. He is here, Miss Wardle." And ere the lady was aware of his intention Mr. Tupman had sunk upon his knees at her feet.
- p. 161. VIDE SCOTT. Scott, *Discoverie*, Book II, c. 6. "To procure the dissolving of bewitched and constrained love, the partie bewitched must make a jakes of the lovers shooe."
- p. 162. BETHLEHEM GABOR. Bethlen-Gabor (Gabriel Bethlem), 1580-1629, was a Hungarian noble who embraced the Protestant religion, and in 1613, with the help of an Ottoman army, succeeded in establishing himself as King of Transylvania. His reign, although one long period of war and truces, proved a most flourishing epoch for his country. Himself a musician and a man of letters, he was constant in his patronage of art and scholars. Cf. Abraham Holland's *Continued Inquisition of Paper Persecutors* (1626) :—

But to behold the walls
Butter'd with weekly Newes composed in *Pauls*
By some decaied Captaino, or those Rooks
Whose hungry brains compile prodigious books
Of *Bethlem Gabor's* preparations and
How terms betwixt him and th' Emperor stand.

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- In Mrs. Behn's *The Dutch Lover*, Dorset Garden, February, 1673, IV, 1, Haunce Van Ezel, who has just appeared, says that he "was no more expected here than *Bethlehem-Gaber*."
- p. 165. CRONAN. An Irish song. In Otway's *Friendship in Fashion*, Dorset Garden, April, 1678, III, Malagene (acted by Leigh, who was now playing Tegue o'Divelly) "*Sings an Irish Cronan*."
- p. 165. THEY GAPE. There is a similar scene in Heywood and Brome's *The Late Lancashire Witches*, produced at the Globe in 1634, III, when at the wedding the musicians play "*every one a severall tune*." Then: "*Musicke, selengers round. As they begin to daunce they play another tune, then fall into many*." *Selling's Round*, otherwise called *The Beginning of the World*, is one of the most ancient English country-dance tunes. Its usual name is supposed to be derived from Sir Anthony St. Leger, who, after helping to bring about Wolsey's downfall in 1540, was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland by Henry VIII.
- p. 173. ARABIA FELIX. Arabia was divided by the ancients into *Petraea* (from its principal city, Petra), *Deserta*, and *Felix*. Pliny, XII, xli, notes: "Non sunt eorum cinnamomum aut casia; et tamen Felix appellatur Arabia, falsa et ingrata cognominis, quae hoc acceptum superis ferat, cum plus ex eo inferis debeat."
- p. 178. BAPTIZED BELLS. Since the sixteenth century there has been much idle controversy over the question of the so-called "baptism of bells." Luther and those who ignorantly followed him professed to find in the rite of the benediction of bells a profanation of the Sacrament. One might as well be scandalized at the "christening" of a ship. The phrase "baptism of bells" is merely popular and metaphorical, nor does there seem any reason why for sensible people it should be altered. In the *Benedictio Simplex Nouae Campanae* the following occurs in the prayer: *Et cum melodia illius auribus insonuerit populorum, crescat in eis deuotio fidei, procul pellantur omnes insidiae inimici, fragor grandinum, impetus tempestatum, temperentur infesta tonitrua, prospernat aereas potestates dextera tuae uirtutis; ut hoc audientes tintinnabulum contremiscant, et fugiant ante sanctae crucis uexillum in eo depictum*. Naturally in the more solemn episcopal exorcism the prayers to this effect are elaborated. There exist some rough lines quoted in the gloss of the *Corpus Iuris*:
- Laudo Deum uerum, plebem uoco, congrego clerum,
defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festa decoro.
- Or in another form:
- Funera plango, fulmina frango, sabbata pango
Excito lentos, dissipio uentos, paco cruentos.
- p. 178. TOM. The bell of Christ Church. Tom Tower was finished by Wren in 1682, Tom himself (the bell) having been recast by Christopher Hodson in 1680. He, or his original metal, was once the old clock bell of Oseney Abbey. Willis in his *A Survey of English Cathedrals*, vol. III (1742), p. 33, speaking of Lincoln, says, "In the Southern Steeple, called S. *Hugh's* Steeple, hangs a Peal of eight Bells, and in the Northern one is the famous Bell, called *Tom of Lincoln*, reckoned the finest great Bell in England." The bell Tom is inscribed: "*Anno Domini 1610 Decembris 3 Regni Jacobi Angliae octauo & Scotiae 44*."
- p. 180. ABOVE. In one of the balconies over the permanent proscenium doors. A little later Sir Timothy says: "Open the dore."

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- p. 181. HOLY-WAX. We know from Ennodius (c. 510) that fragments of the paschal candle were used as a protection against tempests and blight, Migne, *Patres Latini*, LXIII, pp. 259, 262. To-day an Agnus Dei is sometimes carefully broken up, and the pieces distributed to be reverently preserved. This is on account of the scarcity of these sacramentals. It is known that miraculous effects have followed the use of these objects of piety.
- p. 181. EYE-BITING WITCHES. Thomas Ady, *A Candle in the Dark*, 1656, writes : " Master Scot in his *Discovery* telleth us, that our English people in Ireland, whose posterity were lately barbarously cut off, were much given to this Idolatry [belief in witches] in the Queen's time [Elizabeth], insomuch that there being a Disease amongst their Cattel that grew blind, being a common Disease in that Country, they did commonly execute people for it, calling them *eye-biting* Witches." Glanvill, *Saducismus Triumphatus*, 1681, Part II, Relation 7, "*Touching* Florence Newton, *an Irish Witch of Youghal*," who was tried at the Cork assizes 11 Sept., 1661, says that the accused confessed with regard to Mary Longdon, who had suffered by her charms, that " she had not *bewitched* her, but it may be she had *over-looked* her, and that there was a great difference betwixt *bewitching* and *over-looking*." Upon this Glanvill comments : " *But that Mary Longdon was bewitch'd by her over-looking her is manifest. Whether this Over-looking relates to ὀφθαλμῶν βάσκανος and that the Magical venome came out of her Eyes when she kissed the Maid, and whether this ὀφθαλμῶν βάσκανος was the first kind of Witchery distinct from that of bewitching people by Images made of Wax, and afterward any bewitching by meer looking or touching, was called Over-looking, we will leave to the Criticks of that black School to decide.*"
- p. 182. BODIN. " L'autre presumption est, si la sorciere ne pleure point, qui est vne des plus fortes presumptions que Paul Grilland, & les Inquisiteurs ont remarqué pour en auoir fait executer bien grād nombre. Le Lieutenant de Ribemont [Antoine de Loan], duquel i 'ay parlé cydessus, m'a dit que l'vne des Sorcieres, aus quelles il a faict le procès, confessa qu'elles ne peuuent ietter que trois larmes de l'oeil dextre : ce qui m'a semblé digne d'estre remarqué." *De la Demonomanie des Sorciers*, IV, 4, Lyons, 1593, p. 417. For King James I on the same subject see my *Geography of Witchcraft*, pp. 141-2.
- p. 182. MITTIMUS. A warrant of commitment to prison. Cf. Dryden's *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1669, IV, 1, where Justice Trice says : " Hang him, rogue ; make his mittimus immediately."
- p. 187. YOU NEVER SHALL HAVE ORDERS. Shadwell has forgotten that Smerk is already ordained. In the address " To the Reader " the dramatist tells us that in his first sketch Smerk " *was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward.*" But he says : " *I have now ordained*" him. No doubt in the frequent revisions and alterations of his play this passage was overlooked.
- p. 189. SPANISH FRYER. Dryden's *The Spanish Fryar ; or, The Double Discovery*, had been produced with great success at Dorset Garden in March, 1680. The title-rôle Dominic, was created by Antony Leigh. At Knole there is a full-length portrait of the actor in this character.
- p. 189. OGLING. A MS. satire circa 1681, *Utile Dulci*, has :
- Now all the Ladyes Pride, and chiefeſt Joy
Is to be Ogled at the next new Play ;
Fleering about with ſoſteſt Looks they Sit
And give incouragement to all the Pit.

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There is a clever *jeu d'esprit*, by Addison in *The Spectator*, Monday, 23 April, 1711 (XLVI). "The second Letter, relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus :

" " Mr. SPECTATOR,

" " I am an *Irish Gentleman*, that have travelled many Years for my Improvement ; during which Time I have accomplished my self in the whole Art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to set up for an Ogling-Master. I teach the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-house Ogle by Candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring ; which I teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day by darkening one of my Windows. I have a Manuscript by me called *The compleat Ogler*, which I shall be ready to shew you upon any Occasion : In the mean time, I beg you will publish the Substance of this Letter in an Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

" *Your, &c.* "

EXCURSUS UPON SHADWELL'S NOTES

ACT I

B.—The references to Martial are IX, xxx, 9, and XII, lvii, 17. In the latter quotation Colcho, *id est, magico, propter Medeam, quae Colchis*.

Lucan, VI, 460.

Ovid, *Amorum*, I, viii, 7, 8. Cf. *Fasti*, II, 575 : *tum cantata ligat cum fusco licia rhombo*.

Propertius, IV, v, 26 (ed. Mueller, 1894), or III, vi, 26.

Deficiunt magico (ed. Mueller), III, xxv, 35 (p. 53).

C.—For the superstitions connected with mandrakes see my *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 187–8.

D.—Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 243.

Horace, *Sermonum*, I, viii, 26–7.

Hector Boece, chronicler, and one of the founders of Aberdeen University, 1465–1536. The impetus he gave to historical studies at Aberdeen was of lasting effect. His works are highly esteemed. I have used the first edition, folio 1526, of the *Scotorum Historiae*.

Tacitus, *Annals*, II, 69.

Wierus. Johann Weyer, 1516–1588. Some time body physician to Wilhelm IV, Duke of Julich, Cleves, and Berg, to whom he dedicated his famous treatise *De praestigiis daemonum et incantationibus ac ueneficiis*, Basel, 1563. To the edition of 1577 are appended *De Lamiis* and *Pseudo-Monarchia Daemonum*.

Horace, *Sermonum*, I, viii, 30.

Ovid, *Epistola* VI, 91.

Quae mouere, Horace, *Epodon*, xvii, 76.

Sagaue. Ovid, *Amorum*, III, vii, 29, 30.

E.—Bodin, *De la Demonomanie*, II, viii. The rubric of this chapter is : *Si les Sorciers peuuent enuoyer les maladies, sterilitex, gresles & tempestes, & tuer hommes & bestes*.

G.—Horace, *Sermonum*, I, viii, 27–8. Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 244–5.

H.—Regina sagarum. "Regina caupona, saga et diuina," said of Meroe. Pierre de Lancre, *L'Incredulité et mescréance du sortilège*, Paris, 1622, says : "En chasque village trouuer vne Royne du Sabbat." In the Basses Pyrénées she sat at the left-hand of the

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devil during the Satanic Mass and received the offerings. "Puis luy baisent la main gauche, tremblans avec mille angoisses & luy offrend du pain, des oeufs, & de l'argent ; & la Royne du Sabbat les reçoit, laquelle est assise à son costé gauche, & en sa main gauche elle tient vne paix ou platine, dans laquelle est grauee l'effigie de Lucifer, laquelle on ne baise qu' après l'auoir premierement baisée à elle." De Lancre, *Tableau de l'inconstance des mauvais anges et démons*. Paris, 1612, p. 401.

I.—Peter de Loyer. *IIII Livres des Spectres*, by Pierre le Loyer, Sieur de Brosse, was published at Angers, 1586. The English version *A treatise of Specters*, 1605, was translated by Z. Jones. Bodin, III, iv, writes upon the text *A sagitta uolante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris : ab incursu, et daemonio meridiano*, Psalm xc : "Salomon Theologien Hebrieu escript que mot Deber signifie le Daemon, qui a puissance de offenser la nuit : & Chetep, qui offense en plein mydi" (Lyons, 1593, p. 312).

K.—Olaus. Olaus Magnus, the famous Archbishop of Upsala, whose *De Gentibus Septentrionalibus* was printed at Rome in 1555.

Lucan, VI, 725-7.

Tunc uox. Ibid. 685-693.

Ludwigus. Philip Ludwig Elich, a famous demonologist, whose authoritative *Daemonomagia* was published in 1607.

Prierias. Sylvester Mazzolini, O.P., 1460-1523, Master of the Sacred Palace, and the great champion of orthodoxy against the heresiarch Luther. He is the author of *De strigimagorum, libri III.*, Rome, 1521.

Guaccius. Francesco-Maria Guazzo, a member of the Congregation of S. Ambrose ad Nemos. His *Compendium Maleficarum*, Milan, 1608 ; second edition 1626 ; is one of the most valuable works upon witchcraft. See my *History of Witchcraft*, chapter iii.

Bartholomeus Spineus. Bartolomeo de Spina, O.P., 1475-1546. His *Tractatus de Strigibus et Lamiis*, which has been reprinted, was first issued at Venice 1533.

ACT II

Burchard. Burchard, Bishop of Worms, was born after the middle of the tenth century, and died 20 August, 1025. He filled the most distinguished positions and was highly esteemed by the Emperors Otto III, Henry II, and Conrad II. His well-known *Collectarium Canonum* or *Decretum*, in 20 books, is a compilation of ecclesiastical law and moral theology, drawn from the Penitentials, the Fathers, the decrees of Councils and Popes, and the Sacred Scriptures. The nineteenth book, known as *Corrector, seu medicus*, was frequently circulated as a separate work, and was regarded as a confessor's practical manual.

Vergil, *Eclogue*, VIII, 77-8.

B.—Dr. Edlin. Bodin, II, 4 (Lyons, 1593, p. 185) : "Iean Chartier, qui a composé l'histoire de Charles septiesme, dit que Guillaume Edeline, Docteur de la Sorbonne, fut condamné comme Sorcier la vigile de Noël, M.CCCC.LIII., & confessa qu'il auoit esté plusieurs fois le nuit transporté aux assemblees des Sorciers, & ilec renoncé Dieu, & adoré le Diable en figure de bouc, le baisand au fondement."

Danaeus. Lambert Daneau, author of *Les Sorciers*, 1574. There is an English translation, *A Dialogue of Witches*, 1575.

See my *Geography of Witchcraft*, p. 215.

C.—Levit. 2. *Leviticus*, ii, 13 : "And every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt ; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat offering : with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt" (*A.V.*).

F.—Malleus maleficarum. Pars II, Quæstio i, cap. ix. "Quomodo Maleficae in catos mutantur" marginal note, p. 310, ed. Frankfort 1588. "Nam per motum localem, ubi Daemones in officiis catorum laboratorem inuaserunt, etiam laboratoris ictus &

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uerbera catis illata, mulieribus in domo residentibus subito, & per aerem inferre potuisse, & hoc propter pactum mutuo dudum initum, nemo dubitat."

G.—Ovid, *Fasti*, VI, 135–8.

Lucan, VI, 543–549.

Apuleius, *Metamorphoseon*, III, 17 (ed. van der Vliet, 1897, p. 59).

I.—Lucan, VI, 511–512.

Agrippa. Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, 1486–1534 (or 1535), one of the remarkable men of the Renaissance, a great name in the history of Occultism. He has been described as "Knight, Doctor, and by common reputation a Magician." His *De Occulta Philosophia* was first published at Antwerp, 1531, and has been several times reprinted.

K.—Lucan, VI, 538–542.

L.—Cock-crowing. See my *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 117–118.

M.—Horace, *Epodon*, v, 23.

Lucan, VI, 550–553.

N.—Apuleius, *Metamorphoseon*, III, 17 (ed. van der Vliet, 1897, p. 59).

O.—Ovid, *Epistola* VI, Hypsipyle Iasoni, 89.

Q.—Lucan, VI, 670–672.

R.—Juvenal, VI, 609–10.

Pliny, VIII, xxxiv, 22: "Quin et caudae huius animalis (lupi) creditur uulgo inesse amatorium uirus exiguo in uillo, eumque, cum capiatur, apiici, nec idem pollere, nisi uiuenti direptum. Dies, quibus coeat, toto anno non amplius duodecim."

S.—Pliny, VIII, lxvi, 42: "Et sane equis amoris innasci ueneficium, hippomanes appellatum, in fronte, caricae magnitudine, colore nigro: quod statim edito partu deuorat feta, aut partum ad ubera non admittit. Si quis praereptum habeat, olfactu in rabiem id genus agitur."

Aeneid, IV, 515–6.

Ovid, *De Arte Amandi*, II, 100.

Lucan, VI, 454–6.

For hippomanes one may compare Juvenal, VI, 614–6:

ut auunculus ille Neronis,
Cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli
Infudit.

T.—*Georgics*, III, 280–1.

Tibullus, II, iv, 8.

Ovid, *Amorum*, I, viii, 7–8.

Propertius, V, v, 17–18 (ed. Mueller, 1894, p. 103).

U.—Nandaeus. Rather Naudaeus, *i.e.*, Gabriel Naudé, librarian to Cardinal Mazarin. Naudé's *Apologie pour tous les Grands Hommes qui ont esté faussement supconnez de Magie* was published at Paris in 1625.

For the hurly-burly at the sabbat see my *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 142–144.

ACT III

C.—English Authors. The "little Teat" occurred on various parts of the body, and was said to secrete milk and to give suck to the familiar. It is true that this phenomenon, for no explainable reason, seems to occur only in the records of England and New England, where it is of exceedingly frequent occurrence. There is a large body of evidence, and no doubt many cases are anatomical divigations, polymastia (*mammae erraticae*) and polythelia. Examples are given and the question discussed in my *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 75–77, where reference is made to this passage in Shadwell.

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E.—Cardan. Girolamo Cardano, 1501–1576, the famous Italian physician and astrologer. His *De Subtilitate, libri XXI*, was published at Nuremberg, 1550.

Paracelsus. Theophrastus Paracelsus, 1493–1541. The life of this illustrious exponent of hermetic philosophy has been written more than once. His works are collected and illustrated with elaborate commentaries. The expositions of Hartmann, *The Life of Paracelsus*, London, 1886, and of Waite, *The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Aureolus . . . Bombast*, London, 1894, will be found useful.

For the ointment see my *History of Witchcraft*, p. 6.

G.—Horace, *Sermonum*, I, viii, 23–24, uidi egomet nigra. . . .

Ovid, *Epistola* VI, Hypsipyle Iasoni, 89.

Seneca, *Medea*, iv, 752–3.

Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 182–3.

H.—Vergil, *Eclogue* VIII, 95.

Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, XIV, 43–4.

Georgics, III, 283.

Propertius, V, v, 11–12,

Quippe et, Collinas ad fossam mouerit herbas,
Stantia currenti diluerentur aqua.

Collinae herbae, grass growing in the vicinity of the *Porta Collina*, the gate in Rome near the Quirinal Hill, called also *Agonensis* and *Quirinalis* Porta.

Aeneid, IV, 513–14.

K.—Horace, *Epodon*, V, 17–18.

Mandrake. See my *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 187–8.

M.—Horace, *Epodon*, V, 19–20.

O.—Guaccius. See my *History of Witchcraft*, III.

P.—Lucan, VI, 461–2.

Seneca, *Medea*, IV, 757–9.

Q.—Ovid, *Epistola*, VI, Hypsipyle Iasoni, 85–6.

Petronius, the witch is Oenothea. *Satyricon*, 134 (ed. Buechler, 3rd edition, 1895, p. 101.)

Horace, *Epodon*, V, 45–6, and XVII, 78.

Tibullus, I, ii, 45.

Propertius, V, v, 13. *Cantata Luna*, the moon charmed by magic spells.

R.—Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 201.

S.—Lucan, VI, 463–67.

T.—Lucan, VI, 469–471.

Seneca, *Medea*, IV, 765–66.

Hercules Oetaeus, II, 455–56.

U.—Aeneid, IV, 490–91.

Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 205.

Lucan, VI, 481–2.

X.—Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 204–205.

Ovid, *Epistola* VI, Hypsipyle Iasoni, 88.

Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, II, 458.

Y.—Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, 199–201.

Aeneid, IV, 489.

Tibullus, I, ii, 46.

Seneca, *Medea*, IV, 762–64.

Z.—Ovid, *Amorum*, III, vi, 31.

Vergil, *Eclogue* VIII, 99.

A.—Aeneid, IV, 487–88.

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B.—Lucan, VI, 452-54.

C.—Horace, *Epodon*, XVII, 79-80.

Aeneid, IV, 490. *Nocturnosque ciet manes.*

Eclogue VIII, 95-99.

Propertius, V, v, 14.

Erietho, see Lucan, VI, 667 *sqq.*

Bodin, II, 6, has as his rubric to the chapter “de la Lycanthropie & si les esprits peuuent changer les hommes en bestes.” The Vernon witch-trials took place in 1566. The witches, says Bodin, “s’assembloïēt ordinairement en vn chasteau vieil & ancien en guise de nombre infiny de chats.” Argentine is Strasburg, Latin, *Argentoratus*. I am afraid that Shadwell did not always understand his authors. The case of the loupgarou Gilles Garnier, who burned at Dole in January, 1573, is famous. See my *Geography of Witchcraft*, pp. 23-4 and 399-400. Burgis and Werdon should be Pierre Burgot and Michel Verdun. Their trial took place in 1521.

Pope Leo VII reigned from Jan. 3rd, 936, to 13 July, 939. Bodin, II, vi, writes of a young man who was said to have been changed into a donkey, “en fist le recit au Pape Leon vii, & apres auoir disputé d’vne part & d’autre, deuant le Pape, il fut cōclud q̄ cela estoit possible : q̄ seroit bien pour cōfirmer, ce q̄ est escript en Luciā & Apulée atheïstes chāgez en asnes, & q̄ ont escript comment cela leur aduint par les Sorcieres de Larisse, qu’ils estoÿēt allé voir, pour essayer, s’il estoit vray. Or, l’vn & l’autre fut accusé d’Atheïsme & de Sorcelerie.”

No doubt Pope Leo decided that some deceit or hypnotic trickery had effected the presumed transformation. Of course, Bodin does not say that it was made “Canonical,” and it is obvious that Shadwell did not know what the term meant. In fact, he is so entirely ignorant of these technicalities, that he continually mistakes and misquotes the authors whose names appear in his “Notes upon the Magick.” In fact, in spite of the parade of names, his acquaintance with these demonologists is, it must once more be emphasized, most superficial and trifling.

For a full discussion of the witch’s broomstick see my *History of Witchcraft*, pp. 122-124. The ritual dance at the sabbat is dealt with at length pp. 139-144.

The Squire of Alsatia

p. 191. HORACE. *Epistularum*, II, i, 168-170.

p. 202. COPT-HALL. Copped Hall, near Epping, the house of Lord Dorset.

p. 202. SO ADMIRABLE A LADY. The Earl of Dorset married in 1685, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of James Compton, third earl of Northampton. She was celebrated alike for her wit and beauty. She was a Lady of the Bed-chamber to Mary II; died 6 August, 1691.

p. 204. GOOD OLD PLAY. At the reopening of the theatres, since, of course, no dramatists had been writing, the older plays were revived. Amongst the first authors to provide the two companies with tragedy and comedy were Dryden, Sir Robert Howard, Edward Howard, James Howard, Porter, Sir Robert Stapylton, Thomson, the Earl of Orrery, and John Wilson. The heroic drama shortly obtained a great vogue. The machines to which Shadwell refers were used in such plays as Davenant’s *Macbeth*; *The Tempest*, or *The Enchanted Island*; his own *Psyche*; and many of those pro-

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ductions which Downes calls "operas." There is an interesting pamphlet, London, 1661, "The Description of the Great Machines, of the *Descent of Orpheus into Hell*; Presented by the French Comedians at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane." *The Descent of Orpheus into Hell* is by Chapoton. French operas were frequently given in London by native players, and the English dramatists are often grumbling about their foreign rivals. Betterton personally visited Paris in order to study the French theatre and to see how the *decor* of the English stage could be improved. He himself invented the machines for *Albion and Albanus*, produced at Dorset Garden in June, 1685, as also for other elaborate spectacles of this kind.

The "Usurper Farce" is no doubt chiefly in reference to Thomas Duffett and his burlesques *The Mock Tempest* and *Psyche Debauch'd*, the former of which was produced at the Theatre Royal in the winter of 1674, and the direct Shadwell skit at the same house about six months after.

p. 204. WHIFFLING SCRIBBLERS. Inconstant; evasive; and so paltry; trifling. Cf. modern slang: piffing. In Crowne's, *Juliana*, 1671, I, the jocular Landlord speaks of "A pittiful whiffing small-beer Duke."

p. 204. PRIAMS. According to the Homeric tradition, King Priam had fifty sons and fifty daughters. *Iliad*, xxiv, 495. Vergil, *Aeneid*, II, 501-5, repeats the legend:

Uidi Hecubam, centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
Sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacrauerat ignes.
Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi
Procubuere.

In Southerne's *The Fatal Marriage; or, The Innocent Adultery*, produced at Drury Lane early in 1693-4, I, the Nurse says: "My lord's eldest son, . . . the son that he would have lov'd best, if he had as many as King *Pyramus* of *Troy*." "How! King *Pyramus* of *Troy*!" exclaims Sampson; "why, how many had he?" "Why, the ballad sings he had fifty sons: but no matter for that," the old dame answers.

p. 204. UPON THE FRET. High pitch'd. Cf. Playford's *Brief Introduction To the Skill of Musick*, Fourth Edition, 1664, p. 82: "There are *Seven Frets* or *Stops* on the neck of your *Viol* which are for stopping the various Sounds. . . . to begin to *Tune*, raise your *Treble* or smallest string as high as conveniently it will bear without breaking."

p. 205. BOUGHT RED. "Spanish Wool," or "Spanish Paper" was the cosmetic most generally in vogue. The Fop. Dictionary, 1690, has: "*Spanish Paper*. A beautiful red Colour, which the Ladies, &c. in *Spain* paint their Faces withal."

p. 206. MR. JEVON. Originally acted by James Nokes, who however almost immediately gave up the part.

p. 207. CAPTAIN HACKUM. This character, on the authority of Oldys (received at second hand), is modelled on the notorious Bully Dawson.

p. 207. MR. ALEXANDER. Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies* (1784), III, p. 418, writes as follows: "Verbruggen was so passionately fond of Alexander the Great, at that time the hero of the actors, that the players and the public knew him, for some years, by no other name. I have seen the name of Mr. Alexander to several parts in Dryden's plays; to Ptolemy in *Cleomenes*, King of Sparta, to Aurelius in *King Arthur* and Ramirez in *Love Triumphant, or Nature will prevail*. Verbruggen, I believe did not assume his own name in the play-

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house-bills, till the secession of Betterton and others from Drury-lane, in 1695."

Theatrical gossip, however, is notoriously loose and incorrect, and although the above identification has been universally accepted, it is impugned by the authority of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, who argues on very definite grounds that Mr. Alexander and Verbruggen were two distinct individuals. It is worth remark that in the first quarto of Congreve's *The Old Batchelour*, Alexander's name stands to Sharper. In the first quarto also of *The Double-Dealer* Alexander stands to Careless. In the collected edition of Congreve, 1710, Verbruggen stands to both these rôles in the cast lists, the rest of the actors in each case remaining the same. This, which would seem to bear out Davies' statement, is not, however, an insuperable objection to the suggestion of the two separate players. In the first quarto (1696) of Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* Verbruggen stands to Loveless, Horden to Young Worthy; in later editions Wilks is Loveless, Mills Young Worthy, whilst others of the original cast, Johnson, Cibber, remain the same. So the first quarto (1703) of *She Wou'd and She wou'd not* has Don Philip, Husband; later editions have Don Philip, Booth; while the rest of the actors remain the same, save for some insignificant changes in the minor female characters.

After the retirement of Hart (ob. 18 August, 1683) Betterton seems to have played Alexander in Lee's tragedy, but he almost immediately relinquished the part to Mountfort, who, Cibber tells us (*Apology*, c. V), was the acknowledged Alexander of the day. Mountfort was assassinated in December, 1692, and it would certainly seem impossible that during his lifetime another actor should be so supremely excellent in the rôle of Alexander as actually to receive that name and to be known by it in printed casts. Moreover, we do not find that Mr. Alexander, the actor, is playing such important parts as would suggest him for the hero of *The Rival Queens*. In the spring of 1691 Mountfort was highly applauded in the title-rôle of D'Urfey's *Bussy D'Ambois*—formerly one of Hart's greatest impersonations—in which drama Verbruggen acted a small part, *Bariser*, Captain of the Guards. Verbruggen (spelled Verkruggan) is one of Three Persian Hags in Settle's *Distress'd Innocence* (4to, 1691). In 1694 (spring?) Verbruggen played Ambrosio in D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, Part I (and II). Verbruggen appears as Tygrases in Settle's *The Ambitious Slave* (4to, 1694), and Frederick in Southerne's *The Fatal Marriage* (4to, 1694). Verbruggen's last original rôle is believed to have been Sullen in *The Beaux Stratagem* (4to, 1707), produced 8 March, 1707.

Mr. Thorn-Drury has informed me that in a contemporary MS. list in a copy of *Valentinian* (4to, 1685) Alexander is set down for Licinius. His name occurs in the following printed casts: Langoiran, *The Massacre of Paris* (4to, 1689); Hazard, *The Widow Ranter* (4to, 1690); Meleander, *The Treacherous Brothers* (4to, 1690); Finardo, *The Amorous Bigotte* (4to, 1690); Aurelius, *King Arthur* (4to, 1691); Ptolemy, *Cleomenes* (4to, 1692); Florio, *The Traitor* (4to, 1692); Bonavent, *A very Good Wife* (4to, 1693); Sharper, *The Old Batchelour* (4to, 1693); Nickum, *The Volunteers* (4to, 1693); Garnish, *The Maid's Last Prayer* (4to, 1693); Careless, *The Double-Dealer* (4to, 1694); Ramirez, *Love Triumphant* (4to, 1694). In a MS. cast list affixed in a contemporary hand to a copy of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (4to, 1655), in the Garrick collection, Alexander appears as Frank Jerningham. This revival took place in 1691, or not later than the autumn of 1692. After 1694 there seems no trace of Alexander's name. Mr. Thorn-Drury writes: "I am

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satisfied that Alexander is not the same person as the well-known Verbruggen, who is spoken of in *The Comparison of the Two Stages* as a comparative new-comer, 'a young one.' Alexander—or at least one Alexander—was selected by Flecknoe to play in his *Damoiselles A la Mode*, printed 1667. He and Wilbraham were to play "The Two Natural Fools."

- p. 207. MRS. BOWTELL. It is rather curious to find this actress playing a virago, as her appearance was especially bland and simple, her voice low and musical. She was the original Mrs. Pinchwife in *The Country Wife*, Fidelia in *The Plain-Dealer*, and Cleopatra, who is not the proud Egyptian queen, but fond and amorous, in *All for Love*. Davies in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, II, p. 404, tells us that Mrs. Boutel was "celebrated for the gentler parts in tragedy, such as Aspasia in the Maid's Tragedy, Statira in Alexander."
- p. 209. TEMPLE WALKS. Cf. Pepys, Thursday, 28 May, 1663: "By water home, after we had walked to and fro, backwards and forwards, six or seven times in the Temple Walks, disputing whether to go by land or water."
- p. 209. HEDG-WINE. Wine such as might be met with by the wayside; of inferior quality. Cf. *Hedge Tavern*, or *Hedge Alehouse*, which the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, c. 1700, explains as "a Jilting, Sharping Tavern, or Blind Alehouse." Nashe, *Terrors Nt.* 1594, *Works*, 1883-4, III, 367, speaks of "hedge wine and leane mutton."
- p. 209. ADAD. An expletive which is probably a variant of "Egad." It sometimes appears as "Adod" or "Dod." Cf. *The Plain-Dealer*, III, 1, where the Widow Blackacre cries to Mr. Quaint: "Adad, I shall make thy Wife jealous of me."
- p. 210. PISE. Pize, which was vulgarly used in various imprecatory expressions, is a word of uncertain origin. It has been well suggested that it may be an arbitrary substitute for Pest or Pox, which latter came into common speech circa 1600. Pize is a favourite word with old Bellair in Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, 4to, 1676. Cf. also Duffett's *The Mock Tempest*, 4to, 1675, II, 2: "Fortune has cheated me of all, pize on her." "A pize take 'em," says Sir Sampson, "meer Outsides," when the modern young man was mentioned. *Love for Love*, V, 1.
- p. 210. HUNDRED. The subdivision of a county or shire, having its own court.
- p. 210. HE'D KNOCK ME I' TH' HEAD. So Miss Hoyden in *The Relapse*, 1696, V, when her secret marriage is to be revealed says to her nurse: "When the Business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my Father, for you know his Tricks; he'll knock me down."
- p. 210. CUT A SHAM OR BANTER. These words were just coming into general use. Cf. the Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden circa September, 1682 (4to, 1682):

Thus in true hate of Sense and Wit's despite,
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight.

Cf. also *The Plain-Dealer*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1676, III, where the Lawyer says to Manly: "I'm sure you jok'd upon me and shamm'd me all night long." "Shamm'd!" asks Manly. "Pr'ythee, what barbarous Law-term is that?" The Lawyer replies: "Shamming! Why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of Wit, Sir." And Freeman explains: "Shamming is telling you an insipid, dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the slie Wag the Author only laughs at himself: and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself."

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- p. 211. SQUEEZE. Squeeze wax. To set one's seal to a document ; to impress wax with a seal. Burton's *Diary*, 1658-9 (edition 1828), III, 133 : " The people are not like a young heir that hath squeezed wax, by which being once bound, is too late after for him to repent." In *The Plain-Dealer*, IV, when Jerry Blackacre has broken loose, and threatens to mortgage his property, his mother cries : " Oh, do not squeeze Wax, Son ; rather go to Ordinaries, and Baudy-houses, than squeeze Wax : if thou dost that, farewell the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre*, with all its Woods, Underwoods, and appurtenances whatever."
- p. 211. OLD STARING. This intensive use of " old " is very common, and persists to-day in such phrases as " a high old time." In *Macbeth*, II, the porter speaks of " old turning the key."
- p. 212. TROUT. Slang. Confidential friend or servant. Originally in the alliterative phrase *true* or *trusty trout*. *Roxburgh Ballads*, IV, 518 (c. 1661) :

I was a trusty trout
In all that I went about.

- p. 212. DORSET COURT. Fleet Street, now called Dorset Street. *R. B. in Strype*, III, p. 279 : " This Dorset or Salisbury Court doth claim a peculiar liberty to itself, and to be exempt from the city government, and the inhabitants will not admit of the city officers to make any arrest there."
- p. 212. SCANDERBERG. Scanderbeg is a common term for a militant warrior or conqueror from George Castriota (1404-6) a famous Albanian hero, whose prowess checked the Ottoman advance in Europe. He was at first a commander, Iscander Bey, under Amuratt II, but he renounced Islam, and distinguished himself as a Christian champion.
- p. 212. RUBB'D. Very common slang still in use for " making off," " clearing out." Cf. *The Way of the World*, 1700, I, where, when Petulant is told that ladies are waiting for him, he cries. " They must wait or rub off ; . . . let 'em trundle."
- p. 212. RAG OR SOCK. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has : " Rag, a Farthing. *Not a Rag left*. I have Lost or Spent all my Money." " Sock, a Pocket. . . . *Not a Rag in my Sock*. I han't a Farthing in my Pocket."
- p. 213. REAR. Early. A provincialism.
- p. 214. SCIRE FACIAS. " A judicial writ, requiring the sheriff to do the party concerned to wit that he should come before the Court to ' show cause ' why execution should not be taken against him, or why letters patent, such as a charter, should not be revoked." *Nisi Prius*. " A writ directed to a sheriff commanding him to provide a jury at the Court of Westminster, on a certain day, unless the judges of assize previously come to the county." *Non est inuentus*. " The answer made by the sheriff in the return of the writ when the defendant is *not to be found* in his bailiwick." *Posse comitatus*. " The power of the county, or the citizens who may be summoned by the sheriff to assist the authorities in suppressing a riot, or executing any legal precept which is forcibly opposed." *Blackstone*. *Certiorari*. A writ to expedite justice.
- p. 214. A WET FINGER. The merest trifle. In *The Souldiers Fortune*, III, Sir Davy says of Beaugard, " I dont value him thus, not a wet finger." To do a thing with a wet finger is to do it with the utmost ease. Cf. Foote, *The Knights*, 1754, I : " If Dame Winifred were here she'd make them all out with a wet finger."

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- p. 214. IN TAIL. Tail is a legal term which signifies : " The limitation or destination of a freehold estate or fee to a person and the heirs of his body, or some particular class of such heirs, on the failure of whom it is to revert to the donor or his heir or assign." *In tail* (tale) : within this limitation.
- p. 215. AMICUS CERTUS. Quoted by Cicero from Ennius, *De Amicitia*, XVII, 64 : " *Quanquam Ennius recte : Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.*"
- p. 215. WHAINT WARK. Dialect ; " queer " or " strange work." Wright, *English Dialect Dictionary*, gives several examples of " wheint," " quaint."
- p. 216. THE GEORGE. The George tavern was situated in Dogwell Court, and some little time after the abolition of the vicious privileges of Alsatia by the Act 8 and 9 William III, c. 27 (1697), it was converted into the printing-office of William Bowyer the elder. These premises were destroyed by fire, 30 Jan., 1713. In Mrs. Behn's *The Luckey Chance*, acted at Drury Lane in the winter of 1686, IV, Bearjest when asked if he knows a certain Wasteall (Gayman) replies : " The World's well amended with him, Captain, since I lost my Money to him and you at the *George in White-Fryers.*"
- p. 216. CRUMP. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has : " *Crump*, one that helps Solicitors to *Affidavit-men* and *Swearers*, and *Bail*, who for a small Sum will be Bound or Swear for any Body ; on that occasion, putting on good Cloaths to make a good appearance, that Bail may be accepted."
- p. 217. SOWSE. From sol, or sou, the smallest coin. Cf. Otway's *The Cheats of Scapin*, Dorset Garden, January, 1677, II, where Thrifty says : " Il'l give him nothing, . . . Not a Sous," also D'Urfey's *Madam Fickle ; or, The Witty False One*, 4to, 1677, I, i : " He has no Money now, not a souse—I know it."
- p. 219. TEMPLE STAIRS. Tuesday, 22 May, 1677, Pepys notes : " Creed and I also by water, and parted at the Temple stairs, where I landed, and to the King's house." This was one of the principal landing-places from the great water-way of the Thames.
- p. 225. IF MUSIC. *Twelfth Night*, I, i, 1.
- p. 225. IMPS. Cf. *Richard II*, II, 1, 292 : " Imp out our drooping country's broken wing."
- p. 225. THE REHEARSAL. IV, ii : *Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volscius.* Bayes says : " I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same Woman." See my edition of *The Rehearsal*, pp. 54-57.
- p. 226. BOB PERUKE. A peruke having the bottom locks turned up into " bobs " or short curls, as opposed to a " full-bottomed wig." Cf. R. Holme, *Armoury*, 1688 ; II, xviii : " A Peruque . . . with a Curled Foretop and Bobs. This is a kind of travelling Wig, having the side or bottom locks turned up into Bobs or Knots, tied up with Ribbons."
- p. 226. WEAVER. Weavers were traditionally Puritans, and the Huguenots when they came to England brought their weaving craft with them. The Protestants who came from Flanders introduced into England their woollen manufactory. So Falstaff cries : " I would I were a weaver ; I could sing all manner of songs." For they chanted vernacular songs and hymns at their work. In *The Silent Woman* it is said of the Parson, who appears to be afflicted with a bad rheum, " he got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers."
- p. 227. TENEMENT. Cf. the old song in *Pills to Purge Melancholy, A Tenement to Let*, which commences " I have a Tenement to Let."
- p. 228. DOUCEURS. Agreeable conversation ; softness of manner. Cf. *Marriage à-la-Mode*, IV, where Palamede is complimenting Melantha, and she cries :

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“Truce with your *Douceurs*, good Servant ; you see I am addressing to the Princess.”

- p. 228. THE MOTHER. Hysteria. See *supra*, *The Lancashire Witches*, note, p. 404.
 p. 228. POINT DE VENICE. A point is thread lace made with the point or needle, and often named from the place where it is worked. John Ray in his *Travels*, 1673, has : “Venice is noted . . . for Needle-work Laces called Points.” Cf. also the Epilogue to Lee’s *Lucius Junius Brutus*, Dorset Garden, Dec., 1680, where it is said that the lady’s keeper in a rage

Thunder’d her China, damn’d her Quality,
 Her Glasses broke, and tore her *Point Venie*.

- p. 229. SALISBURY COURT. Dorset House, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was under the Restoration for a time occupied by the Chancellor. It was once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, one of whom (Jewel) alienated it to the Sackville family. After the house was pulled down the Duke’s Theatre was built on its site. The name is still preserved in Dorset Street.
- p. 229. FLAM. To flam is to put off, to cheat. Cf. South’s *Sermons*, 1687 : “A God not to be flammed off with lies.” In Mrs. Behn’s *The City Heiress*, acted at Dorset Garden in the spring, 1682, II, Diana complains : “Still I am flamm’d off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose Fortune I am to lavish.”
- p. 233. WOOD. Mad with rage. Spenser *The Fairie Queene*, I, iv, 34, says that cruel Wrath “Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood.”
- p. 234. PIG’S TAIL. Richard Percival, *Spanish Grammar*, 1599, cites the old aphorism : “Of a pig’s tail you can never make a good shaft.”
- p. 234. BEAVER. A *chapeau de poil*, a mark of some distinction in those days. Hence the title of Rubens’ famous picture, a lady in a beaver hat or *chapeau de poil*, which, being corrupted to *chapeau de paille*, led to much error. Stubbes, *The Anatomie of Abuses* (1583), has : “These they call *bever* hats of XX, XXX, or XL shillings price, fetched from beyond the sea.” Pepys, 28 January, 1660–61, writes : “At Mr. Holden’s, where I bought a hat, cost me 35s.” But 27 June, 1661 : “This day Mr. Holden sent me a *bever*, which cost me £4 5s.”
- p. 234. LOUYDORS. A gold coin in circulation from Louis XIII to Louis XVI. In 1717 the legal value in England was fixed at 17s. *The London Gazette*, 1689, No. 2495/4, advertises : “Lost, a Silk Purse, . . . therein two 5l. pieces of Gold, 13 or 14 Guineas, and 3 Luidores.” Cf. Farquhar’s *The Inconstant*, Drury Lane, February–March, 1701–2, I, 1, where Dugard says to Old Mirabel : “Sir, he has order’d me to bespeak a Dinner for us at *Rousseau’s*, at a Lewis d’Or a Head.” “A Lewis d’Or a Head !” exclaims the father. “. . . Hearn’ee, *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewis d’Or at a Sitting ? He must be as strong as Hercules.”
- p. 234. KIBBO. Lancashire dialect ; a stick, cudgel. Cf. J. Collier (Tim Bobbin), *View Lanc. Dial. circa 1746*, “o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hent.”
- p. 236. JOSEPH. A large old-fashioned cloak, sometimes with a hood. Cf. *The Dunciad*, II, 127–8 :

Curl stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone :
 He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a *John*.

Upon which Pope notes : “Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay’s.”

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Warburton adds: "The antiquity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea."

- p. 238. YOU HAVE REASON. Vous avez raison. You are right. Cf. Bedell, *Letters*, VI, 95, 1624: "The King himselfe said aloud that both sides had reason." With old-fashioned people the phrase seems to have been regarded as an affectation, as in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, August, 1667, III, when Sir Martin says to Moody, "You have Reason, Sir," the angry old gentleman retorts: "There he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great Compliment I wiss; you have Reason, Sir; that is, you are no Beast, Sir."
- p. 240. DEAR MISS. Miss was only used of a young girl, as here; or of a kept mistress.
- p. 241. BUMPER. The word was only just coming into use.
- p. 242. HALA. Lancashire dialect. Yorks, halloo = hallow, hollow. Lean, sunken, meagre. It must be remembered that Lolpoop was created by Cave Underhill, of whom Cibber, *Apology*, V, says: "In the boobily heaviness of *Lolpoop* in the 'Squire of Alsatia' he seemed the immovable log he stood for. A countenance of wood could not be more fixed than his, when the blockhead of a character required it: his face was full and long: from his crown to the end of his nose was the shorter half of it."
- p. 242. FARINELY. Lancashire and northern counties; very, exceedingly. Lolpoop says: "She's a mighty pretty girl." Cf. M. R. Lahee, "*Acquitted though Guilty; or, The Tenant of Wild Bank. A Lancashire story*," 12mo, Lancaster, 1882, iii: "That's reet, Teawser, tha'rt a farrently foine dog."
- p. 243. QUID. Of obscure origin. Here 21s., and later (as now) 20s. N.E.D. quotes this passage as the earliest example of the word in literature. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, circa 1700, gives the obsolete *Quids* = cash, money.
- p. 244. TRANSMOGRAPHY'D. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*: "Transmogrify, to alter, or new vamp."
- p. 245. VICTORY IN HUNGARY. At the commencement of 1687 the army campaigning against the Ottomans was divided into two parts, between Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and the Elector Max Emanuel of Bavaria. After a repulse of the Christian forces the Vezir followed the retreating army and forced a pitched battle at Harkány, near Mohács. Here the Turks suffered an overwhelming defeat, 12 August, and it is said this did more than any other single event to destroy the Turkish ascendancy in Hungary. On 6 September, 1688, Belgrade fell to the Elector of Bavaria.
- p. 247. ST. BRIDE'S. A church on the south side of Fleet Street, in the ward of Farringdon Without. The former building (about 1480) was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present fane by Sir Christopher Wren, erected in its stead, was ready for service in 1680. It was further embellished in 1699; the tower and spire added in 1701-1703. The interior is much admired.
- p. 249. QUARLES AND WITHERS. Both, perhaps with some injustice, regarded as the pre-eminently Puritan poets. In *The Way of the World*, 1700, III, Lady Wishfort, sending Mrs. Marwood into another room, says: "There are Books over the Chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's Works* to entertain you." Francis Quarles was born in 1592, and died 1644.

Anthony a Wood sneers at Quarles as "an old puritanicall poet," and during the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries his works, although constantly reprinted, were regarded with contempt. Phillips, *Theatrum*

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Poetarum (1675), notes that Quarles is "in wonderful veneration among the vulgar."

George Withers, 1588-1667, a most unequal writer, who, probably because he was a Parliamentary rebel, is treated with the utmost derision and contempt. So Butler, *Hudibras*, I, i, 645-648, addressing the Puritan Muse, says :

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And forced them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write.

Pope, *The Dunciad*, I, 296, numbers "wretched *Withers*" among "the dull of ancient days."

- p. 251. SPARK IT. So in Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, Dorset Garden, March, 1675-6, I, i, Dorimant on being told by the orange-woman of a young miss who has been taken with his handsome face, jeers : "This fine Woman, I'll lay my Life, is some awkward, ill-fashioned, Country Toad, who, not Having above four Dozen of black Hairs on her Head, has Adorn'd her Baldness with a large white Friez, that she may look sparkishly in the Fore-front of the King's Box At an old Play."
- p. 253. HALF MOON. A formation of men (or ships) drawn up crescent-wise. Cf. Styward, *Martial Discipline* (1581), I, 24 : "The which . . . is the battaile called the halfe moone." In Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, IV, Fourbin, playing the Miles Gloriosus, cries : "Ah *Bloody Bones* ! ah, when thou and I commanded that party at the Siege of *Philipsburgh* ! where, in the Face of the Army, we took the impenetrable Half-moon !"
- p. 253. MONS. The Marshal de Luxembourg joined battle with William of Orange at St. Denys 14 August, 1678, which prevented the surrender of Mons, blockaded by the French army. A treaty of peace had actually been signed on 10 August, but official information did not arrive until the 14th, too late to prevent this encounter.
- p. 254. FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUND. Probably Shadwell took the hint of this effective repetition from the famous "Sans dot" of Harpagon in *L'Avare*, I, 7.
- p. 257. FRIEND 'TIS LIKE I AM. One may compare the amusing phraseology of Mr. and Mrs. Prim in Mrs. Centlivre's *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields February, 1717-18, and Mrs. Lovely's affected *tutoiement*.
- p. 258. VELVET CUSHION. The large velvet pulpit-cushion well pounded was an integral part of a Puritan sermon.
- p. 260. SILVER STRONG WATER-BOTTLE. It will be remembered that among Goldingham's pledges, *The Miser*, I, figures "a Bauds Silver Aqua-Vitae Bottle." The constant tippling of these beldames is continually remarked. In Cleland's *Memories of a Woman of Pleasure*, 1749, "good sweet Mrs. Brown" had a broad red face "which blushed with nothing but brandy."
- p. 262. AMBER-GREESE. Ambergris, universally considered invigorating and a provocative, was largely used in wines, sauces, cordials, and perfumes. Such a caudle as Mrs. Hackum proffers was known as an "amber-caudle," a warm comfortable drink made with wine, spices, sugar, eggs, etc., with which ambergris had been sensibly mingled. Cf. *The London Cuckolds*, Duke's Theatre, winter of 1681, I, 1, where Wiseacres says : "You may talk of Amber-caudles, Chocolate, and Jelly-broth's, but they are nothing compared to youth and beauty ; a young woman is the only provocative for old age, I say."

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- p. 263. SHARP AS A NEEDLE. Heywood, *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 4to, 1607, has :
"As sharp as her needle."
- p. 264. GRUTCH'D. Begrudged. A common term. Cf. *The Way of the World*, IV, where Sir Wilfull shouts : "'Sheart an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill." Just as Miss Charity Pecksniff with fine satire said to Jonas Chuzzlewit : "We have taken tea here, sir, in your absence ; but if you will have the goodness to send us a note of the expense, receipted, we shall be happy to pay it." In Crowne's *The History of Charles the Eighth of France*, produced early in December, 1671, at Dorset Garden, being the first new play given there, Isabella says :
- No Millane——
Grutch not the love thy widow to him bears.
- p. 268. DIPT. "Engag'd or in debt. . . . Damnably dipt, deep in debt." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 269. TAPPES'D. "To tapis" is to lie hid, to skulk. The word is Norfolk dialect. Forby, *Voc. East Anglia* (circa 1825), gives : "Tappis ; to lie close to the ground." Cf. Markham, *Country Content*, I, iv, 1611 : "Hee will tappish oft, that is, he will ever and anon be lying down and lurking in dark holes and corners."
- p. 269. GO TO TWELVE. Share equally.
- p. 271. STONE HORSE. A stallion. Cotgrave in his *Dictionary* has : "Entier . . . cheval entier, a stone horse."
- p. 277. AFFIDAVIT MEN. Mercenary swearers for hire, fellows hired to make a false affidavit, a statement in writing confirmed by the maker's oath, intended to be used as judicial proof. Of the same family are the Knights of the Post. Cf. *The Plain-Dealer*, V, the scene at the Cock in Bow Street, where they plot with Widow Blackacre. A Knight of the Post was a false bail, one who got his livelihood by giving false evidence and other legal cheats. For false bails see also *Pickwick Papers*, XL. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has : "Affidavit men, Knights of the Post, Mercenary Swearers for Hire, Inhabitants (formerly) of White Friars, now dispersed."
- p. 283. CHIT-CHAT. The "Tea-table" represented the domestic and feminine interests in contrast to those associated with the "Coffee-house." This antithesis is frequent. Cf. *The Spectator*, Monday, 5 March, 1711 (IV), Steele says : "I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable Women the Paper may furnish *Tea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I shall treat on Matters which relate to Females." Steele actually wrote a short-lived paper called *The Tea-Table*, first number 17 December, 1715 ; and another called *Chit-Chat*, first number 6 March, 1716. *The Tea-Table*, 24 numbers, appeared in London in 1724. Allan Ramsay in 1724 also published his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Thomas Killigrew (died 1719) had a play *Chit-Chat*, produced at Drury Lane February, 1718-19. It met with great success, and the conversation is indeed both easy and elegant. *Chit-Chat*, by B. Walwyn, acted at Covent Garden, 8vo, 1781, is a satire of merely ephemeral point.
- p. 283. MUNDAY. The third day, when the profits went to the author. *The Squire of Alsatia* was produced on a Friday.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CANT

By kind permission of the Hon. V. Sackville-West I reproduce *in extenso* the following most interesting pages from her fine work, *Knole and the Sackvilles*. She says that,

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among the Sackville papers, "I find also, dated 1690, this curious vocabulary of thieves' slang scribbled on the back of some particulars relating to the appointment of a new incumbent for Sevenoaks. Unfortunately half the alphabet is missing :

Autem inort	A married woman
Abram	Naked
Abram-cour	A tatterdemalion
Autem	A church
Boughar	A cur
Bouse	Drink
Bousing-ken	An ale-house
Borde	A shilling
Boung	A purse
Bing	To goe
Bing a wast	To goe away
Bube	Ye pox
Buge	A dog
Bleating-cheat	A sheep
Billy-cheat	An apron
Bite ye Peter or Roger	Steal ye portmantle
Budge	One that steals cloaks
Bulk and file	A pickpocket and his mate
Cokir	A lyar
Cuffin quire	A justice
Crampings	Bolts and shackles
Chats	Ye gallows
Crackmans	Hedges
Calle	A cloak
Togeman	
Joseph	To lye asleep
Couch	
Couch a hogshead	To goe to sleep
Commission	A shirt
Mish	
Cackling-cheat	A chicken
Cassan	Cheese
Crash	To kill
Crashing-cheat	Teeth
Cloy	To steal
Cut	To speak
Cut bien whydds	To speak well
Cut quire whydds	To speak evill
Confeck	Counterfeit
Cly ye jerk	To be whipt
Dimber	Pretty
Damber	Rascall
Drawers	Stockings
Duds	Goods
Deusea vile	Ye country
Dommerer	A madman
Darkmans	Night or even
Dup	To enter

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Tip me my earnest	Give me my part
Filch	A staffe
Ferne	A hole
Fambles	Hands
Fambles cheats	Rings and gloves
Fib	To beat
Flag	A groat
Fogus	Tobacco
Fencing cully	One that receives stolne goods
Glimmer	Fire
Glaziers	Eyes
Granna	Corne
Gentry more	A gallant wench
Gun	Lip
Gage	A pot or pipe
Grunting-cheat	A sucking pig
Giger	A dore
Gybe	A passe
Glasier	One that goes in at windows
Gilt	A picklock
Harmanbeck	A constable
Heave a book	To rob a house
Half berd	Sixpence
Heartsease	20 shillings
Knapper of knappers	A sheep stealer
Lightmans	Morning or day
Lib	To tumble
Libben	An house
Lage	Water
Libedge	A bed
Lullabye-cheat	A child
Lap	Pottage
Lucries	All manner of clothes
Maunder	To beg
Magery prater	An hen
Muffling-cheat	A napkin
Mumpers	Gentile beggars "

In the Appendix, "A Note on Thives Cant" (ed. 1923, p. 221), we have the following :

"The vocabulary given on page 135 [as above] contributes no word which may not be found in any cant dictionary, and therefore may appear undeserving of inclusion. But I put it in because I think few people, apart from students of philology, realise the existence of that large section of our language in use among the vagabond classes. Cant and slang, to most people's minds, are synonymous, but this is an error of belief: slang creeps from many sources into the river of language, and so mingles with it that in course of time many use it without knowing that they do so; cant, on the other hand, remains definite and obscure of origin. Slang is loose, expressive, and metaphorical; cant is tight and correct: it has even a literature of its own, broad and racy, incomprehensible to the ordinary reader without the help of a glossary. Its words, for the most part, bear no resemblance to English words; unlike slang, they are not words adapted, for the sake of vividness, to a use for which they were not originally intended, but are applied strictly to their peculiar meaning.

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“ Although the origin of cant as a separate jargon or language is obscure—it does not appear in England till the second half of the sixteenth century—the origin of certain of its words may be traced. Of those included in the vocabulary on page 135, for example, *ken*, for house, comes from *Khan* (gipsy and Oriental); *fogus*, for tobacco, comes from *fogo*, an old word for stench; *maund*, or *maunder*, to beg, does not derive, as might be thought, from *maung*, to beg, a gipsy word taken from the Hindu, but from the Anglo-Saxon *mand*, a basket; *bouse*, to drink (which, of course, has given us booze, with the same meaning, and which in the fourteenth century was perfectly good English), comes from the Dutch *buyzen*, to tipple. *Abram*, naked, is found as *abrannoi*, with the same meaning, in Hungarian gipsy; *cassan*, cheese, is *cas* in English gipsy; *dimber* survives for ‘pretty’ in Worcestershire. *Cheat* appears frequently in cant as a common affix.

“ As for *autem mort*, I find it in an early authority thus defined: ‘These *autem morts* be married women, as there be but a few. For *autem* in their language is a church, so she is a wife married at the church, and they be as chaste as a cow I have, that goeth to bull every moon, with what bull she careth not.’ ”

Bury-Fair

- p. 294. TEN YEARS. Shadwell, as is natural, is making the most of the situation. *Bury-Fair* was produced in the spring of 1689. Three plays had been performed since the spring of 1679: *The Woman-Captain* in the autumn of 1679; *The Lancashire Witches* in the autumn of 1682; and *The Squire of Alsatia* in May, 1688. That difficulties arose with regard to the production of *The Lancashire Witches* was quite obviously Shadwell's own fault, for no sensible person could have expected such a piece to have been licensed entire.
- p. 296. FROLICK. Sir Frederick Frolick is a character in Etherege's *The Comical Revenge*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, March, 1664; Sir Oliver and Lady Cockwood (Shadwell's wife created this character) appear in *She wou'd if she cou'd*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday, 6 February, 1667-8; Sir Fopling is from *The Man of Mode*, Dorset Garden, March, 1675-6; Wycherley's *The Plain-Dealer* was produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1676.
- p. 296. STANCH. To check, and so to mislead.
- p. 296. POETITOS. Petty poets. Poeticules, as Swinburne used to say. Poetitos is a very rare word, and perhaps only found here, and in Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, 1632, Induction: “We haue diuers, that drive that trade now; Poets, Poet'accios, Poetasters, Poetitoes.”
- p. 296. BEAR-GARDEN. The Bear-Garden was situated on Bankside, close to the precincts of the Clink Liberty, and very near to the old palace of the bishops of Winchester. The name still exists in a street or lane at the foot of Southwark Bridge, and in Bear-Garden Wharf. As might be supposed, the Bear-Garden was the resort of the lowest and vilest. Pepys, Monday, 9 September, 1667, found it full of roughs, “and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.”
- p. 296. TOM FARTHING. Any fellow who might be selling doggerel ballads for a doit. The *N.E.D.* explains Tom Farthing as a fool or simpleton, which is surely a mistake. Tom Farthing means a fellow who writes, or vends, a ballad for a farthing. His ballad is no doubt doggerel, but the phrase does not necessarily mean “a fool.” Tom is a generic name, and the *N.E.D.* has

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perhaps been misled by Tom Fool, Tom Trifler, and Tom Cony (Conney). Tom Cony = a ninny, *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (circa 1700).

In the Epilogue to Settle's *The Heir of Morocco*, produced at the Theatre Royal in the spring of 1682, we have :

*The City Wife shall leave her dear Tom Farthing,
And take a harmless walk in Covent Garden.*

- p. 296. LOO'D. Hallooed, as dogs are incited to the chase.
- p. 296. NON-CONFORMIST POET. In allusion to the difficulties which arose with regard to the production of *The Lancashire Witches*. Shadwell only had himself to thank, for his gross caricature of the Church of England Clergyman is very scandalous. Nor was he "silenc'd." His play was permitted, and only such excisions made as were absolutely necessary. Moreover, he was allowed to print his play without abridgement, and nobody can deny that it contains some very profane stuff.
- p. 299. UNDER THE ROSE. See Vol. I, p. 285, note upon p. 66.
- p. 300. BEN JOHNSON'S SONS. The many writers who grouped themselves around him and regarded him as their model. Also his many admirers who were glad to recognize his genius and his influence.
- p. 300. BLACKFRIERS. The second Blackfriars, a small roofed theatre, built in 1596 by Burbage on the first floor of the south section of Blackfriars Monastery. It was pulled down 6 August, 1655.
- p. 302. DORINDA. So in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, to the great annoyance of old Gorgibus, Cathos has taken the name of Aminte, and Madelon that of Polixène. Catherine Philips was "the matchless *Orinda*," and the little society gathered round her imitated the feigned names bestowed upon the habitués of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Good Mr. Philips, Orinda's husband, was re-christened Antenor; her friend Sir Charles Cotterel, the translator of *Cassandre*, became Poliarchus; the elegant Miss Owen was known as Lucasia.
- p. 302. CRIMP. A game at cards. Cf. *The Magnetic Lady*, 1632, II, 1, where Lady Lodestone says :

Let her bear up to-day,
Laugh and keep company at gleeck or crimp.

Polish answers : "Your Ladyship says right, crimp sure will cure her." The game persisted late. For that fine novelist, Ouida (who to-day is not appreciated), in *Cecil Castelmaine's Gage*, 1867, iii, says of one of her characters that he "regretted the loss of ten guineas at crimp."

- p. 302. COMET. A game of cards. Cf. Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer*, produced at Drury Lane 1692-3, III, 3, where Wishwell says to Lady Malapert, "You have won above 600*l.* of her at comet." "Not so much at comet," replies the lady, "but more at all games." *The Athenæum*, 1884, No. 1922, 219/2, says that comet is "the Court game otherwise called Manille."
- p. 302. INCERTAIN. An obsolete game of cards. Perhaps only here.
- p. 305. APOLLO. The Apollo or Oracle was a large room on the first or second floor of the Devil Tavern, within Temple Bar, the famous house kept by Simon Wadlow, whose name first occurs in the list of licensed victuallers, January, 1609. A bust of Apollo was placed over the door of the chamber where Ben and his "Sons" foregathered. Certain *Leges Coniuviales*, composed by the poet and Englished by Alexander Brome, were writ in gilded letters on

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a black board over the fireplace. There are numberless references to this celebrated rendezvous of the wits.

Dine in Apollo with Pecunia,
At brave Duke Wadloe's, have your friends about you,
And make a day on't.

Thus cries Pennyboy (Canter) in *The Staple of News*, acted in 1625. In Shirley's *The Witty Fair One*, licensed 3 October, 1628, III, 4, Fowler carries off his company to the tavern shouting cheerily: "To the Oracle, boys. . . . Come, we'll have thy story in Apollo. . . . Come, to the Oracle."

Careless in Shackerley's *Marmion's A Fine Companion*, 4to, 1633, II, 4, reels in drunk and proclaiming:

I am full
Of Oracles, I am come from Apollo . . .
. where the boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalias.

- p. 305. HIS MAID JOAN. Dyce (Beaumont and Fletcher, I, lxxiii) says that Collier "more in jest than in earnest" sent him the following extracts:

1612. Nov. 3. John Fletcher and Jone Herring. [were married.] *Register of St. Saviour's, Southwark*.

John, the son of John Fletcher and of Joan his wife was baptized
25 Feb., 1619. *Register of S. Bartholomew the Great*.

- p. 305. ON THE BANKSIDE. Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, I, 94-95, tells us "there was a wonderfull consimilitude of phansey between him (Beaumont) and Mr. Jo. Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship, between them. They lived together on the Banke-side, not far from the Play-house, both batchelers; lay together (from Sir James Hales, etc.), had one wench in the house between them, which they did so admire, the same cloaths and cloake, etc., between them."

- p. 305. CLEAVELAND. John Cleiveland, 1613-38. He was an undergraduate at Christ's, Cambridge, in 1627, and became Fellow of S. John's in 1634. Owing to his loyalty, he was expelled in 1645, and he seems to have been particularly obnoxious to the rebels. He died in London, his health having been broken by persecutions and imprisonments. Among his contemporaries he enjoys a great reputation, and for thirty years after his death his poems continued to be reprinted. As late as 1687 Winstanley described him as "an eminent poet and the wit of our age."

- p. 305. TOM RANDOL. Thomas Randolph, 1605-35. At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in which college he obtained a Fellowship and afterwards proceeded Master of Arts, in which degree he was incorporated at Oxford. Ben Jonson admitted him as one of his adopted sons in the Muses, and held him in the highest esteem. Langbaine says: "His Gay Humour and Readiness at Repartee, begat *Ben. Johnson's* Love to that Degree, that he Adopted him his Son: on which Account Mr. *Randolph* writ a gratulatory Poem to him, which is printed, these Lines being part of the Copy:

*When my Muse upon obedient knees
Asks not a Father's Blessing, let her lose
The Fame of this adoption: 'tis a Curse
I wish her 'cause I cannot think a worse."*

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p. 305. MR. MURIAL. Samuel Harsnett, elected Master of Pembroke in 1605, appointed Thomas Muriell President. The President at Pembroke is the Master's deputy and is appointed by the Master. Muriell was probably appointed by Harsnett in 1605, or in 1607, when Nathaniel Gifford, who was the last deputy of Lancelot Andrewes, the former Master, resigned his Fellowship. Muriell remained President until the expiration of his year of grace on his induction to the Vicarage of Soham, 1613-14. He seems to have been a remarkable character, and when in 1616 the Fellows petitioned the King and exhibited articles of complaint against Harsnett, Muriell was seriously implicated. Muriell is described as "a man of many unsound opinions and of no Religious or Conscionable deportments in his life and Conversation." He is stated to have received from the previous Master "2 or 3 lawfull admonitions" under the Statute which commences: "Si uero crimen, in quo aliquis ex dictis Sociis deprehensus est, non solum graue, sed ita etiam publicum et manifestum fucrit, ut nisi publica punitione corrigatur, ueri simile sit, infamiam ex eo plurimam obuenturam esse toto Collegi. . . ." He had taken no part in the weekly disputations for fourteen years save on one only occasion. The "solemn manner of philosophical and theological discussion at meals" he had let drop altogether because "he never durst nor could be brought to use it." He is further charged with retaining a living he should have resigned, and with being possessed of landed property above the value which disqualified him for a Fellowship.

During his tenure of office he rode rough-shod over the feelings of his colleagues, ignored their wishes, and managed College affairs in the most arbitrary manner without consulting the Fellows on any point. There are charges of peculation of College moneys, and of grave corruption in the disposal of Fellowships.

The Proctorship of the University was denied to one of the Fellows whom Harsnett disliked, in order that "it might be conveyed upon Mr. Muriell." Even after his departure to Soham, Muriell continued to be a cause of annoyance, for from 1620 onwards debts are frequently charged against him even after his death.

There is no direct reference to his horse, but when, in 1610, the owner of certain property on which a College charge was made disputed the claim, some of the Fellows, of whom Muriell was one, visited the place and rode about the fields and pastures, questioning peasants and villagers. There is also extant a bill, officially allowed by Muriell, for a journey he took in 1607 to Wiverstone, which includes charges for supper and breakfast at Bury S. Edmunds, where Muriell's son was at school.

A letter is preserved in Pembroke College Library in which Harsnett thanks the Paris family of Hildersham for having bestowed that living on his chaplain, Muriell. Several members of the Gaudie family, who were friendly with Muriell, were at Cambridge in the time of Shadwell's father and Muriell's son, and some were at school at Bury, and some at Thetford.

I owe this interesting and detailed information to Aubrey Attwater, Esq., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who kindly searched through many College documents on my behalf, and to whom I take this opportunity of tendering my most grateful thanks.

p. 306. COCK POETS. The most renowned, chief poets. Schoolboys to-day talk about the "Cock House" at cricket, football, or some other idle nonsense of a game. In such combinations the phrase is fairly common even to-day.

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For an older use cf. Marvell, *The Rehearsal Transposed*, 1672, I, 64: "The Cock-Divine and Cock-Wit of the Family."

p. 306. AND I WILL ROAR, ROAR MOST EXCEEDINGLY. Cf. *Bartholomew Fair*, I, where Zeal of the Land Busy declares: "I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly."

p. 309. WIND IN THE HYPOCHONDRIACKS PENT. Cf. *Hudibras*, II, 111, 773-776:

As *wind* i' th' *Hypochondrias* pent
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*.

p. 310. SPEAK IN YOUR VERY NOSE. Cf. *The Plain-Dealer*, II, where Lord Plausible busily whispers to Manly, who roughly rejects him with "My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whispering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a stinking breath, there's a secret for your secret."

p. 310. CUTBEARD. Cutbeard is the barber in *Epicene*; or, *The Silent Woman*.

p. 310. PRETTY GARL. Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

As Essex hath of old been named Calves and stiles,
Fair Suffolk Maids and milk, and Norfolk Many wiles.

In Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, Prince Edward says of fair Margaret:

A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield,
All Suffolk! nay all England holds not such.

p. 311. MORBLEU. A contraction of "Mort Dieu." So swears Dufoy in Etherege's *The Comical Revenge*, 4to, 1664, III, 4: "Morbleu, see, see, de insolance of de Foot-boy."

p. 311. CHEDREUX. The most fashionable periwig-maker of the day. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, Dorset Garden, March, 1675-6, III, 2, Sir Fopling, the pink of Fashion, when asked the maker of his wonderful periwig, proudly answers "*Chedreux*." In the famous letter published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1745 (p. 99), occurs the following passage: "I remember plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have ate tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and Chedreux wig." It should be mentioned however that this letter is a mere rifacimento, but the sources whence it is derived are contemporary.

p. 311. COUNT DE BRION. *Le Galand Escroc, ou Le faux Comte de Brion. Aventures d'Original*. "Imprimé à Paris, Pour Mrs. Jaques Magnes & Richard Bentley à la Poste de Russel-street au Covent-Jardin, 1676." This novel by Gabriel de Bremond was translated as *The Cheating Gallant: Or, The False Count Brion. A Pleasant Novel*. 1677. The hero, *Jean Brun*, becomes *Jean Le Bel*, and later *Champagne*. He is a country lad who, after various adventures, takes the post of a bath-keeper's boy, something like Giton when deserted by Ascylos. "Uideo Gitona cum linteis et strigilibus parieti applicitum tristem confusumque. Scires non libenter seruire." Champagne soon runs away with the clothes of a gentleman who is in the bath, and runs off to Amiens. He enlists in the company of the Count de Brion, who is killed; whereupon he deserts and escapes as far as Valenciennes, Ghent, and Brussels. After various adventures he comes to

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London under the name of the Comte de Brion, and sharking lives upon his wits, making off to France when the scent grows hot. He takes a fresh nomenclature, le Baron de Vachere, but fortune no longer smiles and soon enough he is given "un employ de rameur dans les Galeres du Roy, ou l'on dit, qu'il fait des merveilles."

p. 313. EX TRADUCE. See note, Vol. II, on *The Miser*, p. 22.

p. 313. TUANT. The same affected Gallicism is used by Mr. Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, IV, when after his famous simile of the Humble Bee he cries: "Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant*?"

p. 314. CHAGRIN. This was one of the new words affected by Melantha in *Marriage à-la-mode*, produced about Easter, 1672, and occurs in the list of French phrases with which her maid supplies her.

p. 314. FLAM. A trick; a swindle.

p. 315. ARS NON HABET. This ancient proverb is thus quoted by Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I, Sect. 2, Mem. 3, Sub-s. 15, in a note upon his words "Contempt of learning proceeds out of ignorance." The more general form is *Scientia non habet inimicum praeter ignorantem*, and this is cited by Harington in his *Apology* (ed. Gregory Smith, II, 195), and in a letter of Lord Essex of 4 January, 1595, *Lives of the Devereux*, I, 328. It is also used by Gabriel Harvey in a letter to Sir Thomas Smith (*Letterbook*, p. 163), by Richard Harvey in his *Epistle in Astrologically Discourse*, 1582, by Puttenham, *Ornament* (Gregory Smith's *Critical Essays*, II, 195)—in each of these cases with "nisi" for "praeter." Cf. *Manuale Scholarium* (circa 1400): "Audiſti unquam, quaeso, disciplinas aemulos non habere nisi inscios?" Also Zarncke, *Die Deutschen Universitäten*, I, p. 16.

Hugh Broughton in the "Epistle" prefixed to *A Seder Olam* (1594) mentions "the proverbe 'knowledge hath not an enemy, but the ignorant.'"

Prof. Bensly writes to *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, ii, p. 111: "See Gilbertus Cognatus under 'Ignorantia scientiae inimica' (*Adagia*, ed. Grynæus, 1629, p. 304), 'Galli prouerbialiter dicunt: Scientiam habere inimicum ignorantem.' Büchmann (*Geflügelte Worte*, 10th ed., p. 225) says: 'In des Tunnicius ältester niederdeutscher Sprichwörtersammlung lautet die Lateinische Uebersetzung, "Ignarus tantum praeclaras oderit artes."'"

p. 315. EX QUOVIS LIGNO. The quotation is from Apuleius, *De Magia*, XLIII, upon which Professor Bensly has obliged me with the following note:

"Apuleius, *Apologia* (or *Pro se de magia liber*), chap. 43, has this: 'Non enim ex omni ligno, ut Pythagoras dicebat, debet Mercurius exsculpi.'

"In the edition of Apuleius's *Apologia* by H. E. Butler and A. S. Owen (Oxford, 1914), the editors quote Iamblichus, *Vita Pythagorae*, 245, Δέγειν δὲ αὐτοὺς (sc. τοὺς Πυθαγορείους) οἶμαι καὶ περὶ τοῦ μισθοῦ διδάσκειν τοὺς προσιόντας, οὓς καὶ χείρους τῶν ἐρμολύφων καὶ ἐπιδιφρίων τεχνιτῶν ἀποφαίνουσι· τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἐκδομένου τινὸς Ἑρμῆν ζητεῖν εἰς τὴν διάθεσιν τῆς μορφῆς ξύλον ἐπιτήδειον, τοὺς δὲ προχείρως ἐκ πάσης φύσεως ἐργάζεσθαι τὴν τῆς ἀρετῆς ἐπιτήδευσιν.

A. Otto, *Die Sprichwörter und Sprichwörtlichen Redensarten der Römer*, quotes (p. 220, under *Mercurius*) the passages from Apuleius and Iamblichus, and also Eusebius, *Praep. Evang.*, 5, ὅτι δὲ καὶ τὰ ἀγάλματα αὐτοὶ ὑπέθεντο, πῶς χρὴ ποιεῖν καὶ ἐκ ποίας ὕλης, and contrasts Epicharmus's παντὸς ἐκ ξύλου κλωὸς τε καὶ γένοιτο καὶ θεός [Otto ought to have added the very apposite reference Isaiah xlv 13-19] and the proverb in Zenobius, 4, 7, ἐκ παντὸς ξύλου κύφων γένοιτ' ἄν.

"Erasmus, *Adagia*, II, cccclix, has 'Non e quouis ligno Mercurius fiat,'

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- Οὐκ ἐκ παντὸς ξύλου Ἑρμῆς ἀν γένοιτο.* Whether Erasmus had an authority for this Greek version I cannot say."
- p. 316. AFFECTED ASS. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II, 3: "An affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths."
- p. 316. CAST. A hawking term denoting the number of hawks cast off at a time, and so used (rarely) of other birds. Chapman, *Iliad*, circa 1611, XVI, 406: "As on some far-looking rock a cast of vultures fight."
- p. 316. SPARTAN. Cf. Mrs. Evelyn's letter to her son John, written in the autumn of 1670: "Whatever object of vice comes before you, should have the same effect in your mind of dislike and aversion that drunkenness had in the youth of Sparta when their slaves were presented to them in that brutish condition, not only from the deformity of such a sight, but from a motive beyond theirs, the hope of a future happiness, which those rigorous heathens in moral virtue had little prospect of, finding no reward for virtue but in virtue itself."
- p. 316. SMOAKING-ROOM. Probably one of the earliest uses of the expression.
- p. 316. JUVENAL. VI, 436-439:
- Cedunt grammatici, uincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba iacet, nec caussidicus, nec praeco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier: uerborum tanta cadit uis.
- p. 317. CARTWRIGHT'S. William Cartwright, 1611-43. "A Person as Eminent for Loyalty and Learning (his years consider'd), as any this Age has produc'd," says Langbaine. Cartwright was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, and he proceeded to Holy Orders. Both his plays and poems are much admired. "My son Cartwright," said Ben Jonson, "writes all like a Man."
- p. 317. TAYLOR. Joseph Taylor, 1586?-1653?, the famous Elizabethan actor. His name is found in the list of twenty-six "principal actors in all these plays" prefixed to the folio Shakespeare of 1623. Wright, *Historia Histrionica*, especially praises his Hamlet (Burbage was the original Hamlet) and Iago.
- p. 317. COLT'S TOOTH. Youthful desires; wantonness. Chaucer, *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*, has:
- He was, I trowe, a twenty winter old,
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.
- In *Henry VIII*, I, 3, the Lord Chamberlain says to the gay old Lord Sands: "Your colt's tooth is not cast yet." Sands replies: "No, my lord; Nor shall not while I have a stump."
- p. 317. BOW-LANE. Cheapside, deriving its name from the Church of S. Mary-le-Bow. Hosiers, shoemakers, and vendors of ladies' necessities had their shops here.
- p. 317. CLINCH. A clinch is a smart saying. Cf. Francis Hawkins, *Youth's Behaviour*, 2nd ed., London, 12mo, 1646, p. 4: "Make not a show of nimble conceits and clinches." Also Dryden's *The Wild Gallant*, 4to, 1669, I, where Burr says: "I ne'er made jest in all my life." And Failer reassures him: "A bare Clinch will serve the turn."
- p. 318. THE FAIR. Bury Fair used to be held on Easter Tuesday, on the 2 October, and on 1 December. It was unhappily suppressed about 1870.
- p. 318. MAZARINE HOODS. Kersey, 1708, has: "*Mazarine-hood*. A hood made after a particular fashion, such as was us'd by the Duchess of Mazarine. Hor-

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tense Mancini, born at Rome 1646, died at Chelsea 1699, one of the beauties of the court of Charles II, and the King's Mistress, was long resident in England. Evelyn calls her 'the famous beauty and errant lady.' "

- p. 318. FONTANGES. A fontange was a headdress of ribbons, so called from the celebrated Madame de Fontanges. Her hair coming down during a hunting party at Vincennes, she tied it up hastily with one of her garters, and Louis XIV, whose mistress she was, so admired the result that he begged her to continue to wear her hair in the same way. This set the fashion, which soon spread into England and long remained popular. Marie-Angélique de Scorailles de Roussilhe, Duchesse de Fontanges, was born at Cropières, Auvergne, 1661. She succeeded Madame de Montespan as *maîtresse en titre* to Louis XIV. Having lost her beauty owing to a severe illness, she immediately retired to Port Royal, where she died not many weeks later. In Mrs. Behn's posthumous play *The Younger Brother*, Drury Lane, December, 1696, old Lady Youthly at her toilet complains to her maid: "Nature's self wants Art, nor does this Fontange suit with my Complexion." The Fontange was afterwards much elaborated, and Addison, *Spectator*, 98, Friday, 22 June, 1711, writes: "Monsieur *Paradin* says, 'That those old-fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell above the Head; that they were pointed like Steeples, and had long loose Pieces of Crepe fastened to the Tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down their Backs like Streamers.'" He is speaking of the lofty headdress of the fourteenth century.
- p. 318. PORTUGAL SWEETS. Scented pastilles which give a sweet perfume when lit. This especial kind was introduced by Queen Catherine of Braganza. Nowadays we know them as "Charbons Odorants pour embaumer les appartements" or "Sfumata." Pseudo-Oriental joss-sticks are used for much the same purpose. Perfume-pans were employed in Elizabethan days. It may be remembered that Borachio was able to hear the conversation between Don Pedro and Claudio, as "Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room" the two entered; he whipped behind the arras and eaves-dropped.
- p. 318. ODI PROFANUM. Horace, *Carminum*, III, i, 1.
- p. 318. INDIAN GOWN-MAN. Loose Indian gowns were very fashionable, and there are many references. Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*; or, *Mr. Limberham*, Dorset Garden, March, 1677-8, V, 1, where Mrs. Brainsick upon her husband's arrival has to run into the next bedroom, and Woodall, looking through the door, says: "See there! Mrs. *Tricksy* has left her *Indian Gown* upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your Back; he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you." This is exactly what happens, for Brainsick arrives and chaffs Woodall for being at Mrs. *Tricksy*'s door. "'Tis an Assignment I see," he cries, looking into the room, "for yonder she stands, with her Back toward me, drest up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *East*." So Woodall goes in; the husband guards the door, and is forthwith made a cuckold. In *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, V, Monsieur speaks of a "Dishabiliee or Flame colour Gown called *Indian*, and slippers of the same."
- p. 318. ATLASSES. Atlasse was a rich silk-satin manufactured in the East. Cf. *The Way of the World*, IV, where Mirabell tells Millamant that when they are married one of his articles is: "I shut my Doors against all Bawds with Baskets, and Penny-worths of *Muslin, China, Fans, Atlasses, &c.*" Atlasses were very modish, and were soon copied. So in T. Baker's *Tunbridge-Walks* (1703), I, 1, Reynard remarks upon "Fat City Ladies with tawdry Atlasses."

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- p. 318. **RAFFLE.** Raffling was a very favourite diversion. In *Love for Love*, III, 1, Tattle, when boasting of his intrigues, mentions a certain lady and her house —“ You know where we raffled.” Objects of value were often raffled for in private houses, as part of the evening’s amusement. Cf. *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690 : “ *The Refined Lady expects her Servants and humble Admirers should . . . Treat her at the Play, the Park, and the Musick ; present her at the Raffle, follow her to Tunbridge at the season of drinking of Waters, though you have no need of them your self.*”
- p. 318. **PROSCRIB’D SENATOR.** Valerius Maximus, VI, cap. 8, § 5, gives the story :
 “ *Adiunxit se his cladibus C. Plotius Plancus, Munatii Planci consularis et censorii frater. Qui, cum a triumviris proscriptus in regione Salernitana lateret, delicatiore uitae genere et odore unguenti occultam salutis custodiam detexit ; istis enim uestigiis eorum, qui miseros persequabantur, sagax inducta cura abditum fugae eius cubile odorata est.*”
 Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XIII, 3 (5), 25, relates this anecdote very briefly, having taken it, apparently, from Valerius Maximus.
 Professor Bensly pertinently draws attention to the tale of the French Revolution in which a man in hiding for his life is discovered because an old servant, or some other person, who has concealed him, is observed to buy an expensive kind of wine. Cf. *delicatiore uitae genere*. Is this tale a variety of the above ?
- p. 319. **AURORA MUSIS AMICA.** Professor Bensly has obliged me with the following :
 “ *Aurora Musis amica* in one form or another is found as a proverbial expression. I cannot quote an example from Classical Literature, but that may be my fault.
 “ W. Binder, *Novus Thesaurus Adagiorum Latinorum* (Stuttgart, 1861), has ‘ *Aurora musis amica* ’ with the reference *Mercurius bilinguis*, 256. I have not seen this book, which appeared at Milan, 1627. It was by Caspar Scioppius. In his *Mercurius Quadrilinguis*, however (Basel, 1637), No. 256, is ‘ *Aurora Musis apta.*’
 “ In the index (Basel ed. 1532) of Marsiglio Ficino’s *De Uita* I find ‘ *Aurora studiis amica.* 16.’ P. 16 is part of chap. vii of Liber I (“ *De studiosorum sanitate tuenda*”), but, though early rising is recommended in this chapter, the actual phrase does not occur. Its employment in the index points to its proverbial use. The word *Aurora* is found on p. 16 ‘ *in aurora movetur sanguis.*’ The phrase “ *Aurora studiis amica* ” seems introduced into the index by the editor of the 1532 ed. It is *not* in the index of 1501.”
- p. 320. **BURGAMY PEARS.** Bergamot pears are a very fine variety of that fruit. Possibly the term is a popular perversion of the Turkish *beg-armūdi*, “ prince’s pear ; Bergamot.” Dryden, Vergil, *Georgics*, 1697, II, 127, speaks of “ Bergamotes and pounder Pears.”
- p. 320. **NORWICH PEARS.** A pear which was highly esteemed throughout the district.
- p. 322. **MANOS.** This may be translated “ Hand play is a Churl’s game.” *Whego* is phonetic for *juego*, “ play ” or “ joke.”
- p. 324. **LUXEMBURGH.** The siege of Luxemburg by Louis XIV was begun in November, 1681 ; raised early in the following year, but renewed in December, 1683, and the town was captured in June, 1684. Mons was blockaded by the French in 1678, and the encounter of the French with William of Orange took place in August of that year.
- p. 325. **JERNY.** A blasphemous French oath, “ *Je renie Dieu.*” It is continually put into the mouths of Frenchmen in contemporary comedies, and was even

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affected by the foppish followers of foreign fashion. So "to jernie" actually became a phrase, and Butler in his *Satire on our Ridiculous Imitation of the French* says of those coxcombs who adulterate their native speech, that they love

T' adorn their English with French scraps,
And give their very language claps ;
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and most-approv'd of tones.

- p. 325. VENI, VIDI, VINCI. Suetonius, *Julius Cæsar*, 37: "Pontico triumpho inter Pompae fercula trium uerborum praetulit titulum, Ueni, uidi, uici."
- p. 325. DESE TWO SISTER. This can be paralleled in Harrison Ainsworth's *Saint James's*, 1844, Book I, ix. The scene is Harley's ante-chamber. Parson Hyde, his buxom wife, and bonny daughter are waiting for an interview. Saint-John passes through the room, and speaks to the cleric. "'These are your two daughters, I presume,' he added, advancing towards them. 'Lord bless you, no sir!' cried the elderly lady. 'I'm Mrs. Hyde, and this is my daughter, Angelica.' 'I certainly took you for her sister, madam,' replied Saint-John."
- p. 326. VARIUM. *Aeneid*, IV, 569-70.
- p. 326. CUPID MAKE HIS NET. The frontispiece to *The Extravagant Shepherd*, folio, London, 1653, the translation by John Davies of Sorel's *Berger Extravagant*, shows the heroine of a romance, as described by a poet, taken to the letter by the engraver. Her hair is covered with nets, and in the middle of her forehead is sitting a plump and very material Cupid, who is catching hearts with a fishing rod, and entangling them in the meshes.
- p. 327. PIMPER LE PIMP. A well-known prestidigitator of the day. This conjuror is mentioned as one of the attractions at Bartholomew Fair, who appears in a blanket, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, II, 297. Cf. D'Urfey's *A Fool's Preferment*; or, *The Three Dukes of Dunstable*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1688, V, where Toby, Cocklebrain's servant, says: "First, he was for cloathing me in a disguise to escape, within a minute after—Wheigh—with a *Powder le pimp* he fleas me as a Cook does an Eel; after which I ran away."
- p. 327. TESTE BLEAU. Tête-Dieu. Dufoy swears thus in *The Comical Revenge*, V, 2: "Vare are de Bougre de Baylié? Tetibleu, bougre Rogue." And again when he is called "Sirrah" he replies: "Sirrah? Tettibleu!"
- p. 327. CUTTO. Couteau. The *London Gazette*, 1678, No. 1280/4, has: "A Cuttoe Sword with a hollow ground back Blade": and 1685, No. 2017/8, "a plain Cuttoe Blade."
- p. 328. THETFORD MUSICK. Thetford is a small town in Norfolk not far from Bury. The fiddlers seem to have been famous, and often played before Charles II, when he was at Newmarket. On Friday, 23 October, 1668, Pepys, amongst other gossip, heard: "how the King and these gentlemen (Buckhurst and Sedley) did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing them all the bawdy songs they could think of." W. G. Clarke, a local antiquary and an authority on all historical customs relating to Norfolk, in his *In Breckland Wilds* refers to the allusions in Pepys and in *Bury-Fair*, with the comment "For many years the Thetford musicians and actors were of high repute."
- p. 328. SHAWM AND BANDORE. The word "shawm" is from the French *chalumeau*, which is derived from the Latin *Calamus*, and was a certain kind of Shepherd's

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pipe. Probably a flute is here intended. Shawm is used in the *Book of Common Prayer* to translate the Hebrew "Shophar," Psalm xcvi, 6: Vulgate, "uoce tubae corneae"; Douay, "sound of cornet"; A.V. "Cornet."

A bandore is a musical instrument resembling a guitar or lute, with three, four, or six wire strings, used as a bass to the cittern. Percivall, *Spanish Dictionary*, 1591, translates: "*Vihuela*, a bandore."

p. 328. TOM OF BETLEM. A lunatic; a Bedlam fool.

p. 328. CHARON. The song "Charon, Charon, come away," will be found in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672.

p. 328. SINGLETON. John Singleton was appointed in 1660 one of the musicians of the sackbuts in place of William Lanier. From the sackbut he advanced to the violin, and lastly to the flute. He was one of the King's twenty-four fiddlers in 1674; see North's *Memoirs of Musick*, ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 99 (note). He died 1686, and was buried 7 April in the Churchyard of S. Paul's, Covent Garden. He is frequently mentioned, and Pepys, Tuesday, 20 November, 1666, heard how "the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's Musique, he bidding them stop and bade the French musique play." Cf. also *Mac Flecknoe*, 1682:

Pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.

Villerius, Grand Master of Rhodes, is a character in D'Avenant's famous *The Siege of Rhodes*. The quarto, 1663, assigns the character to Mr. Gregory Thorndell. Villerius is Philip de Villiers L'Isle D'Adam, Grand Master of Rhodes during the siege. Thomas Clayton, singer and violinist, was attached to the King's Theatre. His name occurs in various lists, and there is extant a warrant 20 December, 1664, commanding Singleton, Clayton, Young, Fitz, Hudson, Strong, Stagins, Bannister, and Brockwell "to attend at His Mates Theatre whensoever Mr. Thomas Killigrew shall desire."

p. 329. DUMFOUND. To dumbfound was to annoy a person with a sharp rap or blow, and then to look as if one had not done it. So in Southerne's *The Maids Last Prayer; or, Any Rather than Fail*, produced at Drury Lane in January, 1692-3, IV, we hear the scene at Sir Symphony's music-meeting, where one of the bullies cries: "We'll dumbfound the baronet," and "*They dumbfound him, on each side, as he turns.*" Sir Symphony calls out: "Who's that? What do you mean?" As he turns quickly, one of the hectors hits him in the eye, and a brawl follows.

p. 330. LILLY BURLERO. Dr. Percy in giving this song says: "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippias of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution of 1688." Bishop Burnet writes: "A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, *Lero, lero, lilibulero*, that made an impression on the [King's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." The words are merely impudent doggerel. They commence:

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Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree ?

Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie.

Lilliburlero bullen a la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero bullen a la,

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero bullen a la.

The new deputy was the vigorous Earl of Tyrconnel, whom King James had nominated to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686. No doubt most of the mischief was done by the lilting tune, made by Henry Purcell. It appears as a March and Quick Step in *The Delightful Companion ; or, Choice New Lessons for the Recorder or Flute*, 2nd ed., 1686. At various times many other songs have been written to this air.

- p. 330. TOE GLEEK. Possibly a local variety of gleek ; for nothing seems to have been recorded concerning the rules that govern this particular method of playing gleek.

- p. 330. ORANGERY. Cf. *Mundus Muliebris* ; “ A Voyage to Maryland ” :

store of Spirits against fainting :

Of other waters rich, and sweet,

To sprinkle Handkerchief is meet ;

D' Ange, Orange, Mill-Fleur, Myrtle.

Also *The Fop-Dictionary*, 1690 : “ *Polvil*. The *Portugal* term for the most exquisite Powders and Perfumes.”

- p. 331. MONTEITH. Wood, *Life*, December, 1683, III, 84, explains : “ This year . . . came up a vessel or bason notched at the brims so as to let drinking glasses hang there by the foot so that the body or drinking place might hang in the water to coole them. Such a bason was called a ‘ Monteigh,’ from a fantastical Scot called ‘ Monsieur Monteigh,’ who at that time or a little before wore the bottome of his cloake or coate so notched *u u u*.”

Baily, 1721, has : “ *Monteth*, a scollop’d Bason to cool Glasses in.”

- p. 334. SIDE-BOX. Gaze at you fixedly from the side-boxes where the beaux and exquisites sat. So in *The Relapse*, II, 1, Lord Foppington rises late to preserve his complexion. “ Nat that I pretend to be a Beau ; but a Man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a Figure in the Side-bax, the Ladies shou’d be compell’d to turn their Eyes upon the Play.” Cf. *The Rape of the Lock*, V, 13, 14, where Clarissa asks :

Why round our Coaches crowd the white-gloved Beaux,

Why bows the Side-box from its inmost Rows ?

- p. 335. SIDE-GLASS YOU. Stanmore explains this in *A True Widow*, I ; “ your side glass let down hastily, when the party goes by, is very passionate if she side glass you again, for that’s the new word.”

- p. 335. SLUR. A gliding movement in dancing. Cf. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, IV, where Gerard is pretending to teach Hippolita to dance, “ One, two, and a slur.” And a little earlier : “ One, two, and a Coupee.” Cf. Dryden’s *Secret Love ; or, The Maiden Queen*, Theatre Royal, Saturday, 2 March, 1666-7, V, where Florimel, dressed as a cavalier, cries : “ I can . . . walk with a courant Slur, and at every Step peck down my Head.” A coupee was a dance step formerly much in vogue. The dancer resting on one foot made a kind of curtsy. Hence the word, which is quite common, often meant a bow whilst advancing.

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- p. 335. HUMBLE BEE. Lardella's verses in *The Rehearsal*, IV, which are read by Mr. Bayes :
- Since death my earthly part will thus remove
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz ;
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum ;
For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.
- p. 337. QUEEN-HITHE. Originally called the Potter's-hive. A short distance west of Southwark Bridge, a common quay for the landing of corn, flour, and other dry goods from the west of England.
- p. 337. STOCKS-MARKET. The stocks originally stood on the site of the Mansion House. Wednesday, 16 September, 1668, Pepys noticed that they had been entirely demolished. The place was occupied by a very fine market. About 1675 Sir Robert Viner purchased an equestrian statue of John Sobieski trampling down the Turk, and this, when it had undergone some necessary alterations, he erected in Stocks Market as Charles II trampling over Oliver Cromwell. About 1737 the statue was presented to Robert Viner, a lineal descendant of the loyal Lord Mayor, and the market was transferred to the space gained by the covering over of the Fleet Ditch. This Fleet Market has, in its turn, given place to Farringdon Street.
- p. 338. TURN'D FLINCHER. *The Double-Dealer* commences with Careless leaving the dining table and the drinkers. Mellefont following him, cries : "Ned, Ned, whither so fast? What, turn'd flincher! Why, you wo' not leave us?"
- p. 339. LOVE AND HONOUR PLAYS. The heroic drama. D'Avenant has a tragi-comedy *Love and Honour*, 4to, 1649.
- p. 339. PLAY WITH HER FAN. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, III, 1, where Young Bellair instructs Harriet : "At one motion play your Fan, roul your Eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me. . . . Now spread your Fan, look down upon it, and tell the Sticks with a Finger."
- p. 340. RES EST. Ovid, *Heroides*, Penelope Ulyssi, I, 12.
- p. 340. MONSIEUR SCUDÉRY. Georges de Scudéry, born at Hâvre de Grace 1601, the brother of the more famous Madeleine de Scudéry, actually was a poet, and his plays, which have considerable merit, were greatly admired, even being considered by some contemporaries equal to those of Corneille. The famous romances of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, *Ibrahim*, *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie*, first appeared under her brother's name, although it was well known that they were the work of the lady, and Georges de Scudéry only contributed an occasional description. Favoured by Cardinal Richelieu, he was admitted a member of the French Academy in 1650. He died at Paris 14 May, 1667.
- p. 341. BALZAC. Jean-Louis Guez, Seigneur de Balzac, "le grand épistolier," 1597-1654. Perhaps the most famous of his many works may be considered the *Lettres*, of which there are twenty-seven books. The first appeared in 1624. Among his works are epistles addressed to Corneille, and Georges de Scudéry.
- p. 343. SUPERNACULUM. A phrase used to denote the practice of turning up the emptied glass or cup to show that there are no heel-taps. Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1667-8, I : "He drank thy health

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five times, *supernaculum*, to my Son *Brain-sick*." Also Cotton, *Scarronides*, I (1664) :

With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes ;
No Drops beside her Muzzle falling,
Until that she had sup'd it all in :
Then turning t' Topsey on her Thumb,
Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

- p. 343. CLOGDOGDO. A nonce word composed of "clog" and "dog." Captain Otter in *The Silent Woman*, IV, 1, says : "A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, mala bestia."
- p. 344. PROVOST. A technical term for the chief assistant in a fencing school.
- p. 344. GREAT CHURCH. S. James' Church, dating from about 1436.
- p. 345. MINOUE. This is one of the new French words used by Melantha in Dryden's *Marriage à-la-Mode*, II, who, when Palamede is introduced as having made the *Tour of France*, cries : "And what you *Minouets* have you brought over with you ! their *Minouets* are to a Miracle ! and our *Sicilian* Jiggs are so dull and sad to 'em."
- p. 346. ABBY-YARD. The Abbey Gate, nearly fronting the Angel Inn, now gives access to the Botanic Garden of about four acres. The actual garden occupies the site of the great court of the Abbey, but the walks and grounds extend as far as the River Lack, which formed the eastern boundary of the precincts.
- p. 356. JULEP. A sweet drink ; usually a liquid sweetened with sugar or syrup to convey a medium ; a "comfortable drink." Steele, *Tatler*, CLXXIV, 1710, speaks of "Gruels and juleps."
- p. 358. GRAND MONARQUE. Louis XIV.
- p. 358. CANONICAL HOUR. There are very many references to the "canonical hours," those hours during which marriages could be regularly solemnized according to the use of the Church of England. Cf. *The Way of the World*, I, *Mirabell* : "Betty, what says your Clock ?" *Betty* : "Turn'd of the last Cononical Hour, Sir." *Mirabell* : "How pertinently the Jade answers me ! Ha ! almost one a clock !" (*Looking on his watch*.)
- p. 358. NO FOURB, NO FRIPPON. *Fourbe*, a swindler. *Fripon*, a rogue, cheat.
- p. 358. BREAKE DE GOLD. Cf. Middleton's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*, 1613, III, 3, where Lady Goldenfleece says : "Then pray be witness all of you with this kiss I choose him for my husband. . . . And with this parted gold that two hearts join. [*Breaks gold into two pieces and gives one to Lowater*.]" Also *The Widow*, 4to, 1652, II, 1, where Valeria, when she talks of a contract to a man who is supposed to have abused her, is asked : "You broke no gold between you ?" Upon which Weber notes : "A well-known token of affection in some parts of England."
- p. 358. BROAD PIECE. A name applied after the introduction of the guinea in 1663 to the "Unite" or 20 shilling piece ("Jacobus" or "Carolus") of the preceding reigns. The older coins were much thinner and broader than the new milled mintage.
- p. 359. NUMERICAL. Identical ; individual. Cf. Dryden's *Marriage à-la-Mode*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Easter, 1672, 4to, 1673, II, 1, where Palamede says : "I may tell you, as my friend, *sub sigillo*, &c. this is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in love." Also Steele's *The Funeral*, Drury Lane, December,

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1701, I, Lord Brumpton : " Am I really alive ? Am I that Identical, that Numerical, that very same Lord *Brumpton* ? " Although obsolescent, this sense of " Numerical " is in use to-day, and is not rare.

- p. 359. PICKADILLY. The earliest allusion is thought to be in Gerard's *Herbal*, and then not in the first edition, 1596, but only in 1633, where we read " that the small wild buglosse grows upon the drie ditch bankes about Pickadilla." The origin of the name is more than doubtful, and there have been numerous suggestions. The first Piccadilly was a very short run of road, extending only to the foot of Sackville Street. Sunday, 13 July, 1684, S. James' Church (Wren) was consecrated. In 1708 Piccadilly is described as " a very considerable and publick street, between Coventry Street and Portugal Street." Portugal Street stretched from Sackville Street to Albemarle Street.
- p. 362. FRIPPERY. Originally " frippery " meant an old-clothes shop, and hence the old cast clothes themselves. With Lady Fantast's remark cf. *The Way of the World*, III, where Foible reports to Lady Wishfort that Mirabell has said : " I'll hamper you for that, you and your old Frippery." And the lady screams out : " Frippery ? old Frippery ! was there ever such a foul-mouth'd Fellow ? "
- p. 362. NINE-PENCE. It was good luck to receive a crooked or bent ninepenny or sixpenny bit, or any perforated coin. This curious belief still persists to-day.
- p. 363. SHAMMER. As has been previously observed, this word had just come into common use.
- p. 364. SHEEP-BITER. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has : " *Sheep-biter*, a poor, sorry, sneaking, ill-lookt Fellow."
- p. 365. COOK-ROW. This was the old name of the present Abbeygate Street. The change of nomenclature took place early in the nineteenth century.
- p. 368. BOTH CHURCHES. S. James' and S. Mary's, both of which were within the monastic limits.
- p. 369. ADVOCATE. Mrs. Mountford had spoken the Epilogue to *The Squire of Alsatia* in the previous year.

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